

Prior, Matthew, 1664-1721

Poems On Several Occasions

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M^r PRIOR'S Monument

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

B Y

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

To which is Prefixed,

The LIFE of Mr PRIOR,

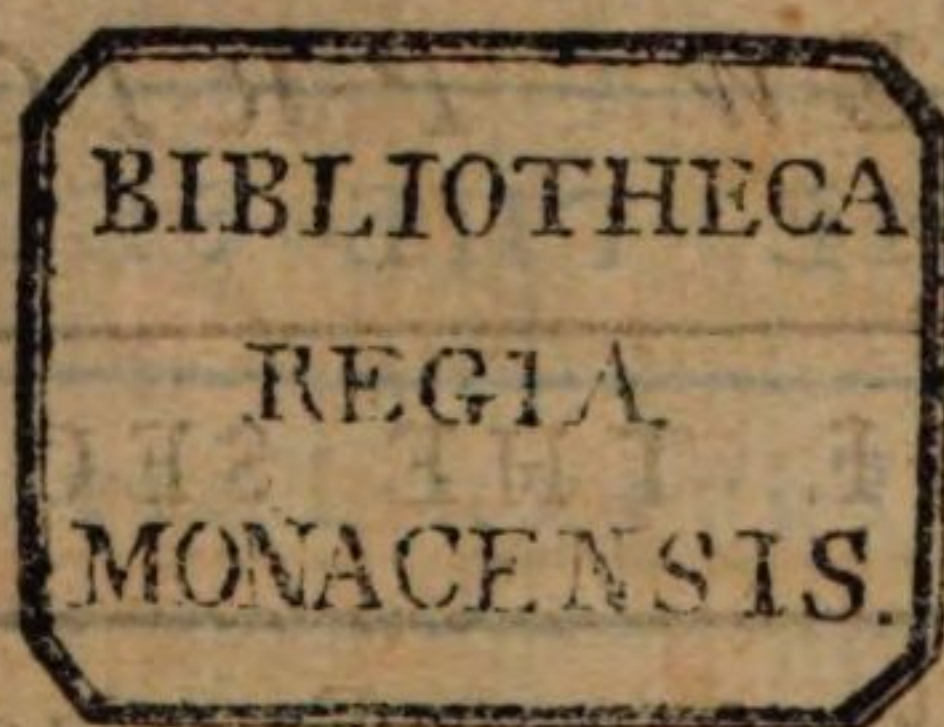
By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. HITCH at the *Red Lyon* in *Pater-*
Noster-Row, and J. HODGES at the *Looking-*
glass over against *St Magnus-Church* *London-*
Bridge.

M.DCC.XLII.



BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS



TO HIS GRACE

L I O N E L,

Duke of DORSET.

My L O R D,



H E late Mr PRIOR received so many Obligations from Your GRACE'S Family, that in Gratitude, he thought all the Productions of his Pen ought to be consecrated only to the *Name of* DORSET.

DEDICATION.

As I was desired to be the Editor of the REMAINS of this Inimitable Poet, I could not help thinking that I should be guilty of Injustice to his Memory, if they were adorned with any other than Your GRACE's Illustrious Name.

SOME of the following *Pieces* were published by Mr PRIOR himself, after the Folio-Edition of his Works. The rest were communicated by his Executor and other Friends, to whom he had presented them.

As to the Productions which are Mr PRIOR's, I am persuaded they will be received with Your GRACE's peculiar Candour: But, I fear I have been guilty of too much Temerity in mixing any of my slight *Performances* with his *Immortal Muse*.

DEDICATION.

Muse. I can only say in my Defense, that I was tempted to perpetuate them by an Opportunity so very favourable; and the Event will be equal to my utmost Wishes, should Your GRACE do me the Honour to think them not altogether unworthy of the Situation in which I have presumed to place them.

THE other *Pieces* which compose this *Miscellany*, were kindly received at their first Publication, and it is the Opinion of good Judges, that they make no disagreeable Appearance in the Rank to which they are now assigned.

THE *LIFE* of Mr PRIOR is compiled out of the most authentic Particulars that could be obtained either from his Friends, or found among his Own Pa-

DEDICATION.

pers; but of all the various Circumstances that compose it, none can be so advantageous to his Memory as the Intimacy and Friendship with which he was honoured by Your GRACE's most noble Father.

I will not presume to detain your GRACE any longer, than while I beg Your Permission to lay this Collection at Your GRACE's Feet with all the Humility and Veneration with which I have the Honour to be,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's

Most Obedient,

Hampstead,

Feb. 26, 1733.

And most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Samuel Humphreys.

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S O M E

ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR.



MATTHEW PRIOR Esq; was the Son of Mr *George Prior*, Joiner and Citizen of *London*, where he was Born, 21st *July*, 1664. His Father, tho' very industrious in his Business, was far from being fortunate in his Circumstances; and dying when his Son was Young, he left him to the Care of an Uncle, who discharg'd the Trust reposed in him, with a Tenderness truly paternal, as Mr *PRIOR* constantly acknowledged with all the Gratitude of a generous Mind.

He received part of his Education at *Westminster* School, where, as Bishop *Sprat* relates to Mr *Cowley*, he early obtained and increased the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. It was there that he began to disclose the amiable Talents he possess'd, and so bright was the Dawn in which they first appeared, that it was natural to foresee their Meridian would render him an Honour to his Country, and endear him to the greatest of his Contemporaries.

When he was very young he distinguished himself by several happy Flights in Poetry, which contributed not a little to his Reputation; particularly the fine Ode in his printed Poems. which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an Exercise for neglecting to be present one Morning at the Chapel-Service; and he acquitted himself so well on this Occasion, that the World would hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more Transgressions of the same Nature, and atoned for them by so polite and amiable a Penance.

As

As he had an uncommon Propensity to Learning, and began to be intimate with the Ancients at an Age when few are acquainted with much more than their Names, it was with great Reluctance that he found himself obliged to leave a School, to whose Institutions he was hastening to give so much Reputation; but at the same time, he thought it his Duty to conform himself to the Inclinations of an Uncle who had treated him with so much Humanity, and who, as he was a Vintner, imagined Mr PRIOR might be useful to him in his House and Trade. His Nephew accordingly consented to live with him, and by his Diligence, in a Calling very foreign to so extraordinary a Genius, endeavoured to make the best Returns he was then able to his kind Relation and Benefactor.

ti Mr PRIOR, tho' he found sufficient Employment in this Situation, did not neglect to improve every vacant Hour he could enjoy, in entertaining himself with his favourite Classics, especially the Poets. Of these, *Horace* was his greatest Darling, and without doubt he was sensible of some Similitude of Genius between that admirable Writer and himself, which prompted him to form his Taste for the Muses by such a compleat Model; and so indefagably did he pursue his Studies in all Intermissions of his Uncle's Business, that the polite Part of the Company who resorted to the House were in a little time sensible that he deserved to shine in a better Sphere than that in which he appeared.

It happened, fortunately for Mr PRIOR, that the late Earl of *Dorset*, that Podigy of polite Wit and Generosity, frequently passed some agreeable Hours with his Friends at this Tavern; and being one Day there with several Gentlemen of Rank, the Discourse turned upon one of the Odes of *Horace*; and the Company being divided in their Sentiments of a Passage in that elegant Poet, one of the Gentlemen was pleased to say, *I find we are not like to agree in our Criticisms; but if I am not mistaken there is a young Fellow in the House who is able to set us all right*; upon which he named Mr PRIOR, who was immediately sent for and desired to give his Opinion of *Horace's*

Horace's Meaning in the Ode under Debate. Mr PRIOR very genteely intreated them to let his Incapacity be his Excuse for not presuming to offer any imperfect Thoughts on what they did him the Honour to propose to him; but that not availing, he at last, with an engaging Modesty, gave such an Explanation of the Passage in Dispute as was very agreeable to his polite Audience; and the Earl of Dorset from that Moment determined Mr PRIOR should pass from the Station he was then in, to one more suitable to his promising Abilities.

To accomplish such a generous Intention this Noble Lord sent him as a Gentleman-Commoner to St John's College in Cambridge, where he made such a Progress in his Studies, that he soon rose to a Fellowship, which he enjoyed till his Death, and gave his illustrious Benefactor the Pleasure of seeing his Generosity succeed to his Desire.

Mr PRIOR had enriched himself at the University with such a Variety of Learning, and improved his natural Accomplishments with so much Success, that at his Return to Town, his Intimacy was courted by Persons of the greatest Rank. It was a Happiness then, to have Merit; Great Talents were the best Introduction to Esteem and Popularity, and therefore it was impossible for Mr PRIOR to be disregarded at a Time when the greatest Wits were the noblest Patrons.

In the Reign of King Charles the Second he was intimately honoured with the Friendship of Charles Montague, Esq; late Earl of Halifax, who was a perfect Master of polite Literature himself, and delighted to make that Accomplishment fortunate to others who possessed it. 1668-85

The first Opportunity given Mr PRIOR of displaying his excellent Talents, was, on the following Occasion, viz.

Soon after the Accession of King James the Second to the Throne he flung off the Veil, and not only professed Himself a Papist, but took Persons of the same Profession into the Ministry and Army; dispensing with the Penal Laws, contrary to the Foundation of the Government, 1685-88

vernment, and trying many Experiments invasive of the Rights of the *Church of England*, and the Privileges and Communties of such as were the true Sons of it.

And, in order to turn the *Doctrines* of our *Established Church* into *Ridicule*, Mr *Dryden*, who had turned *Papist*, to ingratiate himself at Court, was from thence directed to write, and did accordingly Publish, in 1686, a most virulent Satire, intitl'd, *The HIND and the PANTHER, a POEM*. The *HIND* was made a strong Advocate for the *Church of Rome*, and the *PANTHER*, a weak Defender of the *Church of England*. Mr *Dryden* thought his Casuistry unanswerable, by fixing the *dernier Resort* of *Church Authority* and the *Rule of Faith* in the Papal See. But the Honourable *Charles Montague Esq;* and Mr *PRIOR*, then Fellow of *St John's College, Cambridge*, soon turned the Poetical Casuist on his Back, and fairly shewed the Difference between smooth Numbers and sound Arguments. In short, to heighten the Ridicule, these Gentlemen turned Mr *Dryden's* two mighty *Beasts of Prey* into two diminutive voracious *Vermin*, and transversed the *Hind* and *Panther*, to the *STORY* of the *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*, under which Title they published their Critique, 1687.

The beautiful *Parody*, of turning Mr *Dryden's* Raillery upon himself, the just Reasoning, and inimitable Turns of Wit which it contains, render it Standard: fully verifying the Earl of *Roscommon's* true Assertion, that,

The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line,

Drawn to French-Wire, will thro' whole Pages shine.

Ess. on Tran. Verse.

Mr *PRIOR's* second Production, was, as before-mentioned, an Ode: Written the Year following, as an Exercise at *St John's College, Cambridge*, on these Words, *I AM THAT I AM, Exod. iii. 14.*

Upon the *Revolution*, Mr *PRIOR* was brought to Court by his great Patron, the Earl of *Dorset*. As that Noble Lord had entertained a very favourable Opinion of this Gentleman in his Infancy, so he continued to distinguish him by his Friendship and Recommendation; His Patronage

tronage introduced him into the Scene of public Employment, and by the generous Influence of this Great Peer, Mr PRIOR was made Secretary to their Majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary* at the Congress at the *Hague* in 1690, the Earl of *Berkely* being Plenipotentiary at that Negotiation.

Mr PRIOR had the good Fortune to acquit himself so well in this Situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the Earls of *Pembroke*, *Fersey*, and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, who were appointed Embassadors at the Treaty of Peace at *Reswick*, 1697; during the Transactions of which, several Memorials relating to that Treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewise Secretary to the succeeding Embassies of the Earls of *Portland* and *Fersey*, in *France*.

After this he was advanced to the Post of Secretary of State in *Ireland*. He was next constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the Year 1700, and by Her Majesty Queen *Anne* made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in 1711: and Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-Minister in *France* the same Year.

As he was thus initiated into public Business very young, and continued to transact the same for seven and twenty Years; it must appear not a little surprising that he should find sufficient Opportunities to cultivate his poetical Talents to the Height he raised them; and indeed to use his own Words, (in the Preface to his Poems); 'Poetry was only the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands;' and as he modestly adds, 'was only a Poet by Accident.' But we must take the Liberty of differing from him in the last Particular, in order to agree with all Mankind, that Mr PRIOR received from the Muses at his Nativity all the Graces they could well bestow on their greatest Favourite.

We must not omit one Particular in Mr PRIOR's Conduct, which will appear very remarkable. He was chosen a Member of that Parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himself had been Secretary, and tho' he had such a considerable Share in that Transaction,

faction, the Conviction he was under of the exceptionable Measures that attended it, made him join in the Impeachment. A rare Instance of a generous Mind, who scorned to persist in a Vindication of any Proceedings that his riper Judgment convinced him were unjustifiable.

The Lord BOLINBROKE, who, whatever Exceptions may have been made to his Sentiments in some other Instances, must be allowed an excellent Judge of fine Talents, entertained a particular Esteem for Mr PRIOR, on the account of his great Abilities; and makes him an extraordinary Compliment in a Letter which he wrote to him, during the Time of his being Q. ANNE's Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Court of *France*. This Letter is dated *Sept. 10, 1712: O. S. ** And among other Particulars has this remarkable Passage: ——— ‘ For God’s Sake, Dear MATT, hide the *Nakedness* of thy Country, and give the best Turn thy fertile Brain will furnish thee with to the Blunders of thy Countrymen, who are not much better *Politicians* than the *French* are *Poets*.’ And thus the Peer concludes his Epistle: — ‘ It is now three o’Clock in the Morning, I have been hard at Work all Day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much Fatigue; excuse therefore the Confusedness of this Scroll, which is only from HARRY to MATT, and not from the *Secretary* to the *Minister*. ——— Adieu, my Pen is ready to drop out of my Hand, it being near three o’Clock in the Morning; believe that no Man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours,

BOLINBROKE.

And in another Letter from Lord BOLINBROKE, we find the following Advices were conveyed to Mr PRIOR, *Sept. 25, 1713 † O. S.* — ‘ There is a Person here, of whom we have never taken the least Notice, as a public Man, but who however is an Agent from the *CATALANS*. By what we observe in him, it is pretty plain, that a reasonable Accommodation might be made with that turbulent People. What is the Sense of the *French* Court on this Matter? How far will they concur with the

* *Vid. The Report from Committee of Secrecy. Ann. 1715. Fol. Appendix, p. 40.* † *Ibid. pag. 86.*

‘ the Queen in advising *Philip* to make an End of the
 ‘ War?’

Upon Mr PRIOR's Representation of this Affair to the Court of *France*, he received the following Letter from Monsieur *de Torcy*, * dated Nov. 13, 1713, N. S. —

‘ You received, Sir, some Time since, Orders from the
 ‘ Queen of *Great Britain* to use her good Offices with the
 ‘ King in Favour of the *Catalans*, who have rebelled
 ‘ against the King of *Spain*, and of the Inhabitants of *Bar-*
 ‘ *celona*. You acquainted me, that Her *Britannic* Ma-
 ‘ jesty was sure they would submit to the King their
 ‘ Master, if that Prince would grant them a general Am-
 ‘ nesty; the Restitution and Enjoyment of all their Estates,
 ‘ and in short the same Conditions which he had caused
 ‘ to be offered them, and which they did not accept,
 ‘ without mentioning their ancient Privileges any more.’

‘ The *Answer* which the King just now receives from
 ‘ the Catholic King upon this Article, is, That he is still
 ‘ willing to grant the same Conditions to the rebellious
 ‘ *Catalans*, notwithstanding they rendered themselves un-
 ‘ worthy of his Favours, by slighting them, and altho’
 ‘ he is now in a Condition to reduce them by Force: He
 ‘ desires the King to impart his *Answer* to the Queen of
 ‘ *Great Britain*, my Lord *Lexington* having had no Or-
 ‘ ders to speak about this Affair.’

TORCY.

Soon after the Accession of King *GEORGE* the First to the Throne, *October* 23, 1714. Mr PRIOR presented a *Memorial* at the Court of *France*, requiring that the *Canal* and the new Works at *Mardyke* should be demolished.

In the Year 1715 Mr PRIOR was recalled from *France*, and, upon his Arrival, was taken up by a Warrant from the *House of Commons*; shortly after which he underwent a very strict Examination by a Committee of the *Privy-Council*.

His most loving, political Friend, the Viscount *Bolingbroke*, foreseeing a Storm, ran away to *France*, and secured *HARRY*, but left poor *MATT* in the Lurch.

On

* Vid. Report, *Ibid.* p. 87.

On the 10th of June, Robert Walpole, Esq; moved the House for an Impeachment against Him, and on the 17th Mr PRIOR was ordered into close Custody, and that no Person should be admitted to see him, without Leave from the Speaker.

The following Compliment was paid Mr PRIOR, when under Confinement, viz.

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

Cur pendet tacitâ Fistula cum Lyrâ,

Parcentes ego dexteras

Odi: sparge rosas, audiat invidus

Dementem stripitum Lycus.

I.

COULD I, great Bard, O! could I share
Thy Genius, as thy Grief,
My healing Verse should sooth thy Care,
And timely give Relief.

II.

But vain are my Essays to sing,
And impotent my Strains,
The Cordials from yourself must spring,
That can allay your Pains.

III.

On your firm Heart and honest Breast,
Bend your reflecting Eyes;
For SOCRATES by Faction prest,
To conscious Virtue flies.

Nor

IV.

Nor could *Philosophy* divine,
 Such solid Joys impart.
 As each soft Strain, each magic Line,
 Of your diviner Art.

V.

Then *string* again your *slackned Lyre*,*
 To peaceful *A N N A's* Praise;
 What would not *Innocence* inspire,
 And *A N N A's* Glory raise?

VI.

Tho' *Faction* all its Rage oppose,
 The pleasing Theme pursue:
They only, who were *A N N A's* Foes,
 Are *Enemies* to you.

An *Act* of *Grace* passed in 1717, and Mr PRIOR was one of the Persons, among others, who was *excepted out of it*. But, at the Close of this Year, he was discharged from his Confinement, and retired to spend the Residue of his Days at *Down Hall* in *Essex*.

In the 1720, the Earl of *Dorset* being created a Duke; Mr PRIOR drew up the following Preamble to his Patent, viz.

“ Cum

* Alluding to his *Motto*, under the Frontispiece to the *Folio* Edition of his Poems, viz.

*Nunc Arma defunctumque Bello
 Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

“ Cum Sackvillorum Gentem recolimus, qui Guliel-
 “ mum Conquestorem in Angliam comitati, magnam
 “ etiam eo tempore inter Normannos suos a generis an-
 “ tiquitate, majorem verò a virtutibus vendicaverant
 “ Gloriam; cumque Horum posterì, serie perpetuâ egre-
 “ gia Majorum facta suis illustraverint, & Regiis nostris
 “ Antecessoribus merito & apprimè chari, summâ cum
 “ laude, summa regni munera expleverint, ideoque ex
 “ hoc sanguine oriundus, Unus à Richardo primo Ba-
 “ ronis titulum accepit, postea vero Alter longo anno-
 “ rum intervallo à Reginâ Elizabethâ, cui erat etiam
 “ consanguineus, Baro de Buckhurst creatus est, vel potius
 “ in pristinum honorem revocatus, idemque post paulo
 “ Dorsettiæ Comes factus est; Huic etiam Familiæ, satis
 “ Jam suo splendore illustri, novi ex matrimonio tituli,
 “ Baro scilicet de Cranfield & Comes Middlesexiæ, ac-
 “ cesserunt; Hi omnes tot tantique tituli in Carolo nu-
 “ pero Dorsettiæ comite collecti fulserunt; & cum hi
 “ omnes jam ad illum Virum à Patre derivati fuerint,
 “ qui eos non modò dignè sustinuit, sed suis etiam Vir-
 “ tutibus ampliavit, ipsum ob multa in nos præstita Of-
 “ ficia, Periscelidis honore dudum ornavimus; eundem-
 “ que quem inter Comites penè primum invenimus ad
 “ superiorem Nobilitatis gradum hodiè evehimus, ne
 “ alius olim ad summum hunc Ordinem promovendo
 “ illius & locum meritum oblivisci videamur, & illam
 “ dignitatem quam suo quasi jure petere potuerit, etiam
 “ non petenti ultro concedimus. Sciatis, &c,

“ *Whereas we have traced the Original of the SACK-*
 “ *VILLE Family, who coming into England with William*
 “ *the Conqueror, did, even in those Days, justly claim not*
 “ *only great Renown for their long Race in the Norman*
 “ *Country, but still greater for their Virtues; and whereas*
 “ *their Descendants in a continued Series have illustrated*
 “ *the glorious Deeds of their Progenitors by their own,*
 “ *and have by the high Esteem which they deservedly ob-*
 “ *tain'd of our Royal Predecessors, fill'd the highest Offices*
 “ *of the Kingdom with the greatest Honour; (one of them*
 “ *having receiv'd the Degree of Peerage from Richard*
 “ *the First, and after a long Series of Years, another of*
 “ *the*

“ the same Lineage created by Queen Elizabeth Baron of
 “ Buckhurst, [or rather, restored to the Honour enjoy’d
 “ by his Ancestors] and shortly after Earl of DORSET)
 “ this Family also, now sufficiently illustrious in itself,
 “ having been still more Honour’d with fresh Titles by
 “ Marriage; (All which high Degrees shone conspicuous
 “ in Charles late Earl of DORSET) and whereas the
 “ same have been derived from him to the present Earl,
 “ who has not only deservedly held them, but even added
 “ his own Virtues thereto, we have, for his great Attach-
 “ ment and Fidelity to us, not only lately created him a
 “ Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; but
 “ also do this Day call him whom we found almost first
 “ in the Rank of Earls, to the highest Degree of Nobli-
 “ lity (that we may not, by having heretofore promoted
 “ others to this high Rank, seem to be forgetful of his
 “ Family and Merit) thereby granting him of our own
 “ Accord, that Dignity which of Right he might have
 “ sought to us for. Know, &c.

In July 1721, within two Months of his Death,
 Mr PRIOR printed that beautiful little Tale on the *Fals-
 hood of Mankind*, intituled the *Conversation*, and applied
 it to the Truth, Honour, and Justice of his Grace the
 Duke of DORSET.

About this Time likewise Mr Dennis published, *A Col-
 lection of Letters Familiar, Moral and Critical*; wherein
 one, upon the Roman Satirists is addressed to Mr PRIOR,
 which we shall transcribe, as the Subject appears ent-
 taining, and as it is likewise an Instance of the great De-
 ference paid to Mr PRIOR’s Judgment by Mr Dennis,
 who was seldom known to praise any Person, who did
 not well deserve his Commendations.

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

S I R,

WHEN you seem’d to approve of the Translation
 of the *seventh Satire* of the *second Book* of Ho-
 race, which was translated by one of my Friends, that
 Approbation was the more pleasing to me, because it

confirmed me in my own Opinion of it, and obliged me to acquiesce, in the Judgments which some of my Friends have given of it, whom I have always chiefly consulted in my Doubts about poetical Matters. And now, Sir, I come according to my Promise to consult you about the *Preference* which several Partizans of the *Roman* Satirists have given to their respective Favourite Authors, and to know from you *which* of them are in the *right*, or rather whether they are not *all* in the *wrong*. You know very well, Sir, that *Rigaltius*, *Scaliger* the Elder, *Lipsius* and *Holiday*, prefer *Juvenal* to *Horace* and *Persius*; that *Dacier*, *Heinsius*, *Monfieur de la Bruyere*, and several others, prefer *Horace* to *Persius* and *Juvenal*; that Mr *Dryden* endeavours to divide the Palm between *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and to prefer *Horace* for *Instruction*, and *Juvenal* for *Delight*; that he gives *Horace* the *Preference* for *Instruction*, because, says he, *He is the more general Instructor*; but that he gives the *Priority* to *Juvenal* for *Delight*, because he is most delighted with him, and so makes his own Taste the Argument for preferring him. But tho' we should grant, Sir, that the Generality of Readers are more *delighted* with *Juvenal*, than they are with *Horace*, because *Dryden* is more delighted with him; yet it is not very much to be questioned, whether the Author who gives the most *general* Delight is the most delightful Author? Now, Sir, your old Friend *Monfieur Despreaux*, tho' it is evident that he was more pleased with *Horace* than he was with *Juvenal*, because he has imitated him more, yet he had more Judgment than expressly to prefer the one to the other, because he knew very well that there can be no true Preference where there can be no just Comparison, and that there can be no just Comparison between Authors whose Works are not *ejusdem generis*, and that the Works of those two Satirists are not *ejusdem generis*. For do not you believe, Sir, that Mr *Dryden* is in the Wrong, where he affirms that the *Roman* Satire had its Accomplishment in *Juvenal*? For is there not Reason to believe that the true *Roman* Satire is, of the Comic Kind, and was an Imitation of the old *Athenian* Comedies, in which *Lucilius* first signalized himself,

self, and which was afterwards perfected by *Horace*, and that *Juvenal* afterwards started a new Satire which was of the Tragic Kind? *Horace*, who wrote as *Lucilius* had done before him, in Imitation of the old Comedy, endeavours to correct the Follies and Errors, and epidemic Vices of his Readers, which is the Business of Comedy. *Juvenal* attacks the pernicious outrageous Passions, and the abominable monstrous Crimes of several of his Contemporaries, or of those who lived in the Age before him, which is the Business of Tragedy, at least of imperfect Tragedy. *Horace* argues, insinuates, engages, rallies, smiles; *Juvenal* exclaims, apostrophizes, exaggerates, lashes, stabs. There is in *Horace*, almost every where, an agreeable Mixture of good Sense, and of true Pleasantry, so that he has every where the principal Qualities, of an excellent Comic Poet. And there is almost every where in *Juvenal*, Anger, Indignation, Rage, Disdain, and the violent Emotions and vehement Style of Tragedy. Can there then be a just Comparison made between these two Satyrists, any more than there can be between a Tragic and a Comic Poet? If Mr *Dryden* were now living, would he compare *Nat Lee* with *Etherege*, the former of which never touched upon Comedy, and the other never attempted Tragedy? Would he prefer *Nat Lee* to *Etherege*, as he does *Juvenal* to *Horace*, because the Thoughts of *Lee* are more elevated than those of *Etherege*, his Expressions more noble and more sonorous, his Verse more numerous, and his Words more sublime and lofty? Would he not have believed, that if *Etherege* had written *Sir Fopling* in the same Style that *Nat Lee* wrote *Alexander*, he would have been as merry a Person as *Penkethman* was when he acted *Alexander*? Would he not in all probability have judged that *Lee* is more delightful to those who are more pleased with Tragedy than they are with Comedy, and that *Etherege* is more delightful to those who are better entertained with Comedy than they are with Tragedy? Now, Sir, ought not we to make the same Judgment of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and to affirm *Horace* to be more delightful to those who are more pleased with Comedy than they are with Tragedy, and that *Juvenal*

is more delightful to those who are better entertained with Tragedy, than they are with Comedy? And that perhaps for that very Reason he was more pleasing than *Horace* to Mr *Dryden*? Will not the Tragic Satire, which like Tragedy fetches its Notions from Philosophy and from common Sense, be in all probability more acceptable to Universities and Cloisters, and all those Recluse and Contemplative Men, who pass most of their Time in their Closets, all which Persons are supposed to have Philosophy from Study, and common Sense from Nature? And will not the Comic Satyrift, who owes no small Part of his Excellence to his Experience, that is, to the Knowledge of the Conversation and Manners of the Men of the World, be in all likelihood more agreeable to the discerning Part of a Court, and a great Capital, where they are qualified to taste and discern his Beauties, by the same Experience which enabled their Authors to produce Them? And above all Things, must it not be most agreeable to a Polite Court, where that dextrous Insinuation, that fine good Sense, and that true Pleasantry, which are united in the *Horatian* Satire, are the only shining Qualities which make the Courtier valuable and agreeable? And will he not take more Delight in the *Horatian* Satire than in the Tragic Eloquence of *Juvenal*, not only because he is qualified by Nature and Experience to relish the Beauties of it, but because the Pleasure which he receives from it, is subservient to his Interest, which is always his main Design, and Improves and Cultivates those Talents which are chiefly to recommend him to those who are to advance him?

It will be needless, *Sir*, to detain you any longer, by enquiring into the Preference which *Casaubon* has so injudiciously given to *Persius* above *Horace* and *Juvenal*, or into the Preference which he particularly gives to the *Fifth Satire* of *Persius* before this of *Horace*, the Translation of which has occasioned the Trouble which I now give you, and which, you know, *Sir*, is writ upon the same Subject. Your Friend, Monsieur *Dacier*, tells us, that *Casaubon* by this Opinion prefers the University to the Court. I appeal to you, *Sir*, if the *Satire* of *Horace*,
the

the Translation of which comes after this Letter, does not speak for itself, and justify the Assertion of Monsieur Dacier.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

J. DENNIS.

H O R A C E,

SATIRE VII. BOOK VII.

DAVUS and HORACE*.

I'VE listen'd long, and now wou'd Silence break,
If your poor tim'rous Slave had Leave to speak.
What, Davus, is it thou? The very same;
And, if the truest Services may claim
The just Return of a kind Master's Care,
Methinks that I of yours deserve a Share.

*Why then, since ancient Custom has ordain'd
The Tongue at this Time should be unrestrain'd,
Of this Saturnian Feast :b' Advantage take,
And what thou would'st deliver, freely speak.*

a 2

D.

* *Jamdudum ausculto, & cupiens dicere serous
Pauca, reformido. Davusne? ita Davus, amicum
Mancipium Domino, & frugi, quod sit satis: hoc est,
Ut vitale putes. Age, libertate Decembri,
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra, &c.*

D. Part of Mankind on Vice are truly bent,
 Their constant Pleasure and their sole Intent;
 While a large Part are fluctuating still,
 And now inclin'd to Good, and now inclin'd to Ill.

For such Inconstancy was *Priscus* known,
 Twice in an Hour he chang'd his dangling Gown,
 To-day three Rings he wears, To-morrow none;
 From his own pompous Palace oft he stole,
 And to some lurking Place so vile wou'd strol,
 Ev'n cleanly Slaves wou'd scorn the nasty Hole.
 One Day, he wishes it may be his Doom,
 To pass his Life in Lewdness and in *Rome*;
 The next, that *Athens*, Virtue's learned Seat,
 May prove his Quiet and his last Retreat:
 From Object thus to Object, would he range,
 As if possess'd by all the Gods of Change.

Volnerius, justly lam'd in both his Hands,
 Keeps one in Play, that at his Elbow stands,
 Merely to throw the gouty Gamester's Dice;
 So persevering is he in his Vice.
 Less wretched thus, in constantly pursuing
 An obvious, certain, but a pleasing Ruin,
 Than t'other struggling with strong Inclination,
 And sure to shock his Reason or his Passion.

H. *Sirrah*, What's all this Stuff? to what Intent?
 And what's by all these musty Morals meant?

D. As musty, Sir, as your are pleas'd to find 'em,
 Ev'n for your Worship's Service I design'd 'em.

H. How so you Dog? D. Our Ancients, Sir, you praise,
 Their temperate Life, their plain, their frugal ways;
 When in an Instant, shou'd some Pow'r Divine
 Pronounce aloud, That Antique Life be thine,
 You wou'd refuse the Grant, nor have the Heart
 From your dear darling Vices e'er to part;
 Either because you feel not what you speak,
 Or else your Mind's inconstant still, and weak:
 Thus while one Foot you labour to retire,
 Your other plunges deeper in the Mire.

When you're in *Rome*, you're all on fire to prove
 The Solitary Pleasures of your Grove;
 But scarce you're to your Country Seat got down,
 When to the Skies Y'extol the absent Town.

If uninvited and at home you eat,
 How quiet is the Morsel, and how sweet!
 And you so pleas'd, that one wou'd surely think,
 Abroad unwillingly you eat or drink;
 But let *Mæcenas* send for you next Day,
 How eager You the Summons to obey!
 Who's there? who waits? where are my Rascals all?
 What ho! my Essence: frantickly you hawl;
 When with light Bellies and with heavy Heart
 Your spunging Scoundrels, cursing you depart.

I grant that I my Belly love full well;
 That each good Dish allures me by the Smell;
 That indolent and idle, and a Sot,
 I'm hardly driven to forsake my Pot;
 But yet that You who still are worse sometimes,
 Tho' specious Words may colour o'er your Crimes,

That You should reprimand me ev'ry Hour,
 Only because you have me in your Pow'r,
 When this poor Slave, whom for ten Pounds you bought
 Better and wiser too perhaps is thought —

Nay, against all Resentment I declare;
 Both Frowns and Blows and angry Words I bear;
 While what I learnt from my Converse of late
 With *Crispin's* Porter, I shall now relate.

No less, forsooth, than some fine marry'd Dame
 Can raise your Fancy and provoke your Flame?
 While honest *Davus*, humble as he's poor,
 Pretends no higher than his little Whore.
 If then the Case stands thus between us two,
 Am I the geater Criminal or You?

When Nature keen, incites Love's fierce Desires,
 To some convenient Place to quench those Fires,
 Forthwith, defying Scandal, I repair,
 And some kind she, whom Lust has painted fair,
 I take, and in her loose, commodious Dress,
 The willing, wanton Baggage I carefs;
 But after having well my self diverted,
 I'm in no Pain, for being soon deserted,
 Nor care if, when my present Pastime's over,
 Her next a finer be, or richer Lover.

When you aside your Marks of Honour fling,
 Your *Roman* Robe, and your *Equestrian* Ring;
 When you, whom *Cæsar* made a Judge so grave,
 Sculk, in the filthy Habit of a Slave,
 To blind some Cuckold, and his Wife t'obtain;
 Are you not really what you think you feign?

Trembling you're introduc'd, tho' all on Fire,
 Fear in your Breast conflicting with Desire;
 What Gladiator, hack'd and hew'd all o'er
 For wretched Sustenance, can suffer more?
 Witness, when Neck and Heels together prest,
 You're cram'd for Refuge in some nasty Chest.

Is not Revenge the Injur'd Husband's Due,
 Both on the Wife and her Corrupter too?
 What Favour can the latter hope or claim,
 Industrious to offend — Not so the Dame.
 She ne'er steals out to meet you in Disguise
 Nor to your active Ardor e'er replies,
 But dully passive in your Arms she lies.
 Not but she'd meet you with an equal Gust,
 If to your amorous Vows she dar'd to trust,
 Nor fear'd you'd scorn her for her rampant Lust.
 Yet on to Bondage willingly you go,
 Round your own Neck the galling Yoke you throw,
 While to your Cuckold, in his raging Fit,
 Your Honour, Life and Fortune you commit.
 Have you escap'd? 'Tis hop'd, that Danger past,
 May teach you Caution and more Wit at last,
 No ——— still you long your former Risques to run,
 And fresh Occasions seek to be undone.
 O! Slave confirm'd! who can so often fall
 Into repeated Bonds, and willing Thrall
 What Beast's so stupid, when he breaks his Chain,
 As ever to return to it again?

You're no Adulterer — Right — No Thief am I,
 Your Plate I pass with vast Discretion by,
 But set the legal Penalties aside,
 And Nature breaks thro' all Restraints beside.

You I can justly then my Master call,
 You, whom so many Lusts and Men enthrall,
 Whom shou'd the Prætor's Wand strike thrice, or more,
 Your native Freedom it cou'd ne'er restore,
 And ne'er expel the Fear that tyranniz'd before?

As one, who to Commands Obedience pays,
 Which some superior Slave upon him lays,
 (For such a Custom here I find you have)
 Calls that Superior still his Fellow Slave;
 So since you still unactive are alone,
 And move by Springs, like Puppets, not your own,
 Since your mad Passions rule both you and me,
 Pray what but wretched Fellow-Slaves are we?
At this Rate who is free? The wise Man's free?
 That Sovereign of his Mind, 'tis only he
 Who can be said t'enjoy true Liberty;
 Who spite of Death, of Poverty and Chains,
 And Pleasures, o'er himself serenely reigns;
 Who stands collected in himself, and whole,
 A Match for all the Tyrants of the Soul;
 Who scorning Titles, of himself is great,
 Of Fortune independant and of Fate.

This is the Picture of the Man that's free;
 Now here what Feature of your own d'ye see?
 Your costly Punk, who has your Weakness found,
 Presses and plagues you for a thousand Pound:
 Refus'd, in Rage she turns you out of Doors,
 And a salt Show'r upon your Head she pours.
 Yet when she calls again, you're at her beck——
 From this vile Yoke, for Shame, withdraw you Neck;
 Come, say *I'm Free*—Alas! you have no Pow'r
 To quit the Tyrant Passion, that each Hour

Sub-

Subjects your Mind, and will no Mercy show,
But spurs you tir'd and jaded as you go.

Or when in foolish Rapture long you stand,
Admiring some fam'd Piece of *Pausin's* Hand,
How is your Conduct less a Fault than mine
When gaping at some brawny Fencer's Sign,
Bungled in Chalk or Coal, I think it fine?
And lag a while to view the painted Show,
And how they seem to give and ward the Blow.

Davus however is the loit'ring Afs,
While for a plaguy Judge of Art you pass.
If I'm provok'd by a hot smoking Pye
To Demolition, what a Rogue am I?
While you, the Man of Virtue and high Mind,
Disdain the Dishes of the nicest kind.

For my good Cheer you'll say I dearly pay,
Since with my Back my Belly I defray.
But can you draw a just Conclusion hence,
That you're luxurious at a less Expence?
When choicest Viands in Excesses cloy,
And endlessly debauching, you destroy,
That Strength, that should your faltring Limbs supply,
Which now to bear your pamper'd Corps deny.

If the young liquorish Rogue, who trucks for Trash
The Toys he stole, most justly feels the Lash;
Shall he escape the Scourge, who, to supply
His Luxury, makes Lands and Lordships fly.

Now add to what I've said, you want the Power
T'endure yourself alone one single Hour,

You want the Pow'r your Leisure to enjoy,
 But ev'ry precious Moment misemploy,
 Still from yourself a Fugitive you run,
 And seek by Wine and Sleep your Care to shun,
 Care on its dusky Wings pursues its Prey,
 Or lies in Ambuscade upon your way,
 Haunts you by Night, and ruffles you by Day.

H. *O! that a Stone—O! that a Dart I had;*
 The Man is raving sure or rhiming mad.
Sirrah, this Moment vanish from my Sight.
For if thou dost not urge thy speedy Flight,
To my Plantation, Wretch, thou goest once more,
T' increase the Number I've sent there before.

Mr PRIOR, after the Fatigues of a Length of Years passed in various Scenes of Action, was desirous of spending the Remainder of his Days in a rural Tranquillity, which the greatest Men in all Ages have been fond of enjoying; he was so happy as to succeed in his Wish, living a very retired and contemplative Life at DOWN-HALL in *Essex*, and found a more solid and innocent Satisfaction among Woods and Meadows than he had enjoyed in the Hurry and Tumults of the World, the Courts of Princes, or the conducting Foreign Negotiations. And where, as he most melodiously sings,

The *Remnant* of his Days He safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
 He made his *Wish* with his *Estate* comply,
 Joyful to *Live*, yet not afraid to *Die**

This truly Great Man died on the 18th Day of September 1721, not at his own little *Villa*, but at *Wimpole* in *Cambridgeshire*, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Oxford*, with whose generous Friendship, he had been honoured some Years.

The

* See Henry and Emma.

The Death of so extraordinary a Person was justly esteemed an irreparable Loss to the polite World, and his Memory will be ever dear those who have any Relish for the Muses in their softest Charms.

Some of the latter part of his Life was employed in collecting Materials for an *History of the Transactions of his own Times*; but his Death unfortunately deprived the World of a Performance which the Touches of so masterly a Hand would have made exceeding valuable. *

About five Weeks before his Decease, he drew up his last Will and Testament himself, in a Strain very different from the formal Jargon of Law-terms; and as an Air of Politeness and Humanity, peculiar to Mr PRIOR, runs thro' the whole, we were of Opinion it would be no disagreeable Entertainment to the Reader. A true Copy thereof follows, *viz.*

IT has pleased Almighty God, for some Years past, to bless me, his most unworthy Creature, with a greater Share of Health than I could have expected from the Tenderness of my native Constitution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of Life, which I have undergone! for this and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his Name, for ever and ever. Let Men and Angels repeat the Sound, Hallowed be his Name! Now before Sickness of Body, or Infirmary of Age prevent, or diminish, the Force of my Understanding, or Memory, I make and declare this my last *Will and Testament*.

I MATTHEW PRIOR, of the Parish of St Margaret, Westminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord Harley for his eminent and continual Friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same Concern for my Memory after Death, as he had for my Honour whilst Alive; and that he will take the same Care of my surviving Friends, hereafter mentioned in this my *Will*, as he did of my own proper Interest; and having for many Years experienced the Faith, Honesty, and Ability

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of

* But as this Work was left, the Public art now presented with it. It is printed in 2 Volumes, *Octavo*, Price 12s.

of Mr *Adrian Drift*, my Secretary whilst I was in *Public Employments*, and my Friend and Companion in Private Life; I intreat the said Lord *Harley*, and ordain the said *Adrian Drift* to be the Executors of this my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto *Edward Lord Harley*, and *Adrian Drift*, all my Goods and Chattles, Plate, Jewels, Medals and Debts, and all other my Personal Estate; to them, I say, their Heirs, Executors and Assigns, in Trust only, and for the Uses hereafter specified, and the Benefit of the Persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my *Will*, that I be buried privately in *Westminster Abbey*, and that after my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid, a Monument be erected to my Memory, whereon may be expressed the *Public Employments* I have born; the Inscription, I desire may be made by Dr *Robert Friend*, and the Busto expressed in Marble by *Coriveaux*, placed on the Monument: For this last Piece of *human Vanity*, I *Will*, that the Sum of five Hundred Pounds be set aside.

To the College of *St John the Evangelist* in *Cambridge* I leave such, and so many, of my Books, as shall be judged, to amount to the Value of Two hundred Pounds: These Books, with my own Poems in the greatest Paper, to be kept in the Library, together with the Books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own Picture, painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my Friend and Patron *Edward Earl of Jersey*, by *Rigault*.

I leave to my Lord *Harley*, the Busto of *Flora*, made by *Girardon*, and six Pictures out of my Collection, such as he shall chuse: the rest of my *Pictures*, *Medals*, *Drawings*, *Stamps*, and *Maps*, to be appraised by two Persons who may be thought to understand their Value, and my Lord *Harley* to have the Preference, in case he pleases to purchase any Part, or Parcel thereof; and after his Pleasure therein specified, I *Will*, that the Residue be sold.

The *Picture* of *Q. Elizabeth*, by *Portus*, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady *Harriette Harley*, and my own *Picture* in Enamel, to her dear Daughter *Margarette*.

All my *Manuscripts*, *Negotiations*, *Commissions*, and all *Papers* whatsoever, whether of my *public Employments*,
or

or *private Studies*, I leave to my Lord *Harley*, and Mr *Adrian Drift*, my Executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future Inspection.

Whereas, the Estate of *Down-Hall*, in *Essex*, of which I am, and stand at present possessed, is at my Death, to revert to my Lord *Harley*, and to his Heirs, according to the Purport and Intent of certain Writings drawn up by Mr *Oliver Martin*, of the *Middle-Temple*, I Declare, that the said Estate does, and ought accordingly, to revert to my Lord *Harley*, and to his Heirs; lest from any Want of Words in those Writings, or from any Failure, or Expressions omitted in the Form of the Writings, the least Doubt or Inquietude may arise to my Lord *Harley*. I mention this, tho' at the same time I believe it to be superfluous.

I *Will and Desire*, that the Sum of One Thousand Pounds be set apart, in Favour, and to the Use of Mrs *Elizabeth Cox*, and that an Annuity, or Rent Charge be purchased with the said Sum, to be paid by half-yearly Payments to the said *Elizabeth Cox*, during her natural Life; but I would have the said Thousand Pounds, *i. e.* the Annuity to be purchased with that Sum, to be paid solely to her Order, in half yearly Payments as aforelaid, and not to be in the Disposal, or at the Power of any Husband which she may marry: And as my Lord *Harley* will be juster towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my Friends, than any Man whom I leave behind me in the World, I beg, that he will be pleased to grant to the said *Elizabeth Cox* such Annuity, leaving the Sum to be determined by his Appointment and Pleasure.

I leave to Mr *Adrian Drift*, the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his Discretion, hoping that his Industry and Management will be such that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs *Anne Durham*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, to be paid within one Year of my Decease, and, by her, to be employed for the Enlargement of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade and Calling wherein

MATTHEUS PRIOR Armiger,

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos
Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis Laude
Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ,
Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit,
Juvenem in Collegio Sti. *Joannis*

Cantabrigiæ optimis Scientiis instruxit ;

Virum deniq; auxit ; & perfecit

Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo ;

Ita Natus, ita Institutus,

A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,

Sed solebat sæpe rerum Civilum gravitatem

Amoeniorum Leterarum Studiis condire :

Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus

Haud infeliciter tentaret,

Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis

Mirus Artifex

Neminem habuit parem.

Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta ;

Quam nullo Illi labore constiterint,

Facile iis perspexere, quibus usus est Amici ;

Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus,

Cum ad rem, quæcunq; fortè inciderit,

Aptè, variè copiosèq; alluderet,

Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum

Videbatur

Sed omnia ultro effluere,

Et quasi jugi è fonte afflatim exuberare,

Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,

Effetne in Scriptis, Poeta Elegantior,

An in Convictu, Comes Jucundior.

The foregoing INSCRIPTION
attempted in ENGLISH.

Whilst he was Writing
The *History of his Own Time*,
A lingering Fever
Snapt the Thread of his Work and his Life together,
On the 7th Day of *Sept.* 1721.
In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies interred
That excellent Man.
He was Secretary to their most Serene Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the Congress of the *Allies* held at the *Hague*, 1690.

He was thence
Appointed Secretary
To those Ambassadors of *Great Britain*
Who concluded the Peace of *Reswick*, 1697.

He was likewise Secretary
To the Two succeeding Embassies in *France*.
And also in the Year 1697,
Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

In the Year 1700,
He was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners
Of *Trade and Plantations*.

And in the Year 1711,
Made one of the Commissioners of the *Customs*;
And lastly,

Sent by Her Majesty Queen ANNE,
(Of blessed Memory)

In the Year 1711.
Plenipotentiary-Minister to LEWIS XIV, King of *France*,
With the fullest Powers to establish the *Peace*.

(A *Peace* to this Day *Lasting*,
And which,

That it may long *Last*.
Is the Wish of all good Men.)

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

Surpassed all the Characters
With which he was invested,
By the Force of his Genius,
And the Politeness of his Erudition;
At whose Birth the gentle Muses
Smiled propitious.

The *Literature* of this *Royal Foundation*
Trained up, and embellished him while a Boy;
St JOHN'S College in *Cambridge*
Endowed and furnished his *ripening Years*
With its brightest Sciences;
And at last,

A long and intimate Conversation
With the most illustrious Persons
Improved and finished the *Man*.

Thus Born, thus Educated,
He could never be withdrawn

From the *Choir* of the *Muses*;

But was often accustomed

To alleviate and sweeten

The Fatigue of his *public Employments*

By a Retreat to Studies

More inviting and delightful:

And after performing almost

Every *Species* of *Poetry* with Success:

In the agreeable and happy Manner

Of contriving and delivering *his Tales*,

This *wonderful Artist* found no Equal.

The unlaboured Delicacy,

With which he toyed in these Amusements,

Was easily observed by all

Whom he received into his Friendship:

In whose Company
 If any Subject of Humour casually occurred
 He would treat it,
 Being full of Wit and Pleasantry,
 With the most Copious, Suitable, Sprightly,
 And Beautiful Turns,
 Nothing appearing to be either studied or forced,
 But all freely rising from his Invention,
 And flowing, as from an inexhaustible Fountain:
 So, that among his Acquaintance,
 It is a Matter of Doubt,
 Whether in his *Writings*,
 He was the more elegant *Poet*:
 Or, in his *Conversation*,
 The more facetious *Companion*.



T H R E N U S :

O R,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr PRIOR:

By ROBERT INGRAM, *Esq*;

I.

M A T PRIOR! — (and we must submit)
 Is at his Journey's End:
 In whom the *World* has lost a *Wit*;
 And *I*, what's more, a *Friend*, *

II. Who

* Mr *Ingram* and Mr *Prior* were Chums at St *John's* College *Cambridge*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to Stay,
 May see with weeping Eyes ;
 Not only *Nature* posits away,
 But e'en *Good-Nature* dies !

III.

Shou'd grave *Ones* count these Praises light,
 To such it may be said ;
 A *Man* in this lamented *Wight*,
 Of *Business* too is dead.

IV.

From Ancestors, as might a Fool !
 He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem* ;
 But gloriously revers'd the Rule,
 By *Dignifying* them.

V.

O! gentle *Cambridge* ! sadly say,
 Why Fates are so unkind ?
 To snatch thy Giant-Sons away,
 Whilst *Pygmies* stay behind.

VI.

Horace and *He* were call'd in haste,
 From this vile Earth to Heaven ;
 The cruel Year not fully past,
Ætatis, FIFTY-SEVEN.

VII.

So on the Tops of *Lebanon*,
 Tall Cedars felt the Sword,
 To grace by Care of *Solomon*,
 The *Temple* of the Lord.

VIII. A

VIII.

A Tomb, amidst the Learned, may
 The Western Abbey give!
 Like Theirs, his Ashes must decay;
 Like Theirs, his Fame shall live.

IX.

Close, Carver, by some well-cut Books,
 Let a *thin* BUSTO tell;
 In spite of plump and pamper'd Looks,
 How *scantly* Sense can dwell!

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length,
 Shou'd over-charge the Stone:
 Since *loftiest Verse* wou'd lose its Strength,
 In mentioning *his Own*.

XI.

At once! and not Verbosely tame,
 Some brave *Laconic* Pen
 Shou'd smartly touch his ample Name;
 In form of _____ O RARE BEN!



On the Publication of some Posthumous
 PIECES of Mr PRIOR.

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,
 For see! Our *easy* PRIOR live again
 These genuine Lines the *gentle* Bard reveal,
 And paint that *Nature* he alone cou'd feel,

With

With tender Accents touch the softning Soul,
Or gaily Mock the *Philosophic-Fool*.

When TURTURELLA tells her piteous Moan,
Who does not make the *Mourner's* Grief his own?
How ravishingly sweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love!
Such sympathizing Tenderneſs impart,
They melt the *Reader's* to a *Lover's* Heart.

But while th' inimitable Bard displays
The wanton SPARROW in gallanter Lays,
The *Marriage-State* is Imag'd to the Life,
The *Careleſs* Husband and the *Peeviſh* Wife;
The Troubles of the *Fetlock'd-Couple* ſhew,
And either Sex is open'd to the View.

Next, in *Down-Hall* we find his Hum'rous Vein.
(Tho' *Effex* marſhy Hundreds are the Scene)
A Place unheard of, 'till by PRIOR nam'd,
Now MORLEY and *Down-Hall* alike are fam'd.

Thus Sung delightful MAT.— but Sings no more,
Long Since lamented on the loneſome Shore;
Penſive for Him in vain my Voice eſſays,
To court THALIA to her *Poet's* praiſe:
Like TURTURELLA ſhe neglects her Charms,
Deſpairing of another PRIOR's Arms:
Alike their Tenderneſs, alike their Woe,
For what COLUMBO was, is PRIOR now:
Time's Period paſt—He ſhall for Ever live,
And like theſe Labours by his Death revive.

London, *July* 14, 1725.

W. PATTISON.



VERSES to the AUTHOR.



O N

Mr PRIOR's

COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1709.

LET *Britain* now at last no more complain
 Of Muses flagging in an humble Strain,
 Nor say the Soul of Poetry's retir'd,
 And none since VIRGIL ought to be admir'd.
 Critics may doubt, as Stoics do of Pain,
 But let them read Thy Verse, and doubt again;
 Nature and Sense will force th' unwilling Sound,
 No Stoic doubted, when he felt the Wound.

In Thee old HORACE we again admire,
 His easy Softness, and his rapid Fire,
 His sounding Trumpet, and complaining Lyre.

Thy

Thy CHLOE does more bright than his appear,
 Juster her Features, more divine her Air,
 And longer shall endure the matchless Fair.
 HOWARD escap'd while he her Picture drew,
 But all are wounded as she's drawn by you;
 E'en the cold Breasts, which no Impression take,
 Must love the Picture for the Painter's Sake.
 Others mere Poets, paint a distant Fight,
 Their Strokes are sometimes wrong, and sometimes right;
 You feel the War, and write with CUPID's Dart
 What VENUS dictates to your swelling Heart.
 Who can thy HENRY, and thy EMMA read,
 Nor at the Lover's moving Conflict bleed?
 Three hundred Years the Story liv'd before,
 Your noble Dress shall still increase the Store,
 And make it live above three hundred more.
 Rough was the Language, and uncouth the Stile,
 You smooth the Numbers, and the Roughness file:
 Finish'd and touch'd by your refining Hands,
 The NUTBROWN MAID in double Lustre stands.
 So an old Piece o'erspread with eating Rust,
 Buried in Ashes and polluting Dust,
 In some dark Hole for many Ages lies
 Unseen, or seen contemn'd by vulgar Eyes,
 Till some great Artist wipes the Cloud away,
 Brightens the Piece with a diviner Ray,
 The Face and Form restor'd, improv'd the Lines,
 Admir'd in Courts and Palaces it shines.

O wond'rous Bard! thou dost my Fancy raise,
 I love each Verse, and I each Verse would praise;
 Thou great VERTUMNUS, who dost Nature range,
 Changing thy Shape, still pleasing in the Change:

Here

Here, dress'd in shining Armour you appear,
And there, a filken flowing Mantle wear;
Here, thy own PHOEBUS on OLYMPUS crown'd,
And there, a Shepherd in ADMETUS' Ground,
So like, the Gods and Goddeffes might make,
As in thy CHLOE, so in THEE mistake.
O wond'rous Bard! in whom collected shine
The scatter'd Graces of the tuneful NINE,
So oft we view in One diviner Face
The diff'rent Beauties of a lovely Race.
One Poet has One Subject handled well,
But who before in All Things could excel?
Where did such Humour, Wit, and Mirth prevail
In the smooth Tattle of a merry TALE?
HORACE this Fancy first in Numbers deckt,
And made his MICE of EPICURUS' Sect,
Not with the like Success in all He drew,
But left Perfection to be reach'd by You.

But nobler Objects entertain my View,
I see the Tracts where THEBAN-PINDAR flew,
The LATIN-Bard beholds th'ambitious Height,
Changes his Form, and wings him for the Flight,
Undamp'd by earthly Steam, or cloudy Show'r,
To Heav'n the noble Pair sublimely tow'r.
But who is He? What Third of BRITISH-Clime
Before in Genius, as behind in Time.

Whose Pinion's stretch a more than equal Length,
Of greater Swiftnefs, and of greater Strength?
The mighty PRIOR, He.— But I offend—
Swiftly my Muse the Precipice descend,
Nor tell how WILLIAM's, and how MARLBRO's Name
Excel or THERON's, or AUGUSTUS' Fame;

Dare not those Acts by thy low Verse profane,
 Sacred alone to His immortal Strain.
 Enough for Thee with Pardon to retire,
 And Bard and Heroes equally admire.

G. SEWELL. *

* This ingenious Poet and Physician, was educated at *Eton*, and went from thence to St PETER's College in *Cambridge*. He was the Author of several excellent Pieces in Verse and Prose; and of the Tragedy of Sir WALTER RALEGH. He practiced at *Hampstead*, where he died in the Year 1726, and lies there interred without any Memorial.



To Mr P R I O R

On His *Carmen Sæculare*.

By JAMES MARSHALL, Esq;

THE first great Man, who made the World his own,
 Enjoy'd it's Treasures; mounted ev'ry Throne;
 He for a HOMER would have giv'n it All:
 And, without Him, contemn'd the conquer'd Ball:
 Envy'd ACHILLES, as the Happier Man,
 Whose noble Praise in HOMER's Numbers ran.

The mighty Hero whom You Celebrate,
 WILLIAM, the Wise, the Bold, the Fortunate,
 Does old and modern Demi-Gods out-do,
 He rules the World, and has a HOMER too.

Rules

Rules it, but not by Violence, nor Force;
 Chains, howsoever Gilded, are a Curse:
 His Pow'rful Empire on Mens Minds is lay'd;
 By Force of Reason is his Scepter sway'd:
 All Nations have for their own Sakes obey'd.
 On his great Soul depended Mankind's Doom:
 He first Resolv'd, then knew what was to come.
 His rising Beams rejoic'd the trembling Sight:
 His Noon restor'd an Universal Light.
 Empires and States ador'd the Mounting Star,
 His Motion bold, but sure and regular;
 Directed still by an Ascendant Sense,
 Which, sure, comes nearest to Omniscience.
 E'en They who did His mighty Course oppose,
 Were Conscious that in vain they were His Foes:
 His Pow'rful Genius o'er their Counsels reign'd;
 And even the very hostile Gods were gain'd.

The World submits; He's Arbiter of All:
 The Universe is One States-General;
 Where He, the Guardian of their Liberties,
 The Soul of All, still governs the Decrees.
 From Pole to Pole his Counsels pass for Laws;
 And Mankind trust him with their Common Cause:
 Thus He, and He alone, has let Us see
 A real Universal Monarchy;
 Alone He moves all Sublunary Things;
 Is God's Vicegerent, as the King of Kings;
 A Theme Becoming your Immortal Strings.

In all you sung before, the Tuneful Strains
 Were eccho'd thro' the pleas'd admiring Plains:
 Sessions of Poets, did approve your Lays;
 Contending Wits united in your Praise:

But here, Inspir'd with a more Noble Flame ;
 Full of the God, and of your greater Theme ;
 At once you give and get Immortal Fame.
 Here, Floods of Sense from the whole Mountain run :
 Here you have PINDAR, here yourself out-done.
 To the nice Height the noble Work you raise ;
 And, without Fiction, give the greatest Praise :
 Surprise, yet softly charm, by every Part,
 And give new Rules in HORACE's great Art :
 A Model, to adjust poetic Rage ;
 Correct the former, teach the coming Age.
 Here's no rude Ore ; no Fi s of Heat and Cold :
 Here all is Nature, yet all's beaten Gold.
 No forc'd, mysterious Soarings in the Clouds :
 No Mud, no Foam, no Noise, in your deep Floods.
 With such true Spirit your great numbers run,
 As Light'ning Bold, but Equal as the Sun ;
 Gentle, tho' strong ; and high, yet still in Sight ,
 Rapid, yet pure, and easy as the Light :
 Heav'n has reserv'd for You and WILLIAM's Time,
 The divine Secret of the true *Sublime*.

Go on great Herald of the greatest King :
 To Him, and to yourself, new Glories bring ;
 New with each Day of the new Age You sing.
 And as You serve the State and Him so well,
 With Spotless Honour, and with Wisest Zeal ;
 Still show the World that those a Prince's Name
 Who best can serve, are fittest to proclaim ;
 Thus Love like Your's, and Love so greatly plac'd,
 Is more than PHOEBUS in the swelling Breast ;
 And that in some the bounteous Gods unite
 The greatest Merit, and the greatest Wit.

How

How I Rejoice to see Your swelling Name!
 And that for ever you're secure of Fame;
 So that hereafter even shou'd there be
 Spots in your Numbers, the World wou'd not see.
 Love and Esteem have laid th' Immortal Plan;
 All Praise the Poet, where all love the Man.
 And sure, as long as Faithful Virtue draws
 The Public Voice, and Merit brings Applause,
 While all that's kind or just deserves our Love
 Your sacred Name will everlasting prove.

O Gods! that so refin'd a Soul as this
 Dwells in so nice and thin a Shell as His!
 If Heav'n to ardent Wishes wou'd be kind,
 If Zeal, and Gratitude, and Love combin'd,
 Cou'd move the FATES; and if my Sacrifice,
 And Thousands more, cou'd be a proper Price
 For Health and Years to This beloved Man,
 No Patriarch-Life so many Ages ran:
 At least Mankind shou'd him possess so long
 Till he had strung another Age's Song,





On the same OCCASION,

By Mr *A. T.* of *St John's College, Cambridge.*

I.

WHEN PRIOR's Muse prepares to sing
Some God, or Godlike Hero's Praise,
She soars aloft, and on her airy Wing,
High as their High Deserts their Fame doth raise.

II.

Thus WILLIAM's Glory scales the Sky,
Thro' rolling Ages to remain;
Rais'd thus above the Reach of Vulgar Destiny,
Which neither, Brass nor Marble can obtain.

III.

Whither would the Muse aspire?
Unable thou to soar his Muses Flight. —
Better on Earth sit Humble and Admire,
Tho' high she keeps within the ken of Sight.

IV.

How justly due to WILLIAM's Name
Is all the Glory of the Roman Pride!
Greater than theirs how great his Fame,
When his no sullen Spots can hide!

Forgetful

V.

Forgetful now of Humbler Themes she flies
 Above the *Roman* Eagle's tow'ring height,
 Pursuing WILLIAM's Glory thro' the Skies;
 And nought escapes her sharper Sight.

VI.

She sees what Godlike Pow'rs combine
 To make her Hero's Birth Divine
 Sees one Unhappy of the STUART Race,
 Laments his Faults, and covers his Disgrace.

VII.

And when on *England's* Grief she casts her Eye
 The Pious Muse mourns Inwardly:
 Then WILLIAM sees in all his Turns and Cares,
 Happy in Peace, and Brave in WARS:

VIII.

Good to his own, to other Nations Just,
 Whom all Religions court, all Factions trust:
 Sees him 'twixt different Nations hold the Scales,
 And as he wills the juster Side prevails,
 Whate'er she sees in lofty Strains doth sing,
 And leaves the Hero perfect in the King.

IX.

Much we commend the Poet's Skill,
 That so exalted sings a Theme sublime;
 But more his Art to cover fatal Ill——
 Such Shades make WILLIAM's Glory brighter shine.

X.

O! long as Breath inspires this fleeting Frame,
 Be my Example PRIOR's grateful Name:
 Tho' not a DORSET shed his Rays on me,
 Happy am I, if but inspir'd by Thee.



IV

On the Same OCCASION

AS Bards of old in nobler Lays cou'd sing,
 Refresh'd with Streams from *Heliconia's* Spring
 So my Ignobler Muse attempts to speak,
 But finds Her Fancy flag, Her Flights too weak:
 At length with longing Haste she doth repair,
 To bright *Parnassus'*-Hill to breathe that Air.
 Where ev'ry Strain is sweet, and ev'ry Thought is clear.
 Lo! there *APOLLO* sits in awful State,
 Around His Throne the humble Muses wait,
 Attentive to receive his sage Command,
 Behind the God I saw another Band,
 The Looks of some bespoke their Eloquence,
 Of others, Penury, and Want of Sense,
 I chose the Middle-place, and blest my Fate,
 To be a Guest at such a grand Debate.
 After our Homage paid, *APOLLO* rose,
 And did in Godlike Terms his Mind disclose,
 Ye tuneful Nine, in pleasing Songs no more.
 Me as Your Master, nor Your God adore,
 For loftier Strains prepare the Golden Lyre,
 Prepare a greater Patron to admire,
 A Patron truly wise, and justly great,
 Friend to the Muses, and Support to State,

Thus

Thus spoke APOLLO ; when the Trembling Nine
 In mournful Accents their sad loss repine,
 The Poets sigh'd, the Poetafters griev'd,
 Thefe were with Gold, and thofe with Sense reliev'd.
 When the refigning Oracle withdrew,
 A brighter Object foon approach'd our View,
 APOLLO's Crown adorn'd His learned Head,
 Around His Brows the Graceful Bays were fpread,
 His Mien confirm'd all that the God had faid.
 But as He fpeaks the Mufes all rejoice,
 To hear APOLLO's Sense in PRIOR's Voice ;
 This glorious Change gave Life to ev'ry Bard,
 And only PRIOR's worthier Name was heard ;
 While the Refigning God fhares equal Praise
 Who proves His Wisdom, when He yields the Bays.
 Go on, Bright PHOEBUS, let Thy nobler Mufe
 In ev'ry Bard more Glorious Thoughts infufe,
 Let Zephyr bear Thy Fame with winged Speed,
 Where'er MINERVA rears Her awful Head.
 The Verdant Bays fhall flourish on Thy Brow
 And ev'ry Poet juftly ftoop to You,
 Envy fhall kneel at Your refulgent Throne,
 Review Your Actions, and Your Learning own,
 Like MARS You vanquifh, with Poetic Arm,
 Your Wisdom, like APOLLO's, is a Charm.
 Great PRIOR's Thought each Subject ftill refines,
 And ANNA's Duft smells fweeter from his Lines,
 Lines which improve HORACE's noble Theme,
 The Poet lives in You, and You in Him.
 Your Mufe can melt the moft obdurate Hearts,
 And in the Lover's Breast new Flames impart,
 You are a juft Exception to our Fate,
 A Poet wealthy, eminent, and great.
 And You, great Sir, who far above the reft,
 With Riches, Wisdom, are fo amply bleft,

How can my Muse Her juster Tribute pay,
 Than where the Patron bears such mighty Sway?
 The Off'ring's double do not both refuse,
 Accept the Pauper, tho' you scorn the Muse.

Cecini humillimeque obtuli,

GEO. WALDRON,

Olim. Coll. Reg. Oxon.



An EPISTLE to Mr PRIOR, on the
Folio Edition of his Poems, 1718.

WHILST HARLEY with more near Approaches blest,
 Enjoys Thy Genius as He shares Thy Breast,
 Can view Thy Soul when freely breaking forth,
 In all the Changes of it's native Worth,
 Can hear Thy Wit, as from Thy self it flows,
 And see the Poet live whose Works He knows,
 So that whene'er He reads Thy publick Song,
 His Thoughts with Pleasure dwell upon Thy Tongue.
 For as Thy Lines do Various Passions raise,
 Thy vital Image in His Fancy plays,
 He feels a Warmth peculiarly confin'd,
 To those who have access to read Thy Mind,
 When gen'rous Friendship does with Mirth conspire
 To animate Thy Sense, and light Thy Fire.

I at a distance do Thy Labours scan,
 And only in the Muse conceive the Man;
 I trace the Author in His matchless Lays,
 Those Monuments of everlasting Praise.
 Last His bright Image in a fainter Mold,
 And darkly in that Glass His Face behold,
 Pardon, great PRIOR, if my Artless Draught;
 Reach not Perfection, it is only Thought;
 A Painter oft attempts a Face unseen,
 And strikes the Canvas with a fancy'd Mien,
 The Fame of Beauty makes his Colours flow,
 And I wou'd fain describe That Worth, methinks, I know.

First then Thy easy flowing Measures prove
 A Temper smooth, and sweetly fram'd for Love;
 They shew a tender Heart, and gentle Mind,
 Fill'd with Good-nature, generous and kind:
 Soft as a Feather pluck'd from VENUS' Dove,
 Soft as the Wings that bear the God of Love,
 So well You write Your Wounds from CUPID's Dart,
 In Eloquence of Love so void of Art,
 Your Lines beguile ME, and I lose MY Heart.
 A silent Passion glides into my Breast,
 I make Your Case my own, and think I'm blest;
 O! wou'd the unkind Fair consent to read,
 Wou'd She submit to hear Her Lover plead,
 In Spight of all Her Pride, and all Her Charms,
 She'd bend Her stubborn Neck into Thy Arms.
 CHLOE wou'd soon relent, and tamely chuse,
 To be a Captive to Thy pow'rful Muse,
 Thy Verse a subtil Poison wou'd instil,
 By Art unseen, and unsuspected kill:
 Such soft Attacks Her Weakness wou'd betray,
 And force a Heart of Flint to melt away.

We read how ORPHEUS rouz'd the sleeping Stone,
 Did soften fullen Rocks, and melt them down:
 How wildest Woods did form a comely Train,
 Obey His Pipe, and dance along the Plain:
 How savage Beasts by magic Numbers charm'd
 Of all their native Fierceness were disarm'd:
 The Lion and the Bear at once became
 Forgetful of their Rage, and gentle as the Lamb.
 And what is Music but the Poet's Rhime,
 Wak'd into Tune, and manag'd into Time,
 Verse is but Harmony in Silence bound,
 And Poetry is known to speak in Sound.

Next when I read what You inscribe a Tale,
 There I find pleasing Mirth and Wit prevail,
 The Story runs in such familiar Strains,
 With so much Humour, and so little Pains,
 That I'm inclin'd to think 'tis only Prose,
 And that in tuneful Rhime Thy Language flows:
 Poems, like these, disclose a chearful Mind,
 And mark out One whom Nature hath design'd
 A fine Companion, and delightful Friend.
 The noblest Lord with Fortune's Smiles carest,
 Who shines in State, and is with Plenty blest,
 Wou'd He improve His Wit, His Taste refine,
 Sweeten His Life, with Pleasure drink His Wine,
 His vacant Hours agreeably beguile,
 And in the Misery of Grandeur smile,
 He'd take Thee to His Breast, and gladly join
 In closest Amity His Soul to Thine.
 Thence by a kind Conveyance He'd receive
 What neither Pomp, nor Wealth, nor Pow'r can give:
 For what is Luxury, and what is Pow'r,
 What are the Blessings, of a Golden-show'r,

Without

Without those purer Blessings, which we find
 Rise from Discourse, and entertain the Mind,
 The great MÆCENAS, who had all the State
 That Rome and princely Favour cou'd create,
 Yet often to His HORACE wou'd retire,
 Quit CÆSER's Court to hear the Poet's Lyre.
 And if the sage PYTHAGORAS spoke true,
 The Soul of FLACCUS transmigrates in You:
 HORACE and PRIOR distant Ages knew,
 Yet Both One Spirit and One Genius shew.
 The Muses sure did o'er Their Birth preside,
 And Nature's Hand in Their Production guide,
 Did Their first Rudiments of Life inspire,
 With equal Sweetness mixt with equal Fire. *

Now I shou'd rise to a more Lofty theme,
 From Love and Mirth ascend to the Sublime,
 Did not Thy PAULO still retard my Flight,
 And make me hover there with fond Delight.
 PAULO! a Piece Inimitably fine,
 Just is the Thought, and easy is the Line,
 Humour and Wit in purest Form appear
 At once to mend the Heart and charm the Ear.
 Wives are there Taught what does a Wife become,
 Not to be chaste abroad and lewd at home,
 For Public Virtue is an empty Name,
 Unless the Private Conduct be the same.
 An outward Form is but a sham Disguise,
 To cover hidden Vice from mortal Eyes,
 True Modesty is that which is unseen.
 A secret Spring of Purity within.
 So a false Coiner when his Metal's base
 Does on it's Surface Stamp the Royal Face,

Borrows

* HORACE and PRIOR both died at the same Age 57.

Borrows the Image of the currant Coin,
To cheat the World and cover his Design ;
A gilded Outside makes the Forgery pass,
And what we take for Gold is only Brass.

Well hast Thou sung Our wise Creator's Praise,
And told His mighty Works in lofty Lays,
There we are Taught to Tremble at His Name,
And to approach with Awe so great a Theme.
Surely Thy Muse has something of Divine
That durst so soon set Bounds to Reason's Line ;
That does the proud Philosopher controul,
And check the Scemes of His aspiring Soul :
That cou'd describe with such a Master-skill,
How All Things rose from the Almighty's Will :
How various Worlds may fill the Boundless Space,
Tho' Man cannot define their Form or Place ,
How all our Thoughts are impotent and lame,
When we presume to guess at Nature's Frame ;
And the same Youth with more consummate Art
Is afterwards pursu'd in ev'ry Part.
When SOLOMON from Holy-writ You bring,
A great Philosopher and Potent King :
One who had All that Nature cou'd bestow,
And All that cou'd from Fortune's Bounty flow.
Of Beauty, Knowledge, and of Empire too.
One who we Read was eminently wise,
And saw beyond the Reach of mortal Eyes ;
Whose Wisdom did not from Instruction grow,
Nor did it move as human Learning flow,
But was at once Infus'd into His Soul,
By Beams of heav'nly Light that fill'd the Whole,
And yet when Nature's-Garden You display,
And the vast compass of the World survey,

How

How short is all that Knowledge, and how blind
The vain ambition of a Feeble Mind:
Nor let the daring Libertine confide
In what his boasted Pleasure can Provide,
For SOLOMON can tell that *This is Vain*,
And that the highest Pleasure's gilded Pain.

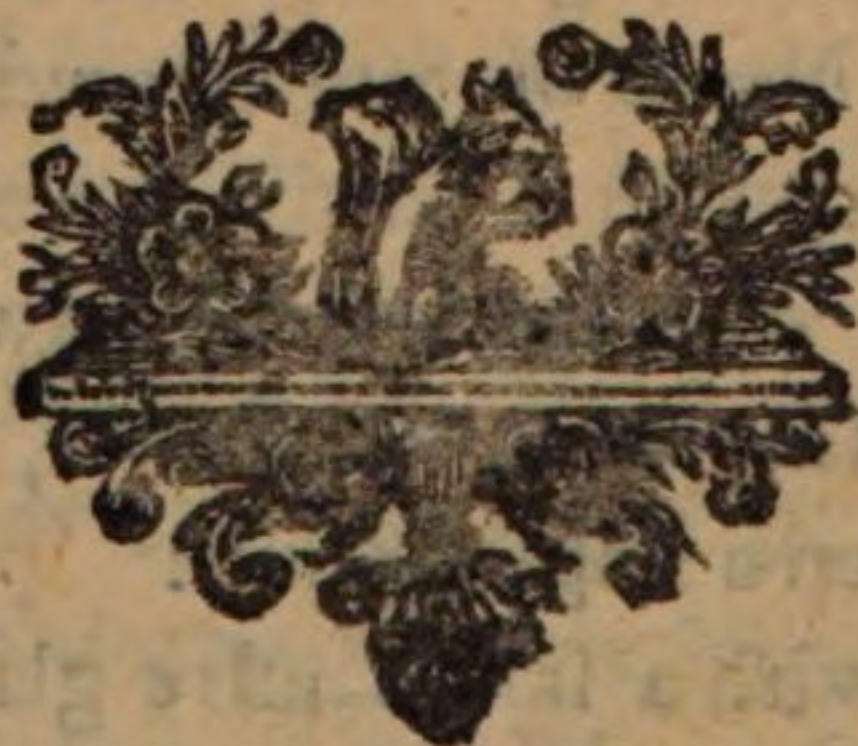
If ABRA, whom the strongest Passion warm'd,
Who was with all the Pow'r of Beauty arm'd,
Who knew to make Address with softest Art,
And with most subtile Skill to touch the Heart,
If This fair Concubine, and Hundreds more
Whom that great Monarch had laid up in Store,
Cou'd not give Quiet to His restless Mind,
Where can the Libertine then Quiet find,
False is that Happiness which springs from Lust,
Various as Wind, and Volatile as Dust.

Call now the Monarchs who divide the Globe,
And are distinguish'd by the Purple Robe,
Bid Them behold Thy SOLOMON, and own,
That Happiness is not the Jewel of a Crown.
Shew Them an Instance there of Sov'raign Sway,
Whom great and mighty Nations did obey:
Who cou'd the wildest Luxury supply,
By pillaging the Earth, the Sea, the Sky.
Who shone in all the glitt'ring Pomp and Pride
Of those who o'er the Necks of Subjects ride,
Saw Millions trembling with a fervile Awe,
And tamely from His Will receive the Law ;
He let them see how Impotent was Pow'r,
To shed pure Blessing on a single Hour :
How richest Crowns with a false Lustre glare,
And do not yield us Glory but a Snare :

How

How for the Surface only they're design'd
 To grace the Body, not compose the Mind:
 But I forbear, for why shou'd I abuse
 Thy noble Genius, and deform thy Muse:
 A partial Transcript is a public Fraud,
 It robs true Worth, and sends it poor abroad,
 It does Thy Sense imperfectly convey,
 And only Stammers what it means to Say:
 So a fine Face no Painter can design
 By the rude Traces of a naked Line,
 The Colours only can Perfection give.
 Express the Air, and make the Canvas live.

Go on, great PRIOR, the same Steps pursue,
 Much to Thy self, and to the World is due,
 Resume Thy Pen, and Hang not up Thy Lyre,
 Since Thou hast still the same Poetic Fire:
 For many Subjects still remain unsung
 Among the Great, the Wise, the Fair, the Young,
 Which to Thy Muse peculiarly belong.
 APOLLO freely will Thy Harp restore,
 Write while Love lasts, and we will ask no more.





To Mr PRIOR,

By Mr J. NEWCOME,

Fellow of St John's College Cambridge,

Nov. 14th, 1719. *

RECEIVE, Great BARD, thanks from the
the meanest Muse,

(As GODS accept the Virtues they infuse,)

For HARLEY's Favour, and for HARRIET's Grace,

By THEE become familiar to This Place ;

For such just Honour's here to HARRIET giv'n,

As needs must please ev'n MARGARET in Heav'n.

What learned FISHER was to RICHMOND's Spouse,

Be THOU to HARRIET and Her happy House ;

Direct the Streams of Charity immense,

That MARGARET's Plants may feel it's Influence.

So

* Five Days before the Date of These Verses, on the 9th of November 1719, Mr PRIOR had complimented Lady HARLEY in a beautiful COPY of VERSES spoken to HER in the LIBRARY of St JOHN's College, Cambridge ; which he published singly that Year.

To Female-Virtue, and to Love-Divine,
St JOHN's stands sacred by the Royal Line.
Thou, in obedience to the Statutes, bow ;
And on so fair Foundations act thy pious Vow.

In Arts and Arms, MINERVA's equal Care,
Thy Muse adorns the Heroes and the Fair.
Once more resume Thy potent Lyre and end
'The Wond'rous Scene ! Religion's lasting Friend.
So Thou the Wisest Man may'st imitate,
And build our Temple equal to our State.

Ramparts and Towns AMPHION's Verse could raise,
To build the HOUSE of GOD be PRIOR's Praise.



To Mr P R I O R,

By FRANCIS PECK, M. A. 1720.

O F T have I Thought, Great Bard, in my poor Cell,
(Where I, and Care, and Contemplation dwell).
How vastly far all Preaching is outdone,
(Excepting That of God's Eternal Son).
In this One Sermon of wise SOLOMON !
For whether we His beauteous Method view,
Or Reas'nings, to His Text so close and true ;
Each Verse the Other makes more heav'nly strong,
And gains fresh Wonder as we read along !

So,

So, when I saw your Book—This is not PRIOR
 I ravish'd said, but He, whose Hebrew Lyre
 Before so often set my Soul on Fire!
 Or if it must be His —————
 Among Old Rabbins hitherto conceal'd,
 To him some Friend this Treasure hath reveal'd;
 And He translating what the Preacher taught,
 His own would have the Lovely Matter thought,
 No—there I err—for sure that gentle Swain,
 To purchase Fame, wou'd such mean Arts disdain.
 Chusing His Theme then must the Reason be,
 Why thus he charms, and hence I find that He,
 Who wou'd above himself, like PRIOR sing,
 Must to a sacred Subject tune the String.
 Then o'er the Shell as His quick Finger flies,
 New Graces shall at ev'ry touch surprize,
 And Judgment, grown maturer, greatly rise.



To Mr P R I O R,

On His SOLOMON.

HAIL honour'd BARD, the Wonder of our Isle,
 On the APOLLO and the Muses smile,
 Confest Their darling, and their Country's Pride,
 By Envy's Self This Truth is not deny'd.
 Thy happy Muse and sweet recording Strings
 Can best resound the Godlike Acts of Kings *:

In

* CARMEN SECULARE, printed in 1700, in Praise of
 King WILLIAM.

In PINDAR's lofty Strains can best declare
 Their Battles, Conquests, Toils, and saving Care,
 In Peace how mild, how terrible in War !
 Thus WILLIAM, mighty WILLIAM, She began,
 Trac'd him from Active Youth, to finish'd Man ;
 She only cou'd ascend the wond'rous Height,
 And set each Action in it's proper Light,
 The *Boyne* and *Namur*'s haughty Towers recite :
 His Glorious Life She made Her swelling Theme,
 And in Immortal Verse preserv'd His endless Fame.

* Again She spreads Her Wings, and takes Her Way
 Tow'ring does ANNA's Glories all display,
 Bright as the Beams which yield the Rising Day :
 In melting Accents does Her Wonders sing,
 How flowing Blessings from each Action spring.
 How just she governs, and how well she reigns,
 And as she dictates still kind Heav'n ordains :
 How great and good, how ready to oppose
 Her glorious Arms against tyrannic Foes,
 And shield the Lab'ring Empire from impending Woes.

Fearless of Earth, of Air, of Seas, or Skies,
 Thy Muse does like the famous *Mantuan*'s † rise,
 Nor stops her Course, but still pursues Her Flight,
 To distant Regions thro' ætherial Light ;
 Descends a while on *Bleinheim*'s hostile Plain,
 Beholds the Battle, Trophies, Numbers slain,
 And upward springs, describes the glitt'ring Scene.
 How LEWIS lost what BOILEAU ne'er can tell,
 How MALBRO' conquer'd, and how TALLARD fell ;
 To

* Letter to BOILEAU on the Victory at *Blenheim*.

† VIRGIL.

So grace the Triumphs of the Victor's Cause,
 Who wins our Hearts, and merits out Applause,
 And frees the joyful World from arbitrary Laws,

Now SOLOMON the Wise your Harp has strung,
 In sweeter Sound's sure none e'er better fung,
 Illustrious SOLOMON, great *Israel's* King,
 Inspires Your Muse in heavenly Notes to sing.
 In you the tuneful DRYDEN will survive,
 In You the Majesty of Verse shall live,
 And flourish green, nor never shall decay,
 Whilst PHOEBUS rules, and runs his destin'd way.
 Take then the Bays from DRYDEN's sacred Tomb,
 And bless the present Age, and that to come :
 With lasting Numbers, never dying Strains,
 Peculiar to Your Self without Extreams,
 Like DENHAM's *Thames*, deep, gentle, clear, and free,
 Rolling in Silver Streams with constant Harmony.

Whate'er you sung before gain'd just Applause,
 And this New Work new Admiration draws,
 Contending Poets all approve Your Lays,
 And all unite in Your deserving Praise.
 Matchless Your Genius takes it's Noble Flight,
 And soars sublime perceptible to Sight ;
 Each Word's a Sentence, and each polish'd Line,
 Adorns and makes our *English* Language shine,
 The WISE MAN's Wisdom's nearest to Divine.

Here, noble Monarch, here your self's outdone,
 (He, holy DAVID's ; You, APPOLLO's Son)
 Here we behold Him seated on His Throne,
 With all His Lustre, all His Glory on,
 Admir'd, Rever'd, and mighty in renown.

Master of all indulgent Heav'n cou'd give,
 Blest with whate'er He ask'd, or cou'd receive,
 To make His Glory last, his Name for ever live.

Admidst these Lines with Pleasure we may see
 The Western Queen with splended Majesty,
 Greater than SOLOMON if greater e'er cou'd be,

Here Knowledge shines in a poetic Dress,
 And boundless Pleasure amply You rehearse,
 Great POWER last You copiously define,
 In ev'ry subject Art and Nature join; —
 Concluding with the Preacher, *All is Vain*,
 This Life a Maze of anxious Woes and Pain,
 Where nought but Follies and Vexation reign.
 Unmix'd no Happiness can well be found,
 Altho' with Power, Knowledge, Pleasure crown'd,
 For Intervals of Grief and Joy alternately go round.

O still go on and let Your Muse aspire,
 Full of the God that does Your Breast inspire,
 New Themes explore, and touch the trembling Lyre.
 O charm again the pleas'd and list'ning Throng,
 Who dwell upon the Music of Your Tongue,
 And let unrival'd Numbers still compleat the Song.

Thus passing on the fleeting Hours of Life,
 Secur'd from busy Ills and noisy Strife,
 Retir'd from flatt'ring Courts, and free at ease,
 In Books delighting, and in Friends that please,
 Enjoy the Blessings of a Halcyon Peace.

Pardon, great Sir, the Muse that dare address
 Accept my honest Heart tho' mean my Verse,
 Commending is Her Aim, but She's too weak,
 Yet pleasing Raptures thus from Her will break.

Thus

Thus She attempts Her humble Voice to raise,
To sing the Man She loves, the Man She'd praise :
But O Thy Merits are beyond Her Strain,
Deserve a noble Muse, a loftier Pen.
Had She but Art and Skill to paint like Thee,
Lasting, like Thine, Her Colours then shou'd be,
Each Touch, each Line shou'd ev'ry Vice control,
Delight the Mind and captivate the Soul.
Her Pencil shou'd with pleasing Truth impart
Thy Floods of Fancy, thy transcending Art,
Shou'd all around thy just Desarts proclaim,
In golden Characters record thy Name,
And place Thee foremost in the Rolls of Fame,
Distinguish'd Lawrels shou'd Thy Temples crown,
For ever flourishing as Thy Renown,
Thy innate Virtues She shou'd too display
In all Their Lustre all Their bright Array.
All all Thy Acts of Friendship shou'd appear,
The speaking Canvas shew them fair and clear,
Thy gen'rous Goodness shou'd be still confest,
By Men rever'd, and by kind Heaven blest :
Thus Her unerring Piece She shou'd compleat,
And like Thy Self describe Thee truly Great.
But doom'd to grov'ling Earth She can no more,
Nature is wanting, Artless is Her Pow'r :
Nor dare she rise, too piercing is the Light,
Fearful to perish in a loftier Flight,
And sink like ICARUS in Shades of Night.
Each coming Day shall its New Pleasure bring,
And yield New Matter for Your Muse to sing :
Promulge then, Sir, the product of Your Mind,
With solid Judgment blest and sense refin'd,
So shall Your spight'y Wit be ever unconfin'd.
So shall Your Works eternalize Your Fame,
And latest Ages own great PRIOR's Name.

Lady WINCHELSEA to Mr PRIOR

THE NYMPH whose Virgin-heart thy Charms have
 taught
 To cherish Love, with secret Wishes fraught,
 Reserv'd at first, endeavours to conceal
 What She had rather die than not reveal,
 No Fears the Love-sick Maid can long restrain,
 None read Thy verse, or hear Thee speak in vain,
 Thy melting Numbers, and polite Address,
 In ev'ry FAIR raise Passion to excess.
 In either Sex You never fail we find,
 To cultivate the Heart, or charm the Mind,
 In Raptures lost I fear not your Disdain,
 But own I languish to possess your Vein.
 As a fond Bird, pleas'd with the Teacher's Note,
 Expend his Life to raise his mimic Throat,
 His little Art, exerting all he can,
 Charm'd with the tune, to imitate the Man:
 Rudely he chants, yet labours not in vain,
 By wild Essays just so much Song to gain,
 As tempts his Master to renew the Strain.
 Such is my Verse, with equal zeal I burn,
 Too happy, shou'd I meet the same Return,

On seeing Mr PRIOR's Monument.

MEAN Artifice! to gild precarious Fame!
 A PRIOR bears a STATUE in his NAME.
 True Merit does to Heights unlabour'd climb,
 And mocks the Rust of Age and Waste of Time.

Thus did APELLES' Hand *Death's* Razure brave,
 And share the *Immortality* it gave:
 VENUS and AMMON in *his* Colours shown,
 Transmit the *Painter's* Glory with their Own.

CHA. BECKINGHAM

Vol. II.

B

THE END OF THE WORLD



The Turtle and Sparrow G. T. Gucht, fecit



P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

T H E T U R T L E *and* S P A R R O W.*



B E H I N D an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Yew* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd *Lover's* Fate.
The Sparrow chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A *Bird* that loves to chirp and talk)
Besure he did the *Turtle* greet ;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles*, by the bye,
Can Think as well as *You* or *I*:

* This Piece was written upon the sincere Affection shewn by her most sacred Majesty Queen ANNE for the Loss of her Royal Consort Prince GEORGE, 1708, who is figured under Columbo, the faithful Mate of Turturella.

But how they did their Thoughts express,
The Margin shews by T and S.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Dasies* on his Tomb:
Sing, *Philomel*, his Fun'ral Verse,
Ye pious *Redbreasts*, deck his Hearse:
Fair *Swans*, extend your Dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That Beauty and those Joys are flown!

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods;
The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
And say, *Columbo* is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes moan
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

The *Dryads* all forsook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me stood,
The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
All conscious of our mutual Flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

VENUS disdain'd not to appear,
 To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear;
 But what avails her Kindness now?
 She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow*:
 The *Loves*, that round their Mother flew,
 Did in her Face her Sorrows view;
 Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
 Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung;
 They heard attentive what I said,
 And wept, with me, *Columbo* dead:
 For Him I sob, for Him I moan,
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

'Tis our's to Weep, great VENUS said,
 'Tis JOVE's alone to be Obey'd:
 Nor Birds nor Goddesses can move
 The just Behests of Fatal JOVE:
 I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,
 And curs'd the Fowler's cruel Net:
 Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
 Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well!
 I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
 The Sight tore up my ancient Wound;
 And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
 COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
 I mourn *Columbo*, dead and gone;
 Still let my tender Grief complain,
 Nor Day nor Night that Grief restrain,
 I said, and VENUS still reply'd,
 COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

POEMS on several Occasions:
4 POEMS on several Occasions.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Case,
And just thy Tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and can'st thou hear
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care!
Come then, with Me thy Sorrows join,
And ease my Woes by telling Thine:
For thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella dead and gone.

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs soft in Rhime,
But neither suits the Place nor Time;
The *Fowler's* Hand, whose cruel Care
For dear *Columbo* set the Snare,
The Snare again for Thee may set;
Two Birds may perish in one Net:
Thou should'st avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow should to Prudence yield.
'Tis sad to Die.——

T. —— It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When Widows use their canting Strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth disprove,
They never tasted real Love.

S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown two Golden Darts,
And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts;

Of

Of his black Shafts let Death send One,
 Alas ! the pleasing Game is done ;
 Ill is the poor Survivor sped,
 A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
 VENUS said right, Nor Tears can move,
 Nor Complaints revoke the Will of JOVE.

All must obey the gen'ral Doom,
 Down from ALCIDES to *Tom Thumb*.
 Grim PLUTO will not be withstood
 By Force or Craft. *Tall Robinhood*,
 As well as *Little John*, is dead,
 (You see how deeply I am read)
 With *Fate's* lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,
 He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
 AJAX to shun his gen'ral Pow'r
 In vain absconded in a *Flow'r*.
 An idle Scene TYTHONUS acted,
 When to a *Grasshopper* contracted :
 Death struck them in those Shapes again,
 As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles perish, Plants decay ;
 Flesh is but Grass, Grass turns to Hay ;
 And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay.

Thus Heads extremely nice discover,
 That Folks may die some Ten times over ;
 But oft by too refin'd a Touch,
 To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
 Whate'er PYTHAGORAS may say,
 (For each, you know, will have his Way)
 With great Submission I pronounce,
 That People Die no more than Once :

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

But once is sure, and Death is Common
 To *Bird* and *Man*, including *Woman*,
 From the Spread-*Eagle* to the *Wren*,
 Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
 All that wear Feathers first or last
 Must one Day perch on CHARON'S Mast;
 Must lie beneath the *Cypress* Shade,
 Where STRADA'S *Nightingale* was laid;
 Those Fowl who seem Alive to sit,
 Assembled by *Dan CHAUCER'S* Wit,
 In Prose have slept Three Hundred Years,
 Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
 And, laid in State upon their Hearse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in Verse;
 As sure as LESBIA'S *Sparrow* I,
 Thou, sure as PRIOR'S *Dove*, must Die:
 And ne'er again from *Lethe's* Streams
 Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
 My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled;
 I therefore must for ever moan
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

S. *Columbo* never sees your Tears,
 Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
 A Wall of *Brass*, and one of *Lead*,
 Divide the Living from the Dead.
 Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
 Of Tears beats back to Earth again;
 In t'other the Collected Sound
 Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
 'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
 What Time itself can ne'er retrieve.

By

By Nature soft, I know a *Dove*
 Can never live without her *Love* ;
 Then quit this Flame, and light another ;
Dame, I advise you like a Brother.

T. What, *I* to make a *second Choice* !
 In other Nuptials to rejoice !

S. Why not, my Bird ?——

T. —— No, *Sparrow*, no,
 Let me indulge my pleasing *Woe* :
 Thus sighing, cooing, ease my Pain,
 But never wish, nor love, again :
 Distress'd for ever, let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
 Contemn thy mad Excess of Love :
 I tell thee, *Dame*, the other Day
 I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
 Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,
 My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled ;
 And I for ever must deplore
Columbo dead and gone.—— S. *Encore* !
 For Shame forsake this *B I O N*-stile,
 We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
 Does it with Sense or Health agree,
 To sit thus moping on a Tree ?
 To throw away a Widow's Life,
 When you again may be a Wife ?

8 POEMS on several Occasions.

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours ;
Who knows but they may infl'ence your's ;
Example draws, when *Precept* fails,
And *Sermons* are less read than *Tales*.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee : I descend ;
Hop on and talk ; but, honest Bird,
Take care that no immodest Word
May venture to offend my Ear.

S. Too Saint-like Turtle, never fear ;
By Method Things are best discuss'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the first :
A handsome, senseless, auk'ard Fool,
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule :
Her Actions did her Charms disgrace,
And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face :
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had she,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those Wills were chang'd with every Wind :
She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L'Assemblée, her supreme Delight ;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen ;
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great Care set all amiss ;
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now fang, now pout, All God knows why :
Short was her Reign, she Cough'd and Dy'd.
Proceed we to my *Second* Bride ;
Well born she was, genteelly Bred,
And buxom both at Board and Bed ;

Glad

Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as TOM SOUTHERN wisely says,
No other Fault had she in Life,
*But only that she was my WIFE.**
O Widow-Turtle! ev'ry She,
 (So Nature's Pleasure does decree)
 Appears a Goddess 'till enjoy'd;
 But *Birds*, and *Men*, and *Gods* are cloy'd.
 Was HERCULES One Woman's Man?
 Or JOVE for ever LÆDA's Swan?
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow-Bacon*,
 Variety alone gives Joy,
 The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:
 What *Sparrow*, Dame? what *Dove* alive,
 Tho' VENUS shou'd the Char'ot drive,
 But wou'd accuse the Harness Weight,
 If always Coupled to *One Mate*;
 And often with the Fetter broke?
 'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious, to wish to Wed again,
 'E're Death dissolv'd the former Chain!

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest;
 She brought me Sons, but, JOVE be blest,
 She dy'd in Child-bed on the Nest.
 Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:
 But must I therefore lie alone?
 What, am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
 Must I not Live, because she Dy'd?

* See The Wife's Excuse: *A Comedy.*

And

And thus I *Logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a Reas'ning Head)
 Is this my WIFE? *Probatum*, not;
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
 She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
 But, is a Piece of *Clay* a WIFE?
 Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye see,
 Why then no Kin at all to me:
 And he who gen'ral Tears can shed
 For Folks that happen to be Dead,
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn
 For those who never yet were Born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But *Logic* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were just pen-feather'd:
 Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
 So left that Brood to get another:
 And, as old HARRY whilome said,
 Reflecting on ANNE BOLEYN Dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do stand
 The jolly'st Batchelor i' th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
 My *first*, my *only Love* is Dead:
 With endless Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loss:————

S. ——— Let me go on.
 As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
 I woo'd my Cousin *Philly Sparrow*,
 O'th' Elder House of *Chirping-End*,
 From whence the younger Branch descend;

Well

Well feated in a Field of *Pease*
 She liv'd, extremely at her Ease ;
 But when the *Honey-Moon* was past,
 The foll'wing Nights were soon o'ercaſt ;
 She kept her own, could plead the *Law*,
 And Quarrel for a *Barley-Straw* :
 Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
 As more we knew each other's Mind :
 She ſoon grew *sullen* ; I, *hardhearted* ;
 We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To *L O N D O N*, bleſſed Town, I went,
 She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent* :
 A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
 And kindly told me ſhe was Dead :
 I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
 And ſet my Heart again to Sale.

My *Fourth*, a mere Coquet, or ſuch
 I thought her, nor avails it much,
 If true or falſe ; our Troubles ſpring
 More from the Fancy than the Thing.
 Two ſtaring Horns, I often ſaid,
 But ill become a *Sparrow's* Head ;
 But then to ſet that Ballance even,
 Your Cuckold *Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
 The Thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
 If you inquire, you make it known.
 Whiſt at the Root your Horns are ſore,
 The more you ſcratch, they ach the more.
 But turn the Tables and reflect,
 All may not be, that you ſuſpect :
 By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean
 Are only in Ideas ſeen ;

'Tis

'Tis from the Inside o' the Head
 Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread ;
 Fruitful Suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that Echo'd Word,
 Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird ;
 But those of finer Taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the Sound.
 Preferment always waits on Horns,
 And Household Peace the Gift adorns :
 This Way, or that, let Factions tend,
 The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend ;
 This Way, or that, let Madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet *she* comes home.
 Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, Loss and Gain,
 And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,
 Is serious Truth, in such a Case ;
Who flights the Evil, finds it least ;
And who does Nothing, does the best.
 I never strove to rule the Roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast :
 In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, *she* discreet ;
 We neither much carefs'd nor strove,
 But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of *Light* our Eye may know,
 'Tis only *Light* itself can show :
 Whate'er of *Love* our Heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish Bird,
 A Moment's Patience ; in one Word,

The

The *Three kind Sisters* broke the Chain,
She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again,

T. Let me with juster Grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more;
Let me with constant Tears bewail ———

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My *Fifth*, she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life!
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas *This*, To-day; To-morrow, *That*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the Brook
I kept a *Miss*; an honest *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it *those*, who told it *her*.

One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me strolling in the Dark;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
Wou'd on their Corp'ral Oath alledge
I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our Grief)
As once she watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
The *Fever* came, and then the *Pip*:
Death did the only Cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd *Love* unmov'd these Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys, are true.

S. My

S. My Dearest *Dove*, One wise Man says,
 Alluding to our present Case,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow:
 Then what avails superfl'ous Sorrow!
 Another full as wise as he,
 Adds; that a *Marry'd Man* may see
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
 The *First* and *Last*, perhaps you'll say:
 'Tis true, when blythe she goes to Bed,
 And when she peaceably *lies Dead*;
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland, or of Lead.

Now cur'd of *HYMEN's* Hopes and Fears,
 And sliding down the Vale of Years,
 I hope'd to fix my future Rest,
 And took a *Widow* to my Nest.
 Ah *Turtle!* had she been like Thee,
 Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
Jove in *PANDORA's Box* confin'd
 A *Hundred Ills* to vex Mankind;
 To vex one Bird, in her *Bandore*
 He hid at least a *Hundred* more.
 And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,
 The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew;
 Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
 And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye;
 Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
 And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
 We, *Young* or *Old*, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
 All liv'd in *ÆOLUS's Den*;

The nearest her, the more accurst,
 Ill fare'd her Friends, her Husband worst.
 But *JOVE* amidst his Anger spares,
 Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
 In short, she die'd. Why then she's dead,
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
 Wou'd Heav'n this Mourning Year were past,
 One may have better Luck at last.
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,
 The *DEVIL's Wife* was but a Fiend.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,
 Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,
 Dare'st thou defile these sacred Groves,
 These silent Seats of faithful Loves;
 Be gone, with flagging Wings sit down
 On some old *Pent-house* near the Town;
 In *Brewers Stables* peck thy Grain,
 Then wash it down with puddled Rain;
 And hear thy dirty Offspring squall
 From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
 Where thou hast been, return again,
 Vile *Bird!* thou hast convers'd with *Men*;
 Notions like these from *Men* are given,
 Those vilest Creatures under Heaven.

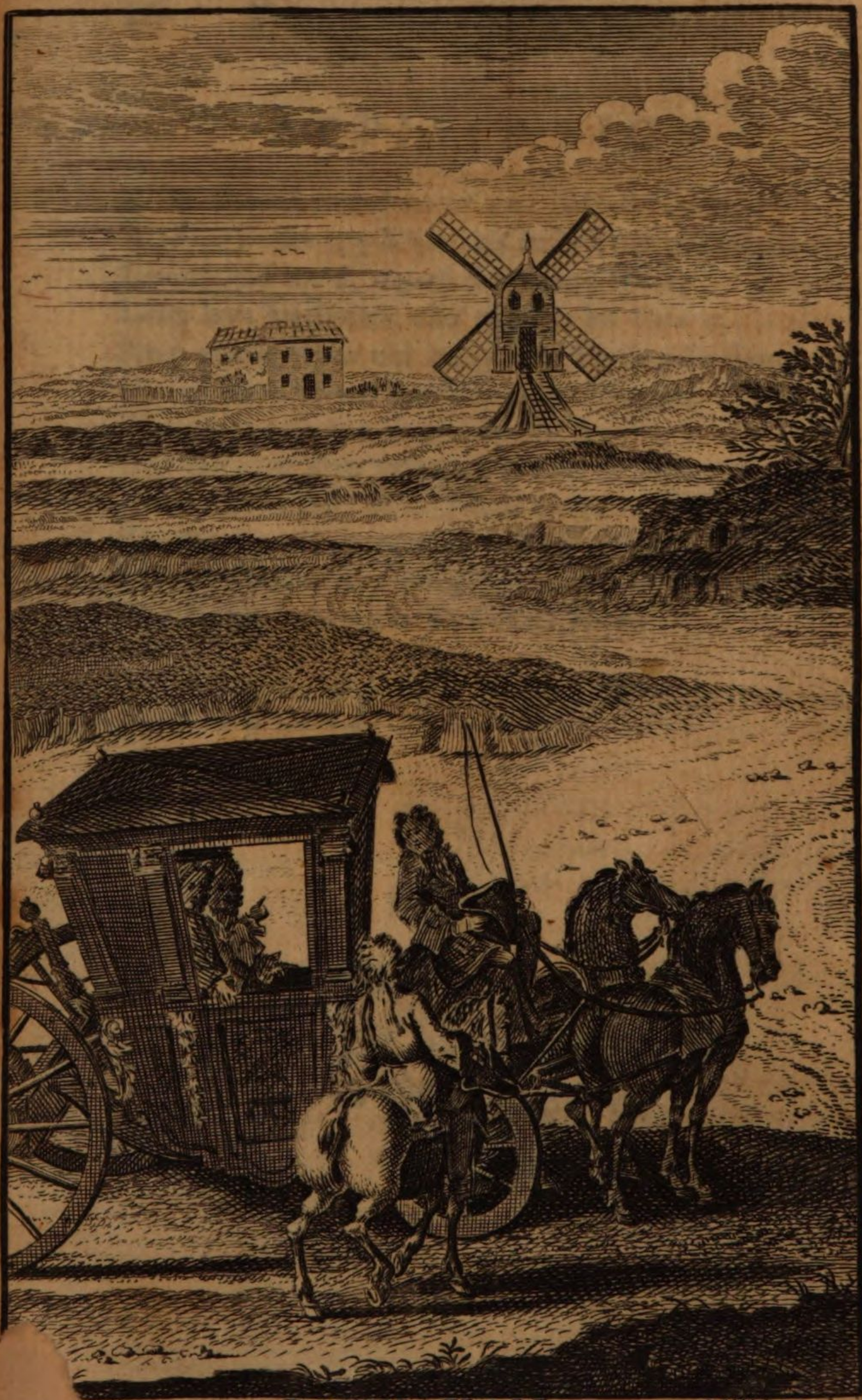
To *Cities* and to *Courts* repair,
Flatt'ry and *Falshood* flourish there;
 There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
 Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy*;
 Where *Passions* do with *Int'rest* barter,
 And *HYMEN* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter;
 Where *Truth* by *Point of Law* is parry'd,
 And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are Six times marry'd.

APPLICATION.

O Dearest Daughter of two dearest Friends,*
 To thee my Muse this little Tale commends;
 Loving and lov'd, regard thy future Mate,
 Long love his Person, tho' deplore his Fate;
 Seem young when old in thy dear Husband's Arms,
 For constant Virtue has immortal Charms;
 And when I lie low sepulchred in Earth,
 And the glad Year returns thy Day of Birth,
 Vouchsafe to say, 'E're I could write or spell,
 The Bard, who from my Cradle wish'd me well,
 Told me I shou'd the prating SPARROW blame,
 And bid me imitate the TURTLE's Flame.

* The present Duchess of Portland, Daughter of Edward
 late Earl of Oxford, &c.





DOWN · HALL

G. F. Gatch · fecit



DOWN-HALL:

A

BALLAD.

*To the Tune of King JOHN and the Abbot
of CANTERBURY.*

Written in the Year MDCCXV.

I.



SING not Old JASON, who Travel'd thro'
Greece,

To kiss the fair *Maids*, and possess the
rich *Fleece* ;

Nor sing I ÆNEAS, who, led by his Mother,
Got rid of *One WIFE*, and went far for *Another*,

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor

II.

Nor him who through *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
 ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
 But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
 Than return to his Farms, and converse with old PEN'.

III.

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL; their Meaning to seek,
 A Man must have poke'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
 Those who love their own Tongue we have Reason to hope
 Have read them Translated by DRYDEN and POPE.

IV.

But I sing Exploits that have lately been done
 By Two *British* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN :*
 And how they rid friendly from fine *London* Town,
 Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call D O W N.

V.

Now 'e're they went out, you may rightly suppose
 How much they discours'd both in *Prudence* and *Prose*;
 For, before this great *Journey* was thoroughly concerted,
 Full often they met; and as often they parted.

VI.

And thus *Matthew* said, Look you here, my Friend *John*,
 I fairly have travel'd Years thirty and one;
 And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's* Warrants,
 I only have gone upon other *Folk's* Errands.

VII.

And now in this *Journey* of Life I wou'd have
 A Place where to Bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Grave*;
 Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die——
 Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

* Matthew Prior, Esq; and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, Esq; bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of the greatest Land-Jobbers in England) and in Honour of his Profession annually killed a Hog, in the Publick Market, and took a Groat for it. He died 1732.

There

VIII.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbours so thick,
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabric* of Brick :
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r ;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be paid in an Hour.

IX.

For Things in this World must by Law be made certain,
We both must repair unto OLIVER MARTIN ;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring You to see, he must fix you at D O W N.

X.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
You've Sold all our Premises over and over :
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

XI.

But a Word to the Purpose ; To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
Let the *Devil* and *Coningsby** go with the rest.

XII.

Then answer'd 'Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calash*,
That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash ;
I love Dirt and Dust ; and 'tis always my Pleasure
To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

XIII.

But *Matthew* thought better: For *Matthew* thought right,
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,
That Extremes both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass :
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the other was *Glass*.

* *Lord Coningsby, with whom he had differ'd.*

XIV.

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down, quoth
 Friend *John*,
 We shall be both hotter and colder anon.
 Thus talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
 And *RALPHO* pace'd by, under *NEWMAN* the *Swede*.

XV.

Into an Old Inn did this Equipage roll,
 At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
 Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
 And into a Puddle throws *Mother of TEA*.

XVI.

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how d'ye do?
 Where is 'Sisley so cleanly, and *Prudence*, and *Sue*?
 And where is the *Widow* that dwelt here below?
 And the *Hostler* that sung about eight Years ago?

XVII.

And where is your *Sister* so mild and so dear?
 Whose Voice to her *Maids* like a Trumpet was clear:
 By my Troth, *she replies*, you grow *Younger*, I think:
 And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

XVIII.

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon Trust,
 If I know to which Question to answer you first:
 Why Things, since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
 The *Hostler* is Hang'd, and the *Widow* is Marry'd.

XIX.

And *Prue* left a Child for the Parish to Nurse;
 And 'Sisley went off with a Gentleman's Purse;
 And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,
 She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well,

XX.

Well, Peace to her Ashes; what signifies Grief?
 She Roasted red *Veal*, and she Powder'd lean *Beef*;
 Full nicely she knew to cook-up a fine Dish;
 For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fish*.

XXI.

For that Matter, Sir, be ye 'Squire, Knight, or Lord,
 I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
 I shou'd look on myself as unhappily sped,
 Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead.

XXII.

Of *Mutton* a delicate Neck and a Breast
 Shall swim in the *Water* in which they were drest:
 And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
 Addle-Eggs shall be next Course, tost up with rank *Bacon*.

XXIII.

Then Supper was serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;
 And MORLEY most lovingly whisper'd the *Maid*.
 The *Maid*! was she handsome? why truly so, so:
 But what MORLEY whisper'd, we never shall know.

XXIV.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the *Sun*,
 And their *Horses*, like his, were prepared to run.
 Now when in the Morning MATT ask'd for the Score,
 JOHN kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

XXV.

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
 A Custom in Travellers, mighty discreet;
 And thus with great Friendship and Glee they went on,
 To find out the Place you shall hear of anon,
call'd DOWN, down, hey derry down.

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon ?
 Why, of *Spots* in the *Sun*, and the *Man* in the *Moon* ;
 Of the *CZAR*'s gentle Temper, the *Stocks* in the *City*,
 The wise Men of *Greece*, and the *Secret-Committee*.

XXVII.

So to *HARLOW* they came ; and Hey, where are You all ?
 Shew Us into the Parlour, and mind when I call :
 Why, your *Maids* have no Motion, your *Men* have no Life ;
 Well, *Master*, I hear you have bury'd your *Wife*.

XXVIII.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, *Sugar*, and *Toast*, and a *Horse*, and a *Guide* ;
 Are the *Harrisons* here, both the Old and the Young ?
 And where stands fair *DOWN*, the Delight of my Song ?

XXIX.

O 'Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,
 I have bury'd Two *Wives* since you travel'd this Way ;
 And the *Harrisons* both may be presently here ;
 And *DOWN* stands, I think, where it stood the last Year.

XXX.

Then *JOAN* brought the *Tea-pot*, and *CALEB* the *Toast* ;
 And the *Wine* was froth'd out by the Hand of mine Host :
 But we clear'd our *Extempore* Banquet so fast,
 That the *Harrisons* both were forgot in the Haste.

XXXI.

Now hey for *Down-Hall* ; for the Guide he was got ;
 The *Chariot* was mounted ; the *Horses* did trot ;
 The Guide he did bring us a dozen Mile round ;
 But Oh ! all in vain ; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

XXXII.

O thou *Popish* Guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he, How the Devil shou'd I know the Way?
I never yet travel'd this Road in my Life:
But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

XXXIII.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd MATTHEW, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told Thee of half the Bye-ways she had trod:
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to thy House,
But Thou shalt go home without ever a Souse.

XXXIV.

What is this Thing, MORLEY, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.
Have Patience, soft, MORLEY in Anger reply'd:
To find out our Way, let us send off our Guide.

XXXV.

O here I spy *Down*, cast your Eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-mill* so stately stands plainly confest.
On the *West*, reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find:
As well Thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-Wind*.

XXXVI.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I spy,
But faithful ACHATES, no House is there nigh.
Look again, says mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
The *Mill* stands before; and the House lies behind.

XXXVII.

O now a low ruin'd white *Shed* I discern,
Untile'd and unglaze'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*.
A *Barn*! why you rave: 'Tis a *House* for a 'Squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

XXXVIII.

A House shou'd be built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
 Why, 'tis *Plaister* and *Lath*; and, I think, that's all one.
 And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
 Been called a *HALL*, and has given its Name
 To *DOWN*, down, hey derry down.

XXXIX.

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*;
 The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall——
 With your Friend JEMMY GIBBS about Buildings agree,
 My Business is Land; and it matters not me.

XL.

I wish you could tell what a Duce your Head ails:
 I shew'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Versailles*?
 Then take House and Farm, as JOHN BALLETT will let you;
 For Better, for Worse, as I took my Dame BETTY.

XLI.

And now, Sir, a Word to the Wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
 And to build at your Age, by my Troth you grow simple;
 Are you Young and Rich, like the *Master of Wimpole*? *

XLII.

If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
 From twice fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings:
 And in your's I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate;
 'E're you finish your House you'll have spent your Estate.

XLIII.

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends 'e're we part.
 Here, JOHN, is my Thumb; and here, MAT, is my Heart:
 To *Halfhead* I speed; and You go back to Town.
 Thus ends the *First Part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

* Edward late Earl of Oxford.



A N
E P I S T L E

T O

Fleetwood Shephard, Esq; 1689.

WHEN crouding Folk, with strange ill Faces,
 Were making Legs and begging Places,
 And some with *Patents*, some with *Merit*,
 Tire'd out my good Lord *Dorset's* Spirit:
 Sneaking I stood, amongst the Crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited while the Clock struck *Thrice*,
 And *Footman* brought out fifty Lyes;
 'Till, *Patience* vext, and *Legs* grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry:
 But did opine, it might be better
 By Penny-Post to send a Letter:
 Now, if you miss of this *Epistle*,
 I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place;
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.

Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted ;
 I always beg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle :
 Ask'd for me, *from my Lord*,* things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting,
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,
 As *Sunderland* has left *Mun Stephens*.

No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
 When he's grown up to Dog's Estate :
 Nor Parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious Brats by Strolers dropt,
 Leave 'em, when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the *Gallows* :
 No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
 Than if they'ad throttled 'em at Nurse.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving ;†
 Taught me with *Cider* to replenish
 My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rhenish*.
 So when for *Hock* I drew prick't *White-wine*,
 Swear 't had the Flavour, and was right *Wine* ;
 Or sent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*
val's Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney ;
 Where now, by forging Deeds, and cheating,
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.

* *Earl of Dorset.*

† *His Uncle was a Vintner.*

All this You made me quit, to follow
 That sneaking Whey-face'd God *Apollo*;
 Sent me among a Fiddling Crew
 Of Folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd a Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
 Among all honest Christian People,
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some Way,
 And your *Petitioner* shall pray —————

There's One thing more, I had almost slipt,
 But that may do as well in *Postscript*;
 My Friend *Charles Montague*'s prefer'd,
 Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
 That *One Mouse* eats, while t'*OTHER*'s starv'd.*

* *Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, gained so much Reputation by Transversing Mr. Dryden's HIND and PANTHER, to the Story of the City Mouse and Country Mouse, that he was called MOUSE Montague. But here Mr. Prior claims an equal Share in the Performance.*



*Ad Virum doctissimum, & Amicum, Dominum
SAMUELEM SHAW, dum Theses de Ictero
pro Gradu Doctoris defenderet.*

P Hæbe potens Sævis Morbis vel lædere Gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare Manu,
Aspice tu Decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in Arte Labor:
Non Ictrûm posthac Pestemve minaberis Orbi,
Fortius hic Juvenis dum Medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc Iras, & Nato Carmina dona;
Neglectum Telum dejice, fume Lyram.

4 Junii 1692.

MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

To my Learned Friend

SAMUEL SHAW,

A T
Taking his DOCTOR's Degree, at
LEYDEN, and defending a Thesis on the
JAUNDICE.

O PHOEBUS, Deity, whose pow'rful Hand
Can spread Diseases thro' the joyful Land,
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the Pain,
And bid the groaning Nations smile again;
When SHAW, our Pride, you see, Confess you find
In him what Art can do with Labour join'd;

No

No more the World the *Jaundice* Threats shall fear,
 While he, the Youth, our Remedy, is near:
 Suppress thy Rage, with Verse thy Son inspire,
 The Dart neglected to assume the Lyre.

T H E

Remedy Worse than the DISEASE.

I.

I Sent for RADCLIFFE, was so ill,
 That other Doctors gave me over,
 He felt my Pulse, prescrib'd his *Pill*,
 And I was likely to recover.

II.

But when the *Wit* began to wheeze,
 And *Wine* had warm'd the *Politician*,
 Cure'd Yesterday of my Disease,
 I die'd last Night of my *Physician*.

O N

Bishop ATTERBURY'S

Burying the DUKE of *Buckinghamshire*, 1721.

I Have no Hopes, the Duke he says, and dies;
 In sure and certain Hopes—— the Prelate cries:
 Of these Two learned Peers, I pr'ythee say, Man,
 Who is the lying Knave, the Priest or Layman?
 The Duke he stands an *Infidel* confess't,
 He's our dear Brother quoth the lordly Priest.
 The Duke, tho' Knave; still Brother dear he cries,
 And who can say, the Rev'rend Prelate lies?



A N

O D E,

In Imitation of the *Second ODE* of the
Third Book of HORACE.

Written Anno 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lie*
 In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,
 By which thy close, thy constant Enemy
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy Woes?
 Or wake, degen'rate Isle, or cease to own
 What thy old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;
 The Spoils they brought thee back, the Crowns they won:
WILLIAM (so Fate requires) again is arm'd;
 Thy Father to the Field is gone:
 Again *MARIA* weeps her absent Lord
 For thy Repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy Enervate Sons not yet alarm'd?
 When *WILLIAM* fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their Ancient Fame restor'd,
 As nor to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's
 Sword?

* *Angustam, amici, Pauperiem pati*
Robustus acri Militia Puer
Condiscat; & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuentus hasta.

See

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes,
 Her vicious Chains the gen'rous Goddess breaks:
 The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd;
 Abroad She looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
 Her Lions roaring by her Side, her Arrows in her Hand;
 And blushing to have been so long with-held;
 Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field:
 * Henceforth her Youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous Toil and active War:
 To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,
 Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat;
 And only grieve in Winter Camps to find
 Its Days too short for Labours they design'd:
 All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch;
 All Day to mount the Trench, to storm the Breach,
 And all the rugged Paths to tread,
 Where *WILLIAM* and his Virtue lead.

III.

‡ Silence is the Soul of War;
 Delib'rate Counsel must prepare
 The mighty Work, which Valour must complete:
 Thus *WILLIAM* rescues, thus preserves the State;
 Thus teaches Us to think and dare;
 As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to breathe
 Avenging Anger, and swift Death;

* *Vitamque sub dio, & trepidis agat
 In rebus.*

‡ *Est & fideli tanta silentio
 Merces; &c.*

In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow,
 And now, too late, the dying Foe
 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow ;
 So whilst in *WILLIAM*'s Breast ripe Counfels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
 No more of his Design appears,
 Than what awakens *Gallia*'s Fears ;
 And (though Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can descry
 Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coasts, and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo! the impending Storms begin :
Britannia safely through her Master's Sea
 Ploughs up her victorious Way.
 'The *French* *SALMONEUS* throws his Bolts in vain,
 Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main :
 'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
 Swift Victory in 'vengeful Flames
 Burns down the Pride of their presumptuous Names :
 They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,
 And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast
 Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost :
 All this the mild, the beauteous *Queen* has done,
 And *WILLIAM*'s softer-Half shakes *Lewis*' Throne.
MARIA does the Sea command,
 Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arm by Land.
 So, the *Sun* absent, with full Sway the *Moon*
 Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone ;
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
Io *Britannia* ! loose thy Ocean's Chains,
 Whilst *Ruffel* strikes the Blow thy *Queen* ordains :

Thus

Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the Counsel, and reward the Hand,
Io Britannia! thy *MARIA* reigns.

V.

From *MARY*'s Conquests, and the rescu'd Main,*
Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,
And boast her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.
He lives, let *France* confess, the Victor lives:
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which that ONE ‡ of *Lewis*' MANY Wives,
Who, by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high
Cast around her mournful Eye,

And with prophetick Sorrow cry:
Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lion's gen'rous Rage;
The rav'nous Vulture, and the Bird of Night,
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's Flight,

* ——— *Illum ex mænibus hosticis.*

Matrona bellantis tyranni

Prospiciens, & adulta virgo,

Suspiret: Eheu! ne rudis agminum

Sponsus laceffat regius asperum

Tactu leonem, quem cruenta

Per medias rapit Ira Cædes.

‡ *Madam Maintenon.*

As

As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
 Yon' *Hero*, crown'd with blooming Victory,
 Just triumphing o'er Rebel-Rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from Battles gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty Field's quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile Troops, and *ORANGE* at their Head;
ORANGE, destin'd to complete
 The great Designs of labouring Fate;
ORANGE, the Name that Tyrants dread:
 He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more;
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,
Darius flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battle's mingled Heat,
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing,*
 Impatient to secure a base Retreat:
 Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
 For the vile Privilege to breathe,
 To live with Shame in Dread of glorious Death!
 In vain: for Fate has swifter Wings than Fear;
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the Rear;
 Dying and mad the Traitor bites the Ground,
 His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;
 Whilst through the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,
 Virtue carries on Success;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd Brave,
 And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

* *Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.*

Mors & fugacem persequitur Virum,

Nec parcat imbellis juventæ

Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

Virtue

VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives,
Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives;
Aeneas suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
The *Hero's* Acts enlarg'd the *Poet's* Thought,
Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage
Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age;
Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terror drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds;
Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,
From Danger as from Honour far,
He bribes close Murder against open War.
In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
Your mould'ring Monuments in vain you raise
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are profane,
'Tis Incense to an Idol given,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* Man
That had no Soul from Heav'n.
Against his Will you chain your frightened King
On rapid *Rhine's* divided Bed;
And mock your *Hero*, whilst ye sing
The Wounds for which he never bled;
Falshood does Poison on your Praise diffuse,
And *Lewis'* Fear gives Death to *Boileau's* Muse.

VIII.

On its own Worth true Majesty is rear'd,*
 And Virtue is her own Reward,
 With solid Beams and native Glory bright,
 She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light;
 True to Herself, and fix'd to in-born Laws,
 Nor sunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applause,
 She from her settled Orb looks calmly down
 On Life or Death, a Prison or a Crown.
 When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
 To foreign Arms and inward Strife a Prey.
 Whilst one good Man buoy'd up her sinking State,
 A Virtue labour'd against Fate;
 When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind;
 When Storms let loose, and raging Seas,
 Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,
 Force'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,
 Nor all the *Siren* Songs of future Peace,
 And dazzling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,
 Could lure his stubborn Virtue down;
 But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, he stood,
 To that which was severely good;
 Then, had no Trophies justify'd his Fame,
 No Poet blest'd his Song with *NASSAU*'s Name,
 Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,
 And Heav'n as plainly pointed out *The KING*,

* *Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
 Nec sumit aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

As when he at the Altar stood
 In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,
 Whilst at his Feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
 And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Maeze*, and *Boyne's* victorious Flood,
 (For each has mix'd his Waves with Royal Blood)
 When *WILLIAM's* Armies past, did he retire,
 Or view from far the Battle's distant Fire?
 Cou'd he believe his Person was too dear?
 Or use his Greatness to conceal his Fear?
 Cou'd Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntless *Hero* move?
 Arm'd with Heav'n's Justice and his People's Love,
 Thro' the first Waves he wing'd his vent'rous Way,
 And on the adverse Shore arose,
 (Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)
 Like the great Ruler of the Day,
 With Strength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Sea;
 Like Him all Day he toil'd, but long in Night
 The God has eas'd his weary'd Light,
 'E're Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,
 Or *WILLIAM's* Labours found Repose;
 When his 'Troops falter'd, ſtept not He between?
 Reſtor'd the dubious Fight again;
 Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,
 And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
 Still as ſhe fled him, did he not o'ertake
 Her doubtful Courſe, and brought her bleeding back?
 By his keen Sword did not the Boldeſt fall?
 Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All——
 His Dangers ſuch as with becoming Dread
 His Subjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read;

And

And were not those the only Days that e'er
 The pious Prince refus'd to hear
 His Friends Advices, or his Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
 Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns ;
 To *Belgia*'s save'd Dominions, and the Sea,
 Whose righted Waves rejoice in *WILLIAM*'s Sway,
 Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,
 Here *Holland* Prosper'd, for Here *ORANGE* Fought ;
 Through rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,
 Here rush'd the Prince, Here made whole *France* retire---
 By diff'rent Nations be his Valour blest,
 In diff'rent Languages confest,

And then let *Shannon* speak the rest :
 Let *Shannon* speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
 When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some Lives to bribe her o'er ;
 The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
 With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait :
 And scorning Glory at a Price too great,
 With so much Pow'r such Piety did join,
 As made a perfect Virtue soar

A Pitch unknown to Man before,
 And lifted *Shannon*'s Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share
 The prosp'rous Fruits of his indulgent Reign ;
 His Enemies approve the pious War,
 Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain :

More

More than his Sword his Goodness strikes his Foes ;
 They bless his Arms, and sigh they must oppose.
 Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
 And 'tis for Man's Delight that he is Great :
 Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
 If he were more a Victor or a Friend :
 So much his Courage and his Mercy strive,
 He Wounds to Cure, and Conquers to Forgive.

XII.

Ye *Heroes*, who have fought your Country's Cause,
 Redress'd her Injuries, or form'd her Laws,
 To my advent'rous Song just Witnesses bear,
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
 But solid Story, and severest Truth,
 That *WILLIAM* treasures up a greater Name,
 Than any Country, any Age can boast :

* And all that Ancient Stock of Fame

He did from his Fore-fathers take,
 He has improv'd, and gives with Int'rest back ;
 And in his Constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd Rays of fainter Light :

Above or Envy's Lash or Fortune's Wheel,

That settled Glory shall for ever dwell
 Above the rolling Orbs and common Sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

* *Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
 Cælum, negata tentat iter via ;
 Cætusque vulgares & udam
 Spernit humum, fugiente penna.*

Where

XIII.

Where roves the Muse ? where, thoughtless to return,
 Is her short-life'd Vessel borne,
 By potent Winds too subject to be tost,
 And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praises lost ?
 Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore
 Where our abandon'd Youth she sees
 Shipwreck'd in Luxury, and lost in Ease ;
 Whom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,
 Nor *WILLIAM*'s exemplary Virtue warm :
 Tell 'em, howe'er, the *King* can yet forgive
 Their guilty Sloth, their Homage yet receive,
 And let their wounded Honour live :
 But sure and sudden be their just Remorse ;
 Swift be their Virtue's Rise, and strong its Course ; *
 For though for certain Years and destin'd Times
 Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes ;
 Though *Jove* seem'd negligent of human Cares,
 Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
 His Justice now demands the equal Scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth prevails :
 Fate its great End by slow Degrees attains,
 And *Europe* is Redeem'd, and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

* ----- *Sæpe Diespiter*
Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum.
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pæna claudo.





VERSES Spoke to the LADY
Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley,

COUNTESS of OXFORD,

In the Library of *St. John's College, Cambridge,*

November IX, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE ANNA visited the Muses-Seat,
 (Around her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
 Hail THOU, the Brightest of thy Sex, and Best,
 Most gracious Neighbour, * and most welcome Guest.
 Not HARLEY'S Self, to *Cam* and *Isis* dear,
 In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD'S Heir,
 Not HE such present Honours shall receive,
 As to his CONSORT We aspire to give.

Writings of *Men* our Thoughts to-day neglects,
 To pay due Homage to the *Softer-Sex*:
Plato and *Tully* we forbear to read,
 And their great Foll'wers whom this House has bred,
 To study Lessons from Thy Morals given,
 And shining Characters, impress'd by Heaven.
 Science in Books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's Self in HARRIET'S Face we view;
 For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
 We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

Their pious Incense let our Neighbours bring,
 To the kind Mem'ry of some bounteous King.

* *The Seat of this noble Family was then at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire.*

With

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:
 The Persons were but odly mixt;
 When Sober DAMON thus began:
 (And DAMON is a clever Man)
 I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,
 Have held for *Modesty* and *Truth*.
 The Men, who by these Sea-marks steer,
 In Life's great Voyage never err:
 Upon this Point I dare defy
 The World: I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant,
 Said One who sat a little distant:
Truth decks our *Speeches* and our *Books*;
 And *Modesty* adorns our *Looks*:
 But farther Progress we must take;
 Not only born to *Look* and *Speak*,
 The Man must *Act*. The STAGYRITE
 Says thus, and says extremely right:
 Strict Justice is the Sov'reign Guide,
 That o'er our Actions shou'd preside:
 This Queen of Virtues is confest
 To regulate and bind the rest.
 Thrice happy, if you can but find
 Her equal Balance poise your Mind:
 All diff'rent Graces soon will enter,
 Like Lines concurrent to their Centre.

'Twas thus, in short, these *Two* went on,
 With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*,
 Thro' many Points divinely dark,
 And WATERLAND assaulting CLARKE;

'Till, in Theology half lost,
 DAMON took up The *Evening-Post* ;
 Confounded SPAIN, compose'd the NORTH,
 And deep in Politicks held forth.

Methinks we're in the like Condition,
 As at the TREATY of PARTITION :
 That Stroke, for all King WILLIAM's Care,
 Begat another tedious War.
 MATTHEW, who knew the *whole Intrigue*,
 Ne'er much approve'd that *Mystic League* :
 In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
 Poor Man he found enough to do.
 Sometimes to me he did apply ;
 But down-right Dunstable was I,
 And told him *where* they were *mistaken*,
 And counsel'd him to *save his Bacon* :
 But (pass his *Politicks* and *Prose*)
 I never herded with his Foes ;
 Nay, in his *Verses*, as a Friend,
 I still found Something to commend :
 Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID ;
 Whate'er severer Criticks said :
 Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd :
 The Women All were on my Side.
 For ALMA I return'd him Thanks ;
 I like'd her with her little Pranks :
 Indeed, poor SOLOMON in Rhime
 Was much too Grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transition,
 So on he ran a new Division ;
 'Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit :
 (Chance often helps us more than Wit)

T'other that lucky Moment took,
Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old TULLY's Word)
The greatest is a Friend; whose Love
Knows how to Praise, and when Reprove:
From such a Treasure never part,
But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
And, pray, Sir (it delights me) tell;
You know this Author mighty well——
Know him! d'ye question it? Ods fish!
Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish?
I love'd him, as I told you, I
*Advise'd him——*Here a Stander-by
Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloke,
And thus, unwilling, Silence broke;
DAMON, 'tis time we shou'd retire:
The Man you talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth *my Friend*,
DORSET, to Thee, this Fable let me send:
With DAMON's Lightness weigh thy solid Worth:
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS live.





COLIN's Mistakes.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

*Me ludit Amabilis
Infania.*

Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred :
 (Ye Nymphs for ever guard that sacred Stream ;)
 To *Wimpole's* woody Shade his Way he sped :
 (Flourish those Woods, the *Muses* endless Theme.)
 As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read,
 Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearse ;
 And much he love'd, and much by Heart he said,
 What Father *Spenser* sung in *British* Verse.
 Who reads that Bard, desires like him to write ;
 Still fearful of Success, still tempted by Delight.

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
 And Light discover'd Nature's chearful Face,
 The sounding Clarion and the sprightly Horn
 Call'd the blythe Huntsman to the distant Chace.
 Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly Band ;
 The deep-mouth'd *Hounds* with Thunder rend the Air,
 The fiery *Courfers* strike the rising Sand ;
 Far thro' the Thicket flies the frightened *Deer* ;
Harley the Honour of the Day supports ;
 His Presence glads the Woods, his Orders guide the Sports.

III.

On a fair *Palfrey* well equip'd did sit
 An *Amazonian* Dame ; a scarlet Vest,
 For active Horsemanship adaptly fit,
 Inclos'd her dainty Limbs ; a plumed Crest
 Wave'd o'er her Head ; obedient by her Side
 Her Friends and Servants rode ; with artful Hand
 Full well knew she the *Steed* to turn and guide :
 The willing *Steed* receiv'd her soft Command :
 Courage and Sweetness on her Face were seated ;
 On her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake :
 For alltydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,
 Ah me too nigh ! Or, *Clio*, I mistake,
 Or that bright Form that pleaseth so mine Eye,
 Is *Jove's* fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
 Of lib'ral Arts ; with Wonder and Delight
 In *Homer's* Verse we read her ; well I ween,
 That em'lous of his *Grecian* Master's Flight,
 Dan *Spenser* makes the fav'rite Goddess known,
 When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is shown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Castle came,
 Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepare'd the Feast ;
 Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
 The Lord's Delight, the Wonder of the Guest ;
 With Pearl and Jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
 As well became her Dignity and Place ;
 But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
 To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
 Serene with Glory, and with Softness bright :
 O Beauty sent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight !

VI.

Lib'ral *Munificence* behind her stood ;
 And decent State obey'd her high Command ;
 And *Charity* diffuse of native Good
 At once portrays her Mind, and guides her Hand.
 As to each Guest some Fruits she deign'd to list,
 And Silence with obliging Parley broke,
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted Gift !
 But how more gracious what the Giver spoke !
 Such Ease, such Freedom did her Deed attend,
 That ev'ry Guest rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin* ; *Clio*, if my feeble Sense
 Can well distinguish yon illustrious Dame,
 Who nobly doth such gentle Gifts dispense,
 In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name ;
 Great Goddess, who, with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
 To all that under Sky breathe vital Air
 Diffuseth Bliss, and through the World around
 Pours wealthy Ease, and scatters joyous Chear ;
 Certes of her in semblant Guise I read,
 Where *Spenser* decks his Lays with *Gloriana's* Deed.

VIII.

As *Colin* muse'd at Ev'ning near the Wood,
 A Nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past ;
 Down to her Feet her filken Garment flow'd,
 A Ribbon bound and shape'd her slender Waist ;
 A Veil, dependent from her comely Head,
 And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,
 O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.
 The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers :
 They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to others.

IX.

Daifies and Violets rose where'er she trod,
 As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sorted :
 And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's mystic God,
 Ten Thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.
 Quoth *Colin* ; Now I ken the Goddess bright,
 Whom Poets sing : All human Hearts enthrall'd
 Obey her Pow'r ; her Kindness the Delight
 Of Gods and Men ; great *Venus* she is call'd,
 When *Mantuan VIRGIL* doth her Charms rehearse ;
Belphebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X.

Heard this the *Muse*, and with a Smile reply'd,
 Which shew'd soft Anger mix'd with friendly Love :
 Twin Sisters still were Ignorance and Pride ;
 Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove ?
 But, *Colin*, well I wist, will never learn ;
 Who flights his Guide shall deviate from his Way :
 Me to have ask'd what thou cou'dst not discern,
 To Thee pertain'd ; to Me the Thing to say.
 What Heav'nly Will from Human Eye conceals,
 How can the Bard aread, unless the *Muse* reveals ?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* Thou, nor *Britomart* hast seen ;
 When soon at Morn the flying Deer was chace'd :
 Nor *Jove's* great Wife, nor *Spenser's* Fairy Queen,
 At Noontide dealt the Honours of the Feast :
 Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* didst thou spy,
 The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
 Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
 That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
 Bright *Ca'ndish-Holles-Harley* stood confest,
 As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit drest.



T O T H E

Right Honourable the

C O U N T E S S Dowager of *Devonshire*;On a Piece of *WIESSEN*'s, whereon were all her
G R A N D S O N S Painted.

W *IESSSEN* and *Nature* held a long Contest,
If *She* created, or *He* painted best;
With pleasing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew;
She, still form'd fairer; *He*, still liker drew.

In these *Sev'n* Brethren, they contended last,
With Art increas'd, their utmost Skill they try'd,
And *Both* well pleas'd, they had *Themselves* surpass'd,
The Goddess triumph'd, and the *Painter* dy'd.
That *Both*, their Skill to this vast Height did raise,
Be *Our's* the Wonder, and be *Your's* the Praise:
For here, as in some Glass, is well descry'd
Only *your self* thus often multiply'd.
When *Heav'n* had *You* and Gracious *Anna** made,
What more exalted Beauty cou'd it add?
Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to these, nor cou'd do more
Than copy well what it had frame'd before.
If in dear *Burghley's* gen'rous Face we see
Obliging Truth, and handsome Honesty:
With all that World of Charms, which soon will move
Rev'rence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love:

* *Eldest Daughter of the C O U N T E S S.*

D 4

His

His every Grace, his fair Descent assures,
 He has his Mother's *Beauty*, She has *Your's* :
 If ev'ry *Cecil's* Face had every Charm
 That Thought can fancy, or that Heav'n can form ;
 Their Beauties all become your Beauty's Due,
 They are all Fair, because they're all like *You*.
 If every *Ca'ndish* great and charming Look ;
 From you that *Air*, from you the *Charms* they took.
 In their each *Limb*, your *Image* is exprest,
 But on their *Brow* firm *Courage* stands confest ;
 There, their great Father, by a strong Increase,
 Adds *Strength* to Beauty, and compleats the Piece :
 Thus still your *Beauty*, in your *Sons*, we view,
 WIESSEN Sev'n-Times One great Perfection drew ;
 Whoever sat, the Picture still is *You*.

So when the Parent-Sun, with genial Beams,
 Has Animated many goodly *Gems*,
 He sees himself improv'd, while ev'ry *Stone*,
 With a resembling Light, reflects a *Sun*.

So when great *Rhea* many *Births* had giv'n,
 Such as might govern Earth, and people Heaven ;
 Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
 She saw the *Deity* in every *Son* :
 And to what God so'er *Men* Altars rais'd,
 Hon'ring the *Off-spring*, they the *Mother* prais'd.

In short-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys,
 Which Sickness blasts, and certain Age destroys :
 Your *stronger Beauty*, Time can ne'er deface,
 'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your *Race*.

Ah !

Ah! *Wiefen*, had thy *Art* been so refin'd,
 As with their *Beauty* to have drawn their *Mind*;
 Thro' circling Years thy Labours wou'd survive,
 And living Rules to fairest *Virtue* give,
 To Men unborn and Ages yet to live:
 'Twou'd still be wonderful, and still be new,
 Against what Time, or Spite, or Fate cou'd do,
 'Till *Thine* confus'd with *Nature's* Pieces lie,
 And *Cavendish's* Name, and *Cecil's* Honour die.

T H E

FEMALE PHAETON.

I.

THUS KITTY* beautiful and young,
 And wild as Colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the FAIR from whence she sprung,
 With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
 Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd;
 And sorely vex't to play the Saint,
 Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd,
 With *Abigails* forsaken?
 KITTY's for other Things design'd,
 Or I am much mistaken.

* *Duchess of Queensberry.*

IV.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,
 And visit with her Cousins?
 At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has she *Better*, pray, than I?
 What *hidden Charms* to boast,
 That all Mankind for her shou'd die,
 Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

VI.

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
 I'll have my *Earl* as well as *She*,†
 Or know the Reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,
 Make all her Lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
 KITTY, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

† The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane, who died in France, 1723.



T H E

Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHEN *Kneller's* Works of various Grace
 Were to fair VENUS shown,
 The Goddess spy'd in ev'ry Face
 Some Features of her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her Hand)
 So shone, says she, my Eyes,*
 When from *Two Goddesses* I gain'd
 An *Apple* for a *Prize*.

III.

When in the *Glass*, and *River* too,
 My Face I lately view'd;
 Such was I, if the *Glass* be true,
 If true the *Crystal Flood*.

IV.

In Colours of this glorious kind †
Apelles painted me;
 My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,
 Sprung from my *Native Sea*.

* *Lady Ranelagh*.† *Lady Salisbury*.

V.

Like this disorder'd, wild, forlorn,*

Big with ten thousand Fears,

Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,

Ev'n beautiful in Tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* place'd apart,

I fear, says she, I fear,

Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey's* Art

Has far surpass'd thine here.

VII.

Or I, a Goddess of the Skies,

By *Myra* am undone,

And must resign to her the Prize,

The *Apple*, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had *Myra* seen

Majestically Fair,

The sparkling Eye, the Look serene,

The gay and easy Air,

IX.

With fiery Emulation fill'd,

The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,

Apelles must to *Kneller* yield,

Or *Venus* must to *HYDE*.

* Lady Jane Douglas, Sister to the Duke of Douglas.



To CHLOE.

I.

WHILST *I* am scorch'd with *Hot* Desire,
 In vain *Cold* Friendship *you* return;
Your Drops of Pity on *my* Fire,
 Alas! but make it *fiercer* burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the *Flame* suppress'd
 That *kills* the Heart it *heats* too fast,
 Take *half* my Passion to your *Breast*,
 The *rest* in *mine* shall *ever* last.

EPI TAPH Extempore.

NOBLES and HERALDS, by your Leave,
 Here lies,* what once was, MATTHEW PRIOR;
 The Son of ADAM and of EVE,
 Can STUART or NASSAU claim higher?

* Alluding to Westminster-Abbey.



DAPHNE and APOLLO:

Imitated, from the first Book of OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.

Nympha, precor, PENEI mane.—
OVID. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy Speed,
Dismiss thy Fears, and turn thy beauteous Head ;
With kind Regard a panting Lover view ;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue ;
Pathless, alas ! and rugged is the Ground,
Some Stone may hurt thee, or some Thorn may wound.

DAPHNE (*aside.*)

This Care is for himself, as sure as Death,
One Mile has put the Fellow out of Breath ;
He'll never do, I'll lead him t'other Round ;
Washy he is, perhaps not over-sound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas ! not knowing who you fly ;
Nor ill bred Swain, nor rusty Clown am I :

I Claros

I *Claros* Isle and *Tenedos* command ———

DAPHNE.

Thank ye, I wou'd n't leave my native Land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain Arts I know:

DAPHNE.

Pish, *Partridge* has as fair Pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the Beauties of my Locks. (DAPH.) A Fig-
That may be counterfeit, a *Spanish* Wig;
Who cares for all that Bush of curling Hair,
Whilst your smooth Chin is so extremely bare!

APOLLO.

I sing. (DAPH.) That never shall be *Daphne's* Choice,
Syphacio had an admirable Voice.

APOLLO.

Of ev'ry Herb I tell the mystic Pow'r,
To certain Health the Patient I restore,
Sent for, carefs'd ---- (DAPH.) Our's is a wholsom Air,
You 'ad better go to Town and practise there:
For me, I've no Obstructions to remove,
I'm pretty well, I thank your Father *Jove*,
And Physic is a weak Ally to Love.

APOLLO.

Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another *Daphne* have her Reign.

Now love, or leave, my Dear ; retreat, or follow :
I *Daphne* (this premis'd) take thee *Apollo* ;
And may I split into ten thousand Trees,
If I give up, on other Terms than these.

She said ; but what the am'rous God reply'd,
So Fate ordain'd, is to our Search deny'd ;
By Rats, alas ! the Manuscript is eat,
O cruel Banquet which we all regret :
Bavius, thy Labours must this Work restore ;
May thy Good-will be equal to thy Pow'r.

CONSIDERATIONS

On Part of the LXXXVIIIth Psalm.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

H Eavy, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lie ;
Accurst I am, while God rejects my Cry.
O'erwhelm'd in Darkness and Despair I groan,
And ev'ry Place is Hell, for God is gone.
O Lord, arise, and let thy Beams controul
Those horrid Clouds that press my frightened Soul :
Save the poor Wand'rer from eternal Night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

Downward

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd Place ;
 'There none obtain thy Aid, or sing thy Praise.
 Soon shall I lie in Death's deep Ocean drown'd :
 Is Mercy there, or sweet Forgiveness found ?
 O save me yet, whilst on the Brink I stand ;
 Rebuke the Storm, and waft my Soul to Land.
 O let her rest beneath thy Wing secure,
 Thou that art the God of Pow'r.

III.

Behold the *Prodigal*! to thee I come,
 To hail my Father, and to seek my Home.
 Nor Refuge cou'd I find, nor Friend abroad,
 Straying in Vice, and destitute of God.
 O let thy Terrors and my Anguish end !
 Be thou my Refuge, and be thou my Friend :
 Receive the Son thou did'st so long reprove,
 Thou that art the God of Love.

O N T H E

Taking of NAMUR, 1695.

THE Town which LEWIS bought, NASSAU reclaims,
 And brings instead of Bribes avenging Flames.
 Now LEWIS take thy Titles from ABOVE,
 BOILEAU shall sing, and we'll believe thee JOVE.
 JOVE gain'd his Mistress with alluring Gold,
 But JOVE, like THEE, was impotent and old.
 Active and young he did like WILLIAM stand,
 And stun'd the DAME, his THUNDER in his HAND.



PROLOGUE Spoken by Lord
Buckhurst, in *Westminster-School*,
 at *Christmas*, 1695, in the Cha-
 racter of CLEONIDAS, in Mr.
Dryden's CLEOMENES.

PISH, Lord, I wish this PROLOGUE was but *Greek*,
 Then young *Cleonidas* wou'd boldly speak :
 But can Lord *Buckhurst* in poor *English* say,
 " Gentle Spectators pray excuse the Play ?" *
 No, witness all ye Gods of ancient *Greece*,
 Rather than condescend to Terms like these,
 I'd go to School six Hours on CHRISTMAS-DAY,
 Or construe *Persius* while my Comrades play.
 Such Work by hireling Actors shou'd be done,
 Who tremble when they see a Critick frown.
 Poor Rogues, that smart like Fencers for their Bread,
 And if they are not wounded, are not fed.
 But, Sirs, our Labour has more noble Ends,
 We act our TRAGEDY to see our FRIENDS :
 Our gen'rous Scenes are for pure Love repeated,
 And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
 The Candles and the Cloaths ourselves we bought,
 Our Tops neglected, and our BALLS forgot.

* Mr. Prior made use of a few Lines in this Prologue,
 in One made for Lord Duplin, who acted the Page in the
 ORPHAN, 1720.

To learn our Parts we left our Midnight Bed,
 Most of you snor'd whilst CLEOMENES read:
 Not that from this Confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our Cause,
 We neither Censure fear, or beg Applause,
 For these are WESTMINSTER and SPARTA's Laws.
 Yet if we see some Judgment well inclin'd,
 To young Desert and growing Virtue kind,
 That Critick by ten Thousand Marks should know,
 That greatest Souls to Goodness only bow;
 And that your little HERO does inherit
 Not CLEOMENES more than DORSET's Spirit.

The SECRETARY.

Written at the HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with Labour assid'ous due Pleasure I mix,
 And in one Day atone for the Bus'ness of Six,
 In a little *Dutch* Chaise on a *Saturday* Night,
 On my Left-hand my *Horace*, a *W***** on my Right;
 No Memoir to compose, and no Post-Boy to move,
 That on *Sunday* may hinder the Softness of Love;
 For her, neither Visits, nor Parties at Tea,
 Nor the long-winded Cant of a dull *Refugée*.
 This Night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,
 To good or ill Fortune the third we resign:
 Thus scorning the World, and superior to Fate,
 I drive on my Car in processional State;

So

So with PHIA thro' *Athens* PYSISTRATUS rode,
 Men thought her MINERVA, and him a new GOD.
 But why shou'd I Stories of *Athens* rehearse,
 Where People knew Love, and were partial to Verse;
 Since none can with Justice my Pleasures oppose,
 In *Holland* half drown'd in Int'rest and Prose?
 By *Greece* and past Ages, what need I be try'd,
 When the *Hague* and the present are both on my Side?
 And is it enough for the Joys of the Day,
 To think what ANACREON or SAPPHO wou'd say?
 When good *Vandergoes*, and his provident Vrow,
 As they gaze on my Triumph, do freely allow,
 That search all the Province, you'll find no Man dar is,
 So blest as the *Englishe* Heer Secretar' is.

T O

A CHILD of QUALITY,

Five Years Old, 1704;

The AUTHOR then FORTY.*

I.

LORDS, Knights, and 'Squires, the num'rous Band,
 That wear the fair Miss *Mary's* † Fetters,
 Were summon'd by her high Command,
 To show their Passions by their Letters.

* *Mr. Prior was born in the Year 1664.*

† *We presume this young Lady was one of the Dorset-Family.*

My

II.

My Pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright Eyes that cannot read
Shou'd dart their kindling Fires, and look,
The Power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor Quality, nor Reputation,
Forbid me yet my Flame to tell,
Dear Five Years old befriends my Passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

IV.

For while she makes her Silk-Worms Beds,
With all the tender Things I swear,
Whilst all the House my Passion reads,
In Papers round her Baby's Hair.

V.

She may receive and own my Flame,
For tho' the strictest Prudes shou'd know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous Dame,
And I for an unhappy Poet.

VI.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The Lines some younger Rival sends,
She'll give me Leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue Friends.

VII.

For as our diff'rent Ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd Fate but mend it,
 That I shall be past making Love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

Upon this Passage in SCALIGERIANA.

*Les Allemans ne se soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pourveu
 que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveu que ce
 soit Latin.*

WHEN you with *High-Dutch* HEEREN dine,
 Expect false *Latin*, and stum'd Wine;
 They never Taste who always Drink,
 They always Talk who never Think.

P A R T I A L F A M E.

I.

THE sturdy MAN, if he in Love obtains,
 In open Pomp and Triumph reigns;
 The subtil WOMAN, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the Honour of the Deed.

II.

Tho' HE for all his boast is forc'd to yield,
 Tho' SHE can always keep the Field,
 He vaunts His *Conquests*, She conceals Her *Shame*;
 How PARTIAL is the Voice of FAME!



The M I C E.

To Mr. *ADRIAN DRIFT*.

TWO MICE (dear Boy) of genteel Fashion,
 And (what is more) good Education,
 Frolick and gay, in Infant Years,
 Equally share'd their Parents Cares.
 The Sire of these two Babes (poor Creature)
 Paid his last Debt to human Nature ;
 A wealthy Widow left behind,
 Four Babes, three Male, one Female kind.
 The Sire being under ground, and bury'd,
 'Twas thought his Spouse wou'd soon have marry'd ;
 Matches propose'd, and num'rous Suitors,
 Most tender Husbands, careful Tutors,
 She modestly refuse'd ; and shew'd
 She'd be a Mother to her Brood.

Mother, dear Mother, that endearing Thought,
 Has thousand, and ten Thousand, Fancies brought ;
 Tell me, Oh ! tell me (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal Love,
 Thy early Pangs, thy growing anxious Cares,
 Thy flatt'ring Hopes, thy fervent pious Pray'rs,
 Thy doleful Days, and melancholy Nights,
 Cloyster'd from common Joys and just Delights :
 How didst thou constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily Tears thy Spouse's Urn !

How it employ'd your Thoughts, and lucid Time,
 'That your young Offspring might to Honour climb ;
 How your first Care, by num'rous Grievs oppress'd,
 Under the Burden sunk, and went to rest ;
 How your dear Darling, by Consumption's Waste,
 Breathe'd her last Piety into your Breast ;
 How you, alas ! tir'd with your Pilgrimage,
 Bow'd down your Head, and dy'd in good old Age.
 Tho' not inspir'd, Oh ! may I never be
 Forgetful of my Pedigree, or thee ;
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
 To pay this small yet tributary Debt ;
 And when we meet at God's Tribunal Throne,
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious Son.

But why all this ? is this your Fable ?
 Believe me, MATT, it seems a Babble ;
 If you will let me know th' Intent on't,
 Go to your MICE, and make an End on't.

Well then, dear Brother, ———
 As sure as HUDI's * Sword cou'd fwaddle,
 Two MICE were brought up in one Cradle ;
 Well bred, I think, of equal Port,
 One for the Gown, one for the Court :
 They parted, (did they so an't please you)
 Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you ;
 One went to *Holland*, where they huff folk,
 T'other to vent his Wares in *Suffolk*.
 (That MICE have travel'd in old Times,
 HORACE and PRIOR tell in Rimes,
 Those two great Wonders of their Ages,
 Superior far to all the Sages.)

* HUDIBRAS.

Many

Many Days past, and many a Night,
 'E're they cou'd gain each other's Sight;
 At last in Weather cold, not sultry,
 They met at the Three-Cranes in Poultry.
 After much Buss, and great Grimace,
 (Usual you know in such a Case)
 Much Chat arose, what had been done,
 What might before next Summer's Sun;
 Much said of *France*, of *Suffolk's* Goodness,
 The Gentry's Loyalty, Mob's Rudeness.
 That ended; o'er a charming Bottle
 They enter'd on this Tittle Tattle.

Quoth *Suffolk*, by Preheminance
 In Years, tho' (God knows) not in Sense;
 All's gone, dear Brother, only we
 Remain to raise Posterity;
 Marry you, Brother; I'll go down,
 Sell Nouns and Verbs, and lie alone.
 May you ne'er meet with Feuds or Babble,
 May Olive-Branches crown your Table:
 Somewhat I'll save, and for this End,
 To prove a Brother and a Friend.
 What I propose is just, I swear it,
 Or may I perish by this Claret.
 The Dice are thrown, chuse this or that,
 (Tis all alike to honest MATT)
 I'll take then the contrary Part,
 And propagate with all my Heart.
 After some Thought, some *Portuguese*,*
 Some Wine, the younger thus replies:

Fair are your Words, as fair your Carriage,
 Let me be free, drudge you in Marriage;

Get me a Boy call'd ADRIAN,
 Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.
 Home went well pleas'd the *Suffolk* Tony,
 Heart free from Care, as Purse from Money;
 Resolving full to please his Taudy,
 He got a Spouse and jerk'd her Body;
 At last when teeming Time was come,
 Out came her Burthen from her Womb;
 It prov'd a lusty squalling Boy,
 (Doubtless the Dad's and Mammy's Joy.)
 In short, to make Things square and even,
 ADRIAN he name'd was by DICK STEPHENS.
 MATT's Debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
 And sends you in a Bill of Charges,
 A Cradle, Brother, and a Basket,
 (Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
 A Coat not of the smallest Scantling,
 Frocks, Stockings, Shoes, to grace the Bantling,
 These too were sent, (or I'm no Drubber)
 Nay, add to these the fine Gum-rubber;
 Yet these wo'nt do, send t' other Coat,
 For, Faith, the first is n't worth a Groat,
 Dismally shrunk, as Herrings shotten,
 Suppos'd originally rotten.
 Pray let the next be each Way longer,
 Of Stuff more durable, and stronger;
 Send it next Week, if you are able,
 By this Time, Sir, you know the Fable;
 From this, and Letters of the same Make,
 You'll find what 'tis to have a Name-Sake.

Cold and hard Times, Sir, here, (believe it)
 I've lost my Curate too, and grieve it;

At

At *Easter*, for what I can see,
 (A Time of Ease and Vacancy)
 If Things but alter, and not undone,
 I'll kiss your Hands, and visit *London* :
 MOLLY sends greeting, so do I, Sir,
 Send a good Coat, that's all, good b'ye, Sir.

Feb. 16, 1708-9.

Your's entirely,

MATTHEW.

TWO RIDDLES, 1710.

SPHINX was a Monster that wou'd eat
 Whatever Stranger she could get ;
 Unless his ready Wit disclos'd
 The subtle Riddle she propos'd.

OEDIPUS was resolv'd to go,
 And try what Strength of Parts wou'd do :
 Says *Sphinx*, on this depends your Fate ;
 Tell me what Animal is that
 Which has four Feet at Morning bright,
 Has two at Noon, and three at Night.
 'Tis MAN, said he, who, weak by Nature,
 At first creeps, like his Fellow-Creature,
 Upon all four ; as Years accrue,
 With sturdy Steps he walks on two ;
 In Age, at length, grows weak and sick,
 For his third Leg adopts the Stick.

Now in your Turn, 'tis just methinks,
 You should resolve me, Madam *Sphinx*,
 What greater Stranger yet is he,
 Who has four Legs, then two, then three;
 Then loses one, then gets two more,
 And runs away at last on four.

A F A B L E.

*Personam Tragicam forte vulpes viderat,
 O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!*

PHÆDR.

THE Fox an Actor's Vizard found,
 And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round:
 Then threw it in Contempt away,
 And thus old *Phædrus* heard him say:
*What noble Part ca'st thou sustain,
 Thou specious Head without a Brain?**

* Author of the Medley, 1710.





T H E

V I C E R O Y.

A

B A L L A D.

To the Tune of The Lady ISABELLA's Tragedy: Or, The Step-Mother's Cruelty.

I.

O F N E R O,* Tyrant, petty King,
 Who heretofore did reign
 In fame'd *Hibernia*, I will sing,
 And in a Ditty plain.

* *This Satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningsby for his Mal-Administration, when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.*

II.

He hated was by Rich and Poor,
For Reasons you shall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his Pow'r,
That he himself did fear.

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withall;
The Guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless Men enthrall.

IV.

He with a haughty impious Nod
Would curse and dogmatize,
Not fearing either Man or God,
Gold he did idolize.

V.

A Patriot* of high Degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart VICEROY's Tyranny,
Against him did declare.

VI.

And arm'd with Truth impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous Crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low but faithful Rimes.

* The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby of High-Treason in the English Parliament.

VII.

The Articles* recorded stand,
 Against this peerless Peer,
 Search but the Archives of the Land,
 You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
 His Treasons to you all,
 The Heads set in their native Light,
 (And sigh poor *Gaphny's* Fall,

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
 The Pow'r in him repos'd,
 And wickedly the same did use,
 On all Mankind impos'd.

X.

That he, contrary to all Law,
 An Oath did frame and make,
 Compelling the Militia
 Th' illegal Oath to take.

XI.

Free-quarters for the Army too
 He did exact and force,
 On Protestants, his Love to show,
 Than Papists us'd them worse.

* *Sabbati 16 Die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi & Mariae, 1693.*

XII.

On all Provisions destin'd for
 The Camp at *Limerick*,
 He laid a Tax full hard and sore,
 Tho' many Men were sick.

XIII.

The Suttlers too he did ordain
 For Licences should pay,
 Which they refus'd with just *Disdain*,
 And fled the Camp away.

XIV.

By which Provisions were so scant,
 That hundreds there did die,
 The Soldiers Food and Drink did want,
 Nor Famine cou'd they fly.

XV.

He so much lov'd his private Gain,
 He could nor hear or see;
 They might, or die, or might complain,
 Without Relief *pardie*.

XVI.

That above and against all Right,
 By Word of Mouth did he,
 In Council fitting, hellish Spite,
 The Farmer's Fate decree.

That

XVII.

That he, *O! Ciel*, without Trial,
 Straitway shou'd hanged be;
 Tho' then the Courts were open all,
 Yet *NERO* Judge would be.

XVIII.

No sooner said, but it was done,
 The *Borreau* did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
 And left his Judge accurst.

XIX.

In this concise, despotic Way,
 Unhappy *Gaphny* fell,
 Which did all honest Men affray,
 As truly it might well.

XX.

Full two good hundred Pounds a Year,
 This poor Man's real Estate,
 He settled on his Fav'rite dear,
 And *Culliford* can say't.

XXI.

Besides, he gave five hundred Pound
 To *Fielding* his own Scribe,
 Who was his Bail, one Friend he found,
 He ow'd him to the Bribe.

XXII.

But for this horrid Murder vile
 None did him prosecute;
 His old Friend helpt him o'er the Stile,
 With *Satan* who'd dispute?

XXIII.

With *France*, fair *England*'s mortal Foe,
 A Trade he carry'd on;
 Had any other don 't, I trow,
 To *Tripes* he had gone.

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'roufly,
 To bring his Ends to bear,
 Enrich himself most knavishly;
 O Thief without compare!

XXV.

Vast Quantities of Stores did he
 Embezzel and purloin;
 Of the King's Stores he kept a Key,
 Converting them to coin.

XXVI.

The forfeited Estates also,
 Both real and personal,
 Did with the Stores together go,
 Fierce *Cerb'rus* swallow'd all.

XXVII.

Mean while the Soldiers sigh'd and sob'd,
 For not one Soufe had they ;
 His EXCELLENCE' had each Man sob'd,
 For he had sunk their Pay.

XXVIII.

Nero, without the least Disguise,
 The Papists at all times
 Still favour'd, and their Robberies
 Look'd on as trivial Crimes.

XXIX.

The Protestants, whom they did rob
 During his Government,
 Were forc'd with Patience, like good *Job*,
 To rest themselves content.

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
 All legal Remedy ;
 The *Romans* he still well did use,
 Still screen'd their Roguery.

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told
 How this VICEROY did reign ;
 And other Truths I shall unfold,
 For Truth is always plain.

XXXII.

The best of Queens he hath revile'd,
 Before and since her Death,
 He, cruel and ungrateful, smile'd
 When she resign'd her Breath.

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the Favours kind
 She had on him bestow'd,
 Like *Lucifer*, his ranc'rous Mind,
 He lov'd nor Her nor God.

XXXIV.

But listen, *Nero*, lend thy Ears,
 As still thou hast them on ;
 Hear what *Britannia* says with Tears
 Of *Anna* dead and gone.

XXXV.

“ Oh ! sacred be her Memory,
 “ For ever dear her Name ;
 “ There never was, or e'er can be
 “ A brighter, juster Dame.

XXXVI.

“ Blest be my Sons, and eke all those
 “ Who on her Praises dwell ;
 “ She conquer'd *Britain's* fiercest Foes,
 “ She did all Queens excell.

“ Ah

XXXVII.

- " All Princes, Kings, and Potentates
 " Ambassadors did send;
 " All Nations, Provinces, and States,
 " Sought *Anna* for their Friend.

XXXVIII.

- " In *Anna* they did all confide,
 " For *Anna* they could trust;
 " Her royal Faith they all had try'd,
 " For *Anna* still was just.

XXXIX.

- " Truth, Mercy, Justice did surround
 " Her awful Judgment-seat,
 " In Her the *Graces* all were found,
 " In *Anna* all compleat.

XL.

- " She held the Sword and Ballance right,
 " And fought her People's Good;
 " In Clemency she did delight,
 " Her Reign not stain'd with Blood.

XLI.

- " Her gracious Goodness, Piety
 " In all her Deeds did shine,
 " And bounteous was her Charity;
 " All Attributes divine.

" Consummate

XLII.

- “ Consummate Wisdom, Meekness all,
 “ Adorn’d the Words she spoke,
 “ When they from her fair Lips did fall,
 “ And sweet her lovely Look.

XLIII.

- “ Ten thousand glorious Deeds to crown,
 “ She caus’d dire War to cease;
 “ A greater Empress ne’er was known,
 “ She fix’d the World in Peace.

XLIV.

- “ This last and Godlike Act achiev’d,
 “ To Heav’n she wing’d her Flight;
 “ Her Loss with Tears all *Europe* griev’d,
 “ Their Strength, and dear Delight.

XLV.

- “ Leave we in Bliss this heav’nly Saint,
 “ Revere, ye Just, her Urn;
 “ Her Virtues high and excellent,
 “ *Astrea* gone we mourn.

XLVI.

- “ Commemorate, my Sons, the Day
 “ Which gave great *Anna* Birth;
 “ Keep it for ever and for aye,
 “ And annual be your Mirth.”

Illustrious

XLVII.

Illustrious *George* now fills the Throne,
 Our wise benign good King ;
 Who can his wond'rous Deeds make known ?
 Or his bright Actions sing ?

XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite *Nero*, he has deign'd
 To raise to high Degree ;
 Well thou thy Honours hast sustain'd,
 Well vouch'd thy Ancestry.

XLIX.

But pass——— These Honours on thee laid,
 Can they e'er make thee white ?
 Don't *Gaphny's* Blood, which thou hast shed,
 Thy guilty Soul affright ?

L.

Oh ! Is there not, grim Mortal tell,
 Places of Bliss and Woe ?
 Oh ! Is there not a Heav'n, a Hell ?
 But whither wilt thou go ?

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate Mind ?
 Wilt thou for ever rail ?
 The Prophet on thee well refin'd,
 And set thy Wit to Sale.

LII.

How thou art lost to Sense and Shame,
 Three Countries witnesses be ;
 Thy Conduct all just Men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

LIII.

Dame Justice waits thee well I ween,
 Her Sword is brandish'd high ;
 Nought can thee from her Vengeance screen,
 Nor can'st thou from her fly.

LIV.

Heavy her Ire will fall on thee,
 The glitt'ring Steel is sure ;
 Sooner or later, all agree,
 She cuts off the Impure.

LV.

To her I leave thee, gloomy Peer,
 Think on thy Crimes committed ;
 Repent, and be for once sincere,
 Thou ne'er wilt be *De-Witted*.





NELL and JOHN.

I.

WHEN NELL, giv'n o'er by the Doctor, was dying,
 And JOHN at the Chimney stood decently crying,
 'Tis in vain, said the Woman, to make such ado,
 For to our Long-home we must all of us go.

II.

True, NELL, reply'd JOHN, but what yet is the worst,
 For us that remain, the Best always go first;
 Remember, dear Wife, that I said so last Year,
 When you lost your white Heifer, and I my brown Mare.

BIBO and CHARON.

WHEN BIBO thought fit from the World to retreat,
 As full of Champagne as an Egg's full of Meat,
 He wak'd in the Boat, and to CHARON he said,
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 Trim the Boat, and sit quiet, stern CHARON reply'd,
 You may have forgot, you were drunk when you dy'd.



WIVES by the Dozen.

O DEATH how thou spoil'st the best Project of Life,
Said GABRIEL, who still as he bury'd one Wife,
For the Sake of her Family marry'd her Cousin;
And thus in an honest collateral Line,
He still marry'd on till his Number was Nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his Dozen.

The MODERN SAINT.

HER Time with equal Prudence SILVIA shares,
First writes her *Billet-doux*, then says her Pray'rs;
Her Mass and Toilet; Vespers, and the Play;
Thus GOD and ASHTAROTH divide the Day:
Constant she keeps her *Ember-week* and *Lent*,
At *Easter* calls all *Isr'el* to her Tent:
Loose without Baud, and pious without Zeal,
She still repeats the Sins she wou'd conceal.
Envy herself from SILVIA's Life must grant,
An artful Woman makes a MODERN SAINT.





A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH RICHARD in Jest, looking wistly at NELLY,
Methinks, Child, you seem something round in
the Belly;

NELL answer'd him snapishly, How can that be,
When my Husband has been more than two Years at Sea?
Thy Husband! quoth Dick, why that Matter was
carry'd
Most secretly, NELL; I ne'er thought thou wer't marry'd.

FATAL LOVE.

POOOR HALL caught his Death, standing under a
Spout,
Expecting till Midnight, when NAN wou'd come out;
But fatal his Patience, as cruel the Dame,
And curst was the Weather that quench'd the Man's
Flame.

Who e'er thou art, that reads these moral Lines,
Make Love at home, and go to Bed betimes.



The P A R A L L E L.

PROMETHEUS forming Mr. DAY,
 Carv'd something like a Man in Clay,
 The Mortal's Work might well miscarry ;
 He that does Heav'n and Earth controul,
 Has only Pow'r to form a Soul,
 His Hand is evident in HARRY.
 Since One is but a moving Clod,
 T'other the lively Form of God,
 'Squire WALLIS, you will scarce be able,
 To prove all Poetry but Fable.

A GREEK EPIGRAM Imitated.

WHEN hungry Wolves had trespass'd on the Fold,
 And the rob'd Shepherd his sad Story told ;
 " Call in ALCIDES, said a crafty Priest,
 " Give him one Half, and he'll secure the rest."
 No, said the Shepherd, if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my Flock to ruin me ;
 To their Commands I willingly resign,
 Pow'r is their Character, and Patience mine :
 Tho' troth, to me, there seems but little odds,
 Who prove the greatest Robbers, Wolves or Gods.



ON A

FART, let in the House of Commons.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
 I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
 Like JULIUS CÆSAR's was MY Death,
 Who in the Senate lost his Breath,
 Much alike entomb'd does lie
 The noble ROMULUS and I:
 And when I dy'd, like FLORA fair,
 I left the Common-Wealth my Heir.

To a FRIEND on his NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his ALCMÆNA's Charms,
 Three Nights, in One, he prest her in his Arms;
 The Sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
 To shade her God, and to prolong his Love.

From that auspicious Night ALCIDES came,
 What less cou'd rise from Jove, and such a DAME?

May this auspicious Night with that compare,
 Nor less the Joys, nor less the rising Heir,
 He strong as Jove, She like ALCMÆNA fair.





Husband *and* Wife.

H. **O**H! with what Woes am I oppress'd!

W. Be still you senseless Calf:
What if the Gods should make you blest?

H. Why then I'd *sing* and *laugh*:
But if they won't, I'll *wail* and *cry*.

W. You'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

T O A

YOUNG LADY,

Who was fond of FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, MADAM, may with Safety go,
Decrees of Destiny to know:

For at your Birth kind Planets reign'd,

And certain Happiness ordain'd:

Such Charms as your's are only given

To chosen Favourites of Heaven.

But such is my uncertain State,
'Tis dangerous to try my Fate:
For I wou'd only know from Art,
The future Motions of your Heart,

And

And what predestinated Doom
Attends my Love for Years to come ;
No Secrets else, that Mortals learn,
My Cares deserve, or Life concern ;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark Decree :
For while the smallest Hope remains,
Faint Joys are mingled with my Pains.
Vain distant Views my Fancy please,
And give some intermitting Ease :
But shou'd the Stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless Woe,
No human Force, or Art, could bear
The Torment of my wild Despair.

This Secret then I dare not know,
And other Truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in Love,
How long or short my Life will prove ?
To gratify what low Desire,
Shou'd I with needless Haste inquire,
How great, how wealthy, I shall be ?
Oh ! what is Wealth or Pow'r to me !
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from You alone.





CUPID in AMBUSH.

IT oft' to many has successful been
 Upon his Arm to let his Mistress lean,
 Or with her airy Fan to cool her Heat,
 Or gently squeeze her Knees, or press her Feet.
 All public Sports, to favour young Desire,
 With Opportunities like this conspire.
 Ev'n where his Skill the Gladiator shows,
 With human Blood where the *Arena* flows;
 There oftentimes Love's Quiver-bearing Boy
 Prepares his Bow and Arrows to destroy:
 While the Spectator gazes on the Fight,
 And sees 'em wound each other with Delight;
 While he his pretty Mistress entertains,
 And wagers with her who the Conquest gains;
 Slily the God takes Aim and hits his Heart,
 And in the Wounds he sees he bears his Part.





T H E

Wandering Pilgrim.

Humbly address'd to Sir THOMAS FRANKLAND,
Bart. Post-Master, and Pay-Master-General to
Queen A N N E.

I.

WILL PIGGOT* must to Coxwold† go,
To live, alas! in Want,
Unless Sir THOMAS say No, no,
Th' Allowance is too scant.

II.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten Farthings ne'er will do
To keep a Man each Day in Meat,
Some Bread to Meat is due.

III.

A Rechabite poor WILL must live,
And drink of ADAM's Ale,
Pure Element, no Life can give,
Or mortal Soul regale.

* This merry Petition was written by Mr. Prior, for
Will Piggot to obtain the Porter's Place.

† Twelve Miles, North, beyond the City of York.

IV.

Spare Diet, and Spring-water clear,
 Physicians hold are good ;
 Who diets thus need never fear
 A Fever in the Blood.

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, y' are in the right,
 Prescriptions All can sell,
 But he that does not eat can't sh * * *
 Or piss, if good Drink fail.

VI.

But pass—The *Æsculapian* Crew,
 Who eat and quaff the best,
 They seldom miss to bake and brew,
 Or lin to break their Fast.

VII.

Cou'd *Yorkshire-Tyke* but do the same,
 Then He like Them might thrive ;
 But, FORTUNE, FORTUNE, cruel DAME,
 To starve Thou do'st Him drive.

VIII.

In WILL's Old Master's plenteous Days,
 His Mem'ry e'er be blest ;
 What need of speaking in his Praise ?
 His Goodness stands confest.

IX.

At his fame'd Gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet Array ;
CERES, and Hospitality,
Dwelt there both Night and Day.

X.

But to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must WILL's Voucher be ;
Truth never yet went in Disguise,
For naked still is She.

XI.

There is but One, but One alone,
Can set the PILGRIM free,
And make him cease to pine and moan ;
O FRANKLAND it is THEE.

XII.

Oh ! save him from a dreary Way,
To *Coxwould* he must hye,
Bereft of thee he wends astray,
At *Coxwould* he must die.

XIII.

Oh ! let him in thy Hall but stand,
And wear a Porter's Gown,
Duteous to what Thou may'st command,
Thus WILLIAM's Wishes crown.

F 2

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VENUS's Advice to the *MUSES*.

THUS to the *MUSES* spoke the *Cyprian-Dame* ;
 Adorn my Altars, and revere my Name.
 My SON shall else assume his potent Darts,
 Twang goes the Bow, my *Girls*, have at your Hearts.
 The *MUSES* answer'd *Venus*, We deride
 The Vagrant's Malice, and his Mother's Pride :
 Send him to *Nymphs* who sleep on *Ida's* Shade,
 To the loose Dance, and wanton Masquerade ;
 Our Thoughts are settled, and intent our Look,
 On the instructive Verse, and moral Book ;
 On Female-Idleness his Pow'r relies,
 But when he finds us studying-hard he flies.

CUPID turned PLOWMAN.

From *MOSCHUS*.

HIS Lamp, his Bow, and Quiver, laid aside,
 A rustic Wallet o'er his Shoulders ty'd :
 Sly *Cupid*, always on new Mischief bent,
 To the rich Field and furrow'd Tillage went.
 Like any *Plowman* toil'd the little God,
 His Tune he whistled, and his Wheat he sow'd :
 Then fat and laugh'd, and to the Skies above,
 Raising his Eye, he thus insulted *Jove*.

Lay

Lay by your Hail, your hurtful Storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain.

Else you again beneath my Yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp Goad, and draw the servile Plow ;
What once EUROPA was, NANNETTE is now.

TO FORTUNE.

WHilst I in Prison or in Court look down,
Nor beg thy Favour, nor deserve thy Frown,
In vain, malicious *Fortune*, hast thou try'd,
By taking from my State, to quell my Pride :
Insulting *Girl*, thy present Rage abate ;
And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me *Great*.

Chaste FLORIMEL.

I.

NO — I'll endure ten thousand Deaths,
'E're any farther I'll comply ;
Oh ! Sir, no Man on Earth that breathes
Had ever yet *his Hand so high*.

II.

Oh ! take your Sword and pierce my Heart,
Undaunted see me meet the Wound :
Oh ! will you act a *Tarquin's* Part ?
A second *Lucrece* you have found.

III.

Thus to the pressing *Corydon*,
 Poor *Florimel*, unhappy Maid,
 Fearing by Love to be undone,
 In broken, dying, Accents said.

IV.

Delia, who held the conscious Door,
 Inspire'd by Truth and Brandy smile'd,
 Knowing that, sixteen Months before,
 Our *Lucrece* had her *second* Child.

V.

And, hark ye, Madam, cry'd the Baud,
 None of your Flights, your high-rope Dodging;
 Be civil here, or march abroad;
 Oblige the 'Squire, or quit the Lodging.

VI.

Oh ! have I, *Florimel* went on,
 Have I then lost my *Delia*'s Aid ?
 Where shall forsaken Virtue run,
 If by her Friend she is betray'd ?

VII.

Oh ! curse on empty Friendship's ; Name
 Lord, what is all our future View ?
 Then, dear Destroyer of my Fame,
 Let my last Succour be to you.

From

VIII.

From *Delia's* Rage, and Fortune's Frown,
A wretched love-sick Maid deliver ;
Oh ! tip me but another Crown,
Dear Sir, and make me Your's for ever.

NON PAREIL.

I.

LET others from the Town retire,
And in the Fields seek new Delight ;
My *Phillis* does such Joys inspire,
No other Objects please my Sight.

II.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a Country Landscape grace :
No Shade so lovely as her Hair,
Nor Plain so sweet as is her Face.

III.

Lillies and Roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flow'ry Field ;
Transparent is her Skin so fine,
To this each crystal Stream must lead.

IV.

Her Voice more sweet than warbling Sound,
 Tho' sung by Nightingale or Lark ;
 Her Eyes such Lustre dart around,
 Compare'd to them the Sun is dark.

V.

Both Light and vital Heat they give,
 Cherish'd by them my Love takes Root,
 From her kind Looks does Life receive,
 Grows a fair Plant, bears Flow'rs and Fruit.

VI.

Such Fruit, I ween, did once deceive
 The common Parent of Mankind ;
 And made transgress our Mother Eve :
 Poison it's Core, tho' fair its Rind.

VII.

Yet so delicious is its Taste,
 I cannot from the Bait abstain,
 But to th' enchanting Pleasure haste,
 Tho' I were sure 't wou'd end in Pain.





Upon HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest FAME,
 I mean the Substance, not the Name;
 (Not that light Heap of taudry Wares,
 Of Ermine, Coronets, and Stars,
 Which often is by Merit fought,
 By Gold and Flatt'ry oftner bought;
 The Shade, for which Ambition looks
 In SELDEN's * or in ASHMOLE's † Books :)
 But the true Glory which proceeds,
 Reflected bright from honest Deeds,
 Which we in our own Breast perceive,
 And Kings can neither take nor give.

The Old Gentry.

I.

THAT all from ADAM first began,
 None but ungodly WHISTON doubts,
 And that His Son, and his Son's Son,
 Were all but Plowmen, Clowns, and Louts.

* *Titles of Honour.*

† *Order of the Garter.*

Each

II.

Each when his rustic Pains began,
 To Merit pleaded equal Right;
 'Twas only who left Off at Noon,
 Or who went On to work till Night.

III.

But Coronets we owe to Crowns,
 And Favour to a Court's Affection;
 By Nature we are ADAM's Sons,
 And Sons of ANSTIS * by Election.

IV.

KINGSALE ! eight hundred Years have roll'd,
 Since thy Forefathers held the Plow;
 When this shall be in Story told,
 Add, that My Kindred do so now.

V.

The Man who by his Labour gets
 His Bread, in independent State,
 Who never begs, and seldom eats,
 Himself can fix, or change his Fate.

* Garter King at Arms.





The^{r w?} INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect Health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their Ills complain:
 That with a frequent Fever **CHLOE** burns,
 And **STELLA**'s Plumpness into Dropsy turns.
 O **PHILLIS**, while the Patients are Nineteen,
 Little, alas! are their Distempers seen.
 But Thou for all Thy seeming Health art ill,
 Beyond thy Lover's Hopes, or **BLACKMORE**'s Skill;
 No Lenitives can thy *Disease* assuage,
 I tell Thee, 'Tis *incurable*——'tis AGE.

The Infatiable Priest.

I.

LUKE Preach-ill admires what we Laymen can mean,
 That thus by our Profit and Pleasure are sway'd:
 He has but three Livings, and wou'd be a **DEAN**;
 His Wife dy'd this Year, He has marry'd his Maid.

II.

To suppress all his carnal Desires in their Birth,
 At all Hours a lusty young **Hussy** is near;
 And to take off His Thoughts from the Things of this
 Earth,
 He can be content with Two Thousand a Year.



DOCTORS Differ.

WHEN WILLIS† of *Ephraim* heard ROCHESTER*
 preach,

Thus BENTLEY said to him, I pry'thee, dear Brother,
 How like'st Thou this Sermon? 'tis out of my Reach.

His is One Way, said WILLIS, and Our's is Another.
 I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
 We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

Pontius and Pontia.

I.
 PONTIUS (who loves you know a Joke
 Much better than he loves his Life)

Chance'd t'other Morning to provoke
 The Patience of a well-bred Wife,

II.
 Talking of you, said he, my Dear,
 Two of the greatest Wits in Town,
 One ask'd, If that high Furze of Hair
 Was, *bona fide*, all your Own.

† Bishop of Gloucester.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

Her

III.

Her own, most certain, t'other said;
 For NAN, who knows the Thing, will tell ye,
 The Hair was bought, the Money paid,
 And the Receipt was sign'd DUCAILLY.

IV.

PONTIA (that civil prudent She,
 Who values Wit much less than Sense,
 And never darts a Repartee,
 But purely in her own Defence)

V.

Reply'd, These Friends of your's, my Dear,
 Are given extremely much to Satire,
 But pr'ythee, Husband, let one hear
 Sometimes less Wit, and more Good-nature.

VI.

Now I have one unlucky Thought,
 That wou'd have spoil'd your Friend's Conceit;
 Some Hair I have, I'm sure, unbought,
 Pray bring your Brother-Wits to see't.

Cautious ALICE.

SO good a Wife doth LISSY make,
 That from all Company She flieth;
 Such virtuous Courses doth She take,
 That She all evil Tongues deflieth;
 And, for her dearest Spouse's Sake,
 She with his Brethren only lieth.



T O A
POET of Quality,

PRAISING THE
Lady *HINCHINBROKE*.

I.

OF thy judicious Muse's Sense
Young *HINCHINBROKE* so very proud is,
That *SACHARISSA*, and *HORTENSE*,
She looks, henceforth, upon as Doudies.

II.

Yet She to One must still submit,
To dear Mamma must pay her Duty,
She wonders, praising *WILMOT*'s Wit,
Thou shou'dst forget his Daughter's Beauty.

The *PEDANT*.

L*YSANDER* talks extremely well;
On any Subject let him dwell,
His Tropes and Figures will content ye:
He shou'd possess to all Degrees
The Art of Talk, he practises
Full fourteen Hours in four and twenty.



E N I G M A.

BY Birth I'm a Slave, yet can give you a Crown,
 I dispose of all Honours, myself having none.
 I'm oblig'd by just Maxims to govern my Life,
 Yet I hang my own Master, and lie with his Wife.
 When Men are a gaming, I cunningly sneak,
 And their Cudgels and Shovels away from them take.
 Fair Maidens and Ladies I by the Hand get,
 And pick off their Diamonds, tho' ne'er so well set.
 For when I have Comrades we rob in whole Bands,
 Then presently take off your Lands from your Hands.
 But this Fury once over, I've such winning Arts,
 That you love me much more than you do your own Hearts.

CUPID turn'd STROLER.

From *ANACREON*.

AT dead of Night when Stars appear,
 And strong *Bootes* turns the *Bear*;
 When Mortals sleep their Cares away,
 Fatigu'd with Labours of the Day,
 CUPID was knocking at my Gate;
 Who's there, says I, who knocks so late?

Disturbs

Disturbs my Dreams, and breaks my Rest?
O fear not me, a harmless Guest,
He said, but open, open pray;
A foolish Child, I've lost my Way,
And wander here this Moon-light Night,
All wet and cold, and wanting Light.
With due Regard his Voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready Lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked Boy below,
With Wings, a Quiver, and a Bow;
In Haste I ran, unlockt my Gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my Fate;
I set the Child an easy Chair
Against the Fire, and dry'd his Hair;
Brought friendly Cups of chearful Wine,
And warm'd his little Hands with mine;
All this did I with kind Intent;
But he, on wanton Mischief bent,
Said, dearest Friend, this Bow you see,
This pretty Bow belongs to me:
Observe, I pray, if all be right,
I fear the Rain has spoil'd it quite:
He drew it then, and strait I found
Within my Breast a secret Wound.
This done, the Rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and laughing said,
*Kind Host adieu, we now must part,
Safe is my Bow, but sick thy Heart.*



TRUTH told at last.

SAYS PONTIUS in Rage contradicting his Wife,
 “ You never yet told me one Truth in your Life.”
 Vext PONTIA no Way could this Thesis allow,
 “ You’re a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth now ?”

E N I G M A.

FORM’D half beneath, and half above the Earth,
 We Sisters owe to Art our second Birth :
 The Smith’s and Carpenter’s adopted Daughters,
 Made on the Land, to travel on the Waters.
 Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
 Yet neither tread the Air, or Wave, or Ground :
 They serve the Poor for Use, the Rich for Whim,
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

C H A N S O N.

I.

QUE fais tu Bergere dans ce beau verger
 Tu ne songe gueres à me soulager ?
 Tu connois ma flamme, tu vois ma langueur,
 Prens belle inhumaine pitié de mon cœur.

Dequoy

II.

*Dequoy te plains tu malheureux Berger ?
Que n'ay-je point fait pour te soulager ?
J'ay quitté la plaine, mon troupeau, mon chien,
Prend-on tant de peine quand on n'aime rien.*

I M I T A T E D.

I.

WHY thus from the Plain does my Shepherdess rove,
Forfaking her Swain, and neglecting his Love ?
You have heard all my Grief, you see how I die,
Oh ! give some Relief to the Swain whom you fly.

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my Dog lies unfed, and my Sheep run astray ;
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone ?
When I leave all the Plain, you may guess 'tis for One.

A C A S E Stated.

I.

NOW how shall I do with my Love and my Pride,
Dear Dick* give me Council if Friendship has any ;
Pr'ythee purge, or let Blood, furly RICHARD reply'd,
And forget the Coquet in the Arms of your NANNY.†

* *His intimate Friend Richard Shelton, Esq;*

† *Mrs. Anne Durham ; both mentioned in Mr. Prior's Will.*

II.

While I pleaded with Passion how much I deserv'd
 For the Pains and the Torments for more than a Year;
 She look'd in an Almanack, whence she observ'd,
 That it wanted a Fortnight to *Bart'lmew-Fair*.

III.

My COWLEY and WALLER, how vainly I quote,
 While my negligent Judge only hears with her Eye;
 In a long Flaxen-Wig, and embroider'd new Coat,
 Her Spark saying nothing talks better than I.

On my BIRTH-DAY.

July XXI.

I.

I My Dear, was born to-day,
 So all my jolly Comrades say;
 They bring me Music, Wreaths, and Mirth,
 And ask to celebrate my Birth:
 Little, alas! my Comrades know
 That I was born to Pain and Woe;
 To thy Denial, to thy Scorn:
 Better I had ne'er been born.
 I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
 I, my dear, was born to-day.

I, my

III.

I, my Dear, was born to-day,
 Shall I salute the rising Ray?
 Wellspring of all my Joy and Woe,
 CLOTILDA,† thou alone dost know:
 Shall the Wreath surround my Hair?
 Or shall the Music please my Ear?
 Shall I my Comrades Mirth receive,
 And bless my Birth, and wish to live?
 Then let me see great VENUS chace
 Imperious Anger from thy Face;
 Then let me hear *Thee* smiling say,
Thou, my Dear, wer't born to-day.

 For my own Monument.

I.

AS Doctors give Phyfic by way of Prevention,
Matt, alive and in Health, of his Tomb-Stone
 took care;
 For Delays are unsafe, and his pious Intention
 May haply be never fulfill'd by his Heir.

† Mrs. Anne Durham, before-mentioned.

Then

II.

Then take *Matt's* Word for it, the Sculptor is paid,
That the *Figure* is fine,* pray believe your own Eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach Marble to lye.

III.

Yet counting as far as to Fifty his Years,
His Virtues and Vices were as other Men's are;
High Hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great Fears,
In a Life party-colour'd, half Pleasure, half Care.

IV.

Nor to Bus'ness a Drudge, nor to Faction a Slave,
He strove to make Int'rest and Freedom agree;
In public Employments industr'ous and grave,
And alone with his Friends, Lord how merry was he!

V.

Now in Equipage stately, now humbly on Foot,
Both Fortunes he try'd, but to neither wou'd trust;
And whirl'd in the Round, as the Wheel turn'd about,
He found Riches had Wings, and knew Man was but
Dust.

* Alluding to the *BUSTO*, carved by the famous Cori-
veaux at Paris, on his Monument in Westminster-Abbey, as
in the Frontispiece.

VI.

This Verse little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his Titles nor Merit to View;
It says that his Relicks collected lie here,
And no Mortal yet knows if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce Robbers there are that infest the Highway,
So MATT may be kill'd, and his Bones never found;
False Witnesses at Court, and fierce Tempests at Sea,
So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his Bones lie in Earth, roll in Sea, fly in Air,
To Fate we must yield, and the Thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a Smile, or a Tear,
He cares not——yet pr'ythee be kind to his Fame.

UPON

Playing at O M B R E

With Two LADIES.

I KNOW that FORTUNE long has wanted Sight,
And therefore pardon'd, when she did not right;
But yet till then it never did appear,
That as She wanted Eyes, She cou'd not Hear;
I beg'd, that She wou'd give me Leave to lose,
A Thing She does not commonly refuse:

Two Matadores are out against my Game,
 Yet still I play, and still my Luck's the same:
 Unconquer'd in three Suits it does remain,
 Whereas I only ask in One to gain;
 Yet She still contradicting, Gifts imparts,
 And gives Success in ev'ry Suit—but HEARTS.

O D E.

PROMESSE de l'AMOUR.

I.

*H*IER, l'AMOUR touché du Son
 Que rendoit ma Lire qu'il aime,
 Me promet pour une Chanson,
 Deux Baisers de sa Mere mesme.

II.

*N*on, luy dis-je, tu sçais mes Vœux,
 Tu connois quel penchant m'entraîne,
 Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
 Pour un seul Baiser de CLIMENE.

III.

*I*l me promet ce doux retour,
 Ma Lire en eut plus de Tendresse;
 Mais vous, CLIMENE, de l'Amour
 Acquitterez-vous la Promesse?



CUPID's Promise,

PARAPHRASED.

SOFT CUPID, wanton, am'rous Boy,
The other Day mov'd with my Lyre,
In flatt'ring Accents spoke his Joy,
And utter'd thus his fond Desire.

II.
Oh! raise thy Voice, One Song I ask,
Touch then th' harmonious String,
To THYRSIS easy is the Task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.
Two Kisses from my Mother dear,
THYRSIS, thy due Reward shall be;
None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
PARIS has vouch'd this Truth for me.

IV.
I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone
That brightest CLOE rules my Breast,
I'll sing thee Two instead of ONE,
If Thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

V.

One Kiss from CLOE's Lips, no more
 I crave: He promis'd me Success;
 I play'd with all my Skill and Pow'r,
 My glowing Passion to express.

VI.

But Oh! my CLOE, beauteous Maid,
 Wilt thou the wish'd Reward bestow?
 Wilt Thou make good what Love has said,
 And, by Thy Grant, His Power show?

Truth *and* Falshood.

A T A L E.

ONCE on a Time, in Sun-shine Weather,
 FALSHOOD and TRUTH walk'd out together,
 The neighb'ring Woods and Lawns to view,
 As Opposites will sometimes do.
 Thro' many a blooming Mead They past,
 And at a Brook arriv'd at last.
 The purling Stream, the Margin green,
 With Flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal Scene,
 Invited each itin'rant Maid
 To rest a while beneath the Shade;
 Under a spreading Beach they sat,
 And pass'd the Time with Female Chat;
 Whilst each her Character maintain'd;
 ONE spoke her Thoughts, the OTHER feign'd.

At length quoth FALSHOOD, Sister TRUTH,
 For so She call'd her from her Youth,
 What if, to shun yon sultry Beam;
 We bathe in this delightful Stream;
 The Bottom smooth, the Water clear,
 And there's no prying Shepherd near?—
 With all my Heart, the Nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy Robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the Skin,
 And with a Spring leapt headlong in.
 FALSHOOD more leisurely undrest,
 And laying by her taudry Vest,
 Trick'd herself out in TRUTH's Array,
 And cross the Meadows tript away.

From this curst Hour, the FRAUDFUL Dame
 Of sacred TRUTH usurps the Name,
 And with a vile, perfidious Mind,
 Roams far and near to cheat Mankind;
 False Sighs suborns, and artful Tears,
 And starts with vain, pretended Fears;
 In Visits, still appears most wise,
 And rolls at Church her Saint-like Eyes;
 Talks very much, plays idle Tricks,
 While rising Stock * her Conscience pricks;
 When being, poor Thing, extremely gravel'd,
 She Secrets ope'd, and all unravel'd.
 But on She will, and Secrets tell
 Of *John* and *Joan*, and *Ned* and *Nell*,
 Reviling ev'ry one She knows,
 As Fancy leads, beneath the Rose.

* SOUTH-SEA, 1720.

Her

Her Tongue so voluble and kind,
 It always runs before Her Mind;
 As Times do serve She flily pleads,
 And copious Tears still shew her Needs,
 With Promises as thick as Weeds.——
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
 To-day a *Saint*, to-morrow *Devil*.

Poor TRUTH she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely *Maid*,
 Who scorning from her Cause to wince,
 Has gone stark-naked ever since;
 And ever *Naked* will appear,
 Belov'd by *All* who *Truth* revere.

Engraven on Three-Sides of an *Antique-*
Lamp, given by me to Lord HARLEY:
 MAT. PRIOR.

ANTIQUAM hanc Lampadem
 è Museo COLBERTINO allatam,
 Domino HARLEO inter *Κεμήλια* sua
 Reponendam D. D. MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

This Lamp which PRIOR to his HARLEY gave,
 Brought from the Altar of the CYPRIAN-Dame,
 Indulgent Time, thro' future Ages save,
 Before the Muse to burn with purer Flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
 Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
 I fove casto vigil HARLEANAS
 Igne camœnas.



S O N G S

Set to *Musick* by the most eminent MASTERS.

I. Set by Mr. *A B E L*.

READING ends in Melancholy,
 Wine breeds Vices and Diseases,
 Wealth is but Care, and Love but Folly,
 Only Friendship truly pleases :
 My Wealth, my Books, my Flask, my *Molly*,
 Farewel all, if Friendship ceases.

II. Set by Mr. *PURCEL*.

WHITHER would my Passion run,
 Shall I fly Her, or pursue Her?
 Losing her I am undone,
 Yet would not gain Her to undo Her.

Ye

III.

Ye Tyrants of the human Breast,
Love and Reason! cease your War,
And order Death to give me Rest;
So each will equal Triumph share.

III.

III. Set by Mr. *DEFESCH*.

I.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye flie me,
With such Rigour in your Eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your Charms I so much prize.

II.

But I plainly see the Reason,
Why in vain I you pursue'd,
Her to gain 'twas out of Season,
Who before the Chaplain woo'd.

IV.

IV. Set by Mr. *SMITH*.

COME weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty Heart;
Think, *Flavia*, we may meet again,
As well as that we now must part.

II.

You sigh and weep, the Gods neglect
 That precious Dew your Eyes let fall;
 Our Joy and Grief, with like Respect
 They mind, and that is, not at all.

III.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
 As if they did regard our State;
 They hear, and the Return we find
 Is that no Prayers can alter Fate.

IV.

Then clear your Brow and look more gay,
 Do not yourself to Grief resign;
 Who knows but that those Powers may
 The Pair they now have parted join?

V.

But since they have thus cruel been,
 And could such constant Lovers sever;
 I dare not trust, lest, now they're in,
 They should divide us two for ever.

VI.

Then *Flavia* come, and let us grieve,
 Remembring tho' upon what Score;
 This our last parting Look believe,
 Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet

VII.

Yet should our Sun shine out at last,
 And Fortune without more Deceit
 Throw but one reconciling Cast,
 To make two wandering Lovers meet.

VIII.

How great then would our Pleasure be,
 To find Heav'n kinder than believ'd,
 And we, who had no Hopes to see
 Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

IX.

But say, Heav'n should bring no Relief,
 Suppose our Sun should never rise;
 Why then, what's due to such a Grief,
 We've paid already with our Eyes.



II.

'Tis true, you may with Ais and Pain
 Keep in some Glowings of Desire,
 But still, those Glowings which remain
 Are only Aches of the Fire.

V. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

LET perjur'd, fair *Aminta* know
 What for her Sake I undergo ;
 Tell her, for her, how I sustain
 A ling'ring Fever's wasting Pain ;
 Tell her the Torments I endure,
 Which only, only, She can cure.

II.

But, Oh ! She scorns to hear, or see,
 The Wretch that lies so low as me ;
 Her sudden Greatness turns her Brain,
 And *Strephon* hopes, alas ! in vain :
 For, ne'er 'twas found (tho' often try'd)
 That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

VI. Set by Mr. *S M I T H*.

I.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our Fill,
 Tell me what Pleasure you can find,
 In forcing Nature 'gainst her Will.

II.

'Tis true, you may with Art and Pain
 Keep in some Glowings of Desire ;
 But still, those Glowings which remain
 Are only Ashes of the Fire.

Then

III.

Then let us free each other's Soul,
 And laugh at the dull constant Fool,
 Who would Love's Liberty controul,
 And teach us how to whine by Rule.

IV.

Let us no Impositions set,
 Or Clogs upon each other's Heart :
 But as for Pleasure first we met,
 So now for Pleasure let us part.

V.

We both have spent our Stock of Love,
 So consequently should be free ;
Thirsis expects you in yon Grove,
 And pretty *Chloris* stays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

PHILLIS this pious talk give o'er,
 And modestly pretend no more,
 It is too plain an Art :
 Surely you take me for a Fool,
 And would by this prove me so dull
 As not to know your Heart.

II.

If thou wouldst make two youthful Hearts
 One am'rous Shaft obey ;
 'Twould save thee the Expence of Darts,
 And more extend thy Sway.

III.

Forbear, alas ! thus to destroy
 Thy self, thy growing Pow'r ;
 For that which would be stretch'd by Joy,
 Despair will soon devour.

IV.

Ah ! wound then my relentless Fair,
 For thy own Sake and mine ;
 That boundless Bliss may be my Share,
 And double Glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. *S M I T H*.

WHY *Harry*?, what ails you? why look you so sad?
 To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark
 mad.

'Tis the Mistress, the Friend, and the Bottle, old Boy,
 Which create all the Pleasure poor Mortals enjoy :
 But Wine of the three 's the most cordial Brother,
 For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.



XI. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

MORELLA, charming without Art,
And kind without Design,
Can never lose the smallest Part
Of such a Heart as mine.

II.

Oblige'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her Chains;
While Passion, which her Beauties raise,
My Gratitude maintains.

XII. Set by Mr. *SMITH*.

I.

SINCE my Words, tho' ne'er so tender,
With sincerest Truth express'd,
Cannot make your Heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your Breast:

II.

What will move the Springs of Nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious Creature,
Tell poor *Strephon* what will do.

Do

III.

Do not, *Charmion*, rack your Lover

Thus, by seeming not to know

What so plainly all discover,

What his Eyes so plainly show.

IV.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,

'Tis against your Reason's Laws

Atheist-like (th'Effect perceiving)

Still to disbelieve the Cause.

XIII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

LOVE! inform thy faithful Creature

How to keep his Fair one's Heart ;

Must it be by Truth of Nature?

Or by poor dissembling Art?

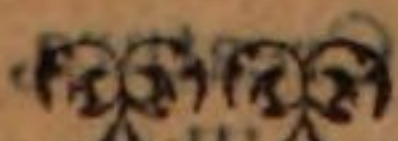
II.

Tell the Secret, shew the Wonder,

How we both may gain our Ends ;

I am lost if we're asunder,

Ever torture'd if we're Friends.





XIV. Set by Mr. S M I T H.

I.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
 Would I had been so still!
 Enjoying sweetest Liberty,
 And roving at my Will.

II.

But now, not Master of my Heart,
Cupid does so decide,
 That two She-Tyrants shall it part,
 And so poor Me divide.

III.

Victoria's Will I must obey,
 She acts without Controul ::
Phillis has such a taking Way,
 She charms my very Soul.

IV.

Deceiv'd by *Phillis's* Looks and Smiles,
 Into her Snares I run :
Victoria shews me all her Wiles,
 Which yet I dare not shun.

V.

From one I fancy ev'ry Kiss
Has something in't Divine ;
And, awful, taste the balmy Bliss,
That joins her Lips with mine.

VI.

But, when with t'other I embrace,
Tho' she be not a Queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a Lass
To tumble on the Green.

VII.

Thus here you see a shared Heart,
But I, mean while, the Fool :
Each in it has an equal Part,
But neither yet the whole.

VIII.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield ::
I find the Time approaches fast,
When both must quit the Field.



XV. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

Farewell, *Amynta*, we must part ;

The Charm has lost its Pow'r,

Which held so fast my captiv'd Heart

Until this fatal Hour.

II.

Hadst thou not thus my Love abus'd,

And use'd me ne'er so ill,

Thy Cruelty I had excuse'd,

And I had love'd thee still.

III.

But know, my Soul disdains thy Sway,

And scorns thy Charms and Thee,

To which each flutt'ring Coxcomb may

As welcome be as me.

IV.

Think in what perfect Bliss you reign'd,

How love'd before thy Fall ;

And now, alas ! how much disdain'd

By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet

V.

Yet thinking of each happy Hour
Which I with Thee have spent,
So robs my Rage of all its Pow'r,
That I almost relent.

VI.

But Pride will never let me bow,
No more thy Charms can move :
Yet thou art worth my Pity now,
Because thou hadst my Love.

XVI. Set by Mr. SMITH.

I.

Accept my Love, as true a Heart
As ever Lover gave :
'Tis free (it vows) from any Art,
And proud to be your Slave.

II.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the Giver live :
Who, with it, would the World have sent,
Had it been his to give.

III.

And that *Dorinda* may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue ;
My Vows shall, ending with the Year,
With it begin anew.

XVII. Set by Mr. *D E F E S C H*.

I.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,

And with kindly chiding Eyes

Faintly says, I shall undo her,

Faintly, O forbear ! she cries.

II.

But her Breasts while I am pressing,

While to her's my Lips I join,

Warm'd she seems to taste the Blessing,

And her Kisses answer mine.

III.

Undebauch'd by Rules of Honour,

Innocence with Nature charms ;

One bids, gently push me from her,

T'other, take me in her Arms.

XVIII. Set by Mr. *S M I T H*.

I.

SINCE we your Husband daily see

So jealous out of Season,

Phillis, let you and I agree

To make him so with Reason.

I'm

II.

I'm vext to think, that ev'ry Night
A Sot within thy Arms,
Tasting the most divine Delight,
Should fully all your Charms.

III.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the Pow'rs Divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A Pearl unto a Swine.

IV.

Then, *Phillis*, heal my wounded Heart,
My burning Passion cool;
Let me at least in thee have Part
With thy insipid Fool.

V.

Let him, by Night, his Joys pursue,
And blunder in the Dark;
While I, by Day, enjoying you,
Can see to hit the Mark.

XIX. Set by Mr. C. R.

I.

PHILLIS, give this Humour over,
We too long have Time abuse'd;
I shall turn an errant Rover,
If the Favour's still refuse'd.

Faith,

II.

Faith, 'tis Nonsense out of Measure,
Without ending thus to see,
Women force'd to taste a Pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

III.

Let not Pride and Folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will Age or Censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

IV.

Never fancy Time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to Wrinkles Tribute pay?

V.

All the Swains on you attending,
Show how much your Charms deserve;
But Miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your Plenty starve.

VI.

While a thousand freer Lasses,
Who their Youth and Charms employ,
Tho' your Beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect Joy.

XX. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

SINCE by ill Fate I'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from those dear Arms;
 Against my Will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing Charms.

II.

Yet still love on, and never fear,
 But you and Constancy will prove
 Enough my present Flame to bear,
 And make me, tho' in Absence, love,

III.

For tho' your Presence Fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing Smart;
 And can, with undiscerned Eyes,
 Behold your Picture in my Heart.

XXI. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

TOUCH the Lyre, every String,
 Touch it, *Orpheus*, I will sing
 A Song which shall immortal be;
 Since she I sing 's a Deity.
 A *Leonora*, whose blest Birth
 Has no Relation to this Earth.

XXII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

IN vain, alas! poor *Strephon* tries
 To ease his tortur'd Breast;
 Since *Amoret* the Cure denies,
 And makes his Pain a Jest.

II.

Ah! Fair one, why to me so coy,
 And why to him so true?
 Who with more Coldness flights the Joy,
 Than I with Love pursue.

III.

Die then, unhappy Lover, die;
 For since she gives the Death,
 The World has nothing that can buy
 A Minute more of Breath.

IV.

Yet tho' I could your Scorn outlive,
 'Twere Folly; since to me
 Not Love itself a Joy can give,
 But, *Amoret*, in thee.

XXIII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

WELL, I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But Self-Conceitedness does reign
In every mortal Mind.

II.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a Sight;
I rage'd, for I could not espy,
Or think that any Harm could lie
Disguise'd in that Delight.

III.

At last, my Wishes to fulfill,
They did their Pow'r resign;
I saw her, but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their Will,
And they not unto mine.

IV.

Yet I by this have learn't the Wit,
Never to grieve or fret;
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least Regret.



XXIV. Set by Mr. C. R.

I.

CHLOE Beauty has and Wit,
And an Air that is not common;
Ev'ry Charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome Woman.

II.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely Face or Feature,
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by Good-nature.

III.

She is always doing good,
Of her Favours never sparing,
And, as all good *Christians* shou'd,
Keeps poor Mortals from despairing.

IV.

JOVE the Pow'r knew of her Charms,
And that no Man cou'd endure 'em,
So providing 'gainst all Harms,
Gave to her the Pow'r to cure 'em.

V.

And 'twou'd be a cruel Thing,
When her black Eyes have rais'd Desire,
Shou'd She not her Bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the Fire.



XXV.

I.

SINCE, *Moggy*, I mun bid Adieu,
 How can I help despairing?
 Let Fate us still pursue,
 There's nought more worth my Caring.

II.

'Twas she alone could calm my Soul,
 When racking Thoughts did grieve me;
 Her Eyes my Trouble could controul,
 And into Joys deceive me.

III.

Farewell, ye Brooks, no more along
 Your Banks mun I be walking:
 No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
 Or pretty *Moggy's* Talking.

IV.

But I by Death an End will give
 To Grief, since we mun sever:
 For who can after parting live,
 Ought to be wretched ever.





XXVI.

I.

SOME kind Angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with Pity at my Pain,
Tell *Corinna*, I am dying,
'Till with Joy we meet again.

II.

Tell *Corinna*, since we parted,
I have never known Delight:
And shall soon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her Sight.

III.

Tell her how her Lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy Day a Year;
Curfing ev'ry Morn returning,
Since *Corinna* is not here.

IV.

Tell her too, not distant Places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with Time and Change of Faces,
E'er shall shake my constant Mind.



XXVII.

I.

HA S T E, my NANNETTE,
My lovely Maid,
Haste to the Bower
Thy Swain has made.

II.

For thee alone
I made the Bower,
And strew'd the Couch
With many a Flower.

III.

None but my Sheep
Shall near us come,
VENUS be prais'd,
My Sheep are dumb.

IV.

Great God of Love,
Take thou my Crook,
To keep the Wolf
From NANNETTE's Flock.

Guard

V.

Guard thou the Sheep,
To her so dear;
My own, alas!
Are less my Care.

VI.

But of the Wolf
If thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us
To call for Aid.

VII.

For with her Swain
My Love shall stay,
Tho' the Wolf strole,
And the Sheep stray.

XXVIII. NELLY.

I.

WHILST others proclaim
This Nymph, or that Swain,
Dearest *Nelly* the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace ev'ry Verse,
I'll her Beauties rehearse,
Which Lovers can't think an ill Thing.

II.

Her Eyes shine as bright
 As Stars in the Night,
 Her Complexion 's divinely fair;
 Her Lips red as a Cherry,
 Wou'd a Hermit make merry,
 And black as a Coal is her Hair.

III.

Her Breath like a Rose,
 It's Sweets does disclose,
 Whenever you ravish a Kiss;
 Like Iv'ry in chase'd,
 Her Teeth are well place'd,
 An exquisite Beauty she is.

IV.

Her plump Breasts are white,
 Delighting the Sight,
 There CUPID discovers her Charms;
 Oh! spare then the rest,
 And think of the best:
 'Tis Heaven to die in her Arms.

V.

She's blooming as *May*,
 Brisk, lively, and gay,
 The Graces play all round about her;
 She's prudent and witty,
 Sings wond'rously pretty,
 And there is no living without her.





S O L O M O N

De Mundi Vanitate,

P O E M A

MATTHÆI PRIOR, Arm^r.

Latine Redditum

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

M.DCC.XXXIV.



EXTRACT

SOLON

De Mundi Nativitate

POEMA

MATTHEI PRIOR, A.M.

Per Guil. Dobson, Not. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

EXTRACT



SCIENTIA:

LIBER PRIMUS.



UDITE, O Gentes ; Linguis Animisque
favete ;

Suadet Amor, veraxque jubet Sapientia
fari,

Quæ mihi sollicito versat sub Pectore Musa,
Vana docens quæcunque agimus, quæcunque putamus,
Quòd septem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
Per Rupestresque Periclorum, Lacrymisque fluentes
Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
Lassatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
Quòdque pari à Cunis sortimur Lege Tumultus
Affectusque leves, Curasque & Inania Rerum ;
Jamque aderit cum summa Dies, Hoc scire erit unum,
Nos omnes (tristi meditor quod dicere Versu)
Gaudia ficta sequi, verisque Doloribus ang.

Pax.

Pax Animi, usque adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
 Vitæ, sic falsò dictæ; Versumque sequacem
 Ludere mobiliter lasciva, Volatilis Umbra,
 Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,
 Credulitasque fovet; mendaci Luce coruscans
 Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignēs.
 O Fons Curarum, captæque Infania Mentis!
 Quòd si forte Deus Te designasset ADAMO,
 Aut unquam Munus tantum indulisset habendum
 Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuisses:
 In nostros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,
 Toto Fonte sinus, plenamque inveteret Urnam.

At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra suprema
 creasset,
 Cum nondum steterat jacto fundamine Terra,
 Decretum est, vanos tentante Cupidine Nifus,
 Ut sine fine petita recederet usque Voluptas.
 Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita suadente Magistra;
 Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile sentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri carissima Proles,
 Deliciæ Populi, Solio sublimis *Ebræo*,
 Augustas *Ædes* tota cum dives *Ophiro*
 Ornâram, famaue extremo Oriente ferebar;
 Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,
 Robore nobilitante artus, Dulcedine vultum;
 Cum mihi lucida Mens foetis Conceptibus aucta,
 Ingenium velox, solidumque vigeret acumen;
 Heus surgas (habita est mecum Sententia) surgas,
 Ut Felix, Meditare; ut sis Magnus, Sapere aude:
 Pectoris exoritur Pax inconcussa Sciendo;
 Nam Scire est ipsi Virtus cognata *JEHOVÆ*.

Hæc

Hæc fatus, veneranda dedi mandata per Urbes :
Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum immensa Corona ;
Historicos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt ;
Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores :
Audieram attentus ; tandem dubitata loquebar :

Per Terras quodcunque Viret, seu Planta, vel Arbor,
Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ sit Natura, quis Ordo,
Me bene nôsse ferunt, ea nostri Fama vagatur,
A Cedro excelsa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
Serpentem ad Muscum, & diffusam Mœnia circum
Hyssopum : tamen ah ! mihi conscius Ipse fatebor
Mille animum implicitos scrutantem eludere Nodos.

Me latet, emissis cur Fagus plurima ramis
Undique luxurians teretem exspatiatur in umbram ;
Dum celsis decrescit Apex sub imagine Coni
Abjetibus, nubes & cuspide scindit acuta :
Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
Augusti capitis varium transmutat honorem ;
Dum gerit æternam Taxus sibi fida Juventam,
Ramo semper eodem, immutatoque colore.
Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha ?
Cur nigrantem animat feliciùs Umbra Cupressum ?
Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque sedem,
Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent ;
Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
Et circum Montes umbracula nectit Oliva ?
Cur Cœlum haud aliud, Locus haud diversus, amictu
Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ora,
Lilia inornatos patitur pallescere vultus,
Cœruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit ?
Cur Carophyllon amat lascivum pandere foli

Tot varios una nascentes stirpe colores,
 Dum sibi dissimilis Tulippa assurgit in auras
 Partitis radiis, duplicique insignis honore ?
 Brachia tortile Jasma, Rosæque rubentia labra
 Mane novo fundunt redolentes prodiga flatus ;
 Narcissus, cum Junquela fragrante, fatetur
 Fortius infusas hausisse à Vespere vires.
 Dicite, sylvestres Foetus, Floresque tenellos
 Unde agit occulti diversa potentia Fati ?
 Cur eadem tellus, cœlum, amnis, spiritus idem
 Ad vitam levat hunc, ad funera deprimit illum ?

Queis oritur Causis, *Animatæ* ut nomine *Plantæ*
 Sensus inest ? sese unde movet, tactumque refugit ?
 Unde sequi imperium faciles didicere capilli,
 Et tremere admotam celeri formidine dextram ?

Per Ripam æstivam vel aquosi gramina prati
 Diversam jactant foliorum millia formam :
 Natali contenta Solo securaque florent,
 Texere nec discunt, operamve insumere curant ;
 Illa tamen clarè ardescunt, ridentque superbam
 Pauperiem nostræ vestis, luxumque minorem.
 Cincta magis nitido flavent Verbascula cultu,
 Quàm Velum, pectus quod adultæ Virginis ambit ;
 Fulgidiorque Rubor clarescit in ore Rosarum,
 Quàm fluitante novi suffusus firmate Sponsi.
 Aspice Liliolum, cui splendor humillimus agris ;
 Cedere si possit Ratione Superbia victa,
 Ipse etiam facto certamine DAVIDE natus,
 Ipse minùs fulget, folio sublimis in aureo,
 Indutus Trabeam & veneranda Insignia regni,
 Quæsitumque decus ; quàm Flosculus iste, decora
 Simplicitate nitens, nudoque illustris honore.

Indi-

Indigenam undarum gentem scrutemur, Amici,
Quo generet more & respiret muta Caterva;
A plebe exigua, quæ lubrica labitur amne
Jordani, sine honore natans, sine nomine turba,
Ipsam ad Balænam, quæ vexans æquora saltu,
Mole ruens ingenti immania corpora volvit,
Irridetque Notum, exercetque in Turbine lusus.
Protinus, inverfo mutatis sedibus anno,
Ut migrant omnes audaciter, agmine facto,
Fluctibus ex strictis, rigidique horroribus Axis,
Tendentes illuc, ubi ridet amicior aer.
Sollicitam ut stimulat sua cuique Scientia curam
Conciliare sinus aptos, lymphasque, cibosque,
Semina complecti, teneramque attollere prolem.

Explorem aerias Gentes, ut quæque struendo
Colligit instrumenta suis accommoda Nidis;
Fingit opus, quale humani vis summa cerebri
Mutabit frustra, vanaque imitabitur arte.
Ut brevibus sobolem tentare volatibus audent,
Discipulo implumi cantus referente paternos.
Cur hoc planitie, sylva Genus illud oberrat:
Cur Tellus proprium fortita est singula foetum.
Ardua Grus, sinuansque fugam quò cedit Hirundo,
Ut fugiant Boreæ fera bella, nivesque ruentes:
An sese in latebris faxorum altisque recondant
Arboribus, somno per tempora certa sepultæ;
An proprioire Malo trepidantes, præpete penna
Mollius ad Cœlum, placidasque ferantur ad oras.

Discemus Pecorumque Insectorumque vagantùm
Mirandum ingenium, variasque ex ordine Gentes;
Seu fera, seu tractanda, Homini vel iniqua vel æqua,
Quantùm Illa aut Nobis, aut Nos cognoscimur Illis?

Vos

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicunque studetis
 Naturæ arcanos intus penetrare recessus,
 Unde docetur Apes se ferre audacibus alis
 Per mille ancipitesque vias, cœlumque profundum.
 Unde fugit lentam visco stagnante paludem,
 Fœcundos visens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba,
 Melliferique expansa recludunt germina Flores.
 Unde indensatis tenebris & Sole cadenti
 Scire potest operæ finem adventare diurnæ?
 Quis docuit ventis pluviisque opponere pectus,
 Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus;
 Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
 Morigeras resonis dantem tinnitibus aures?

Tuque aperi, Cessator iners, æstate ferena
 Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aspera brumæ:
 Ire redire viam repetito sedula cursu,
 Exstruat ut cumulos; plenamque ubi carpsit aristam,
 Unde levi granum prærodit provida morfu,
 Nè, dum terra tegit, rursus radicibus actis,
 Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura?
 Conspicienda patent Insecti utriusque Labore
 Signa Animi manifesta, Ars provida, Spesq; Timorq;

Jamque age, flecte oculos, animumque advorte, recenti
 Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muscamque renatam;
 Vermiculumque humilem, hesterno qui repere cœpit
 Vix sub Sole; tuos, Homo Res vilissima, Fratres.
 More Tui motusque cient, spirantque videntque,
 Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur:
 Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
 Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
 Ovaque dum pariunt, fœtûs promissa futuri,
 Fœcundosque ignes, viresque fatentur Amoris.

Cuique

Cuique sua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Victum,
Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant ;
Sunt Membri & Nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,
Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ postulat Usus ;
Tota licet parvum non æquet Fabrica granum.
Quid nostra exilis Ratio concedere possit
Plus Cete immenso, turrito plus Elephanti,
Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, Hydræ
Cristatæ, caudamque flagellanti Crocodilo,
Quam titulo & forma solum discrimen haberi,
Ut sua cuique datur major structura minorve ?

Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,
Nunc amat effusum Spatium, nunc arctius optat :
Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,
Humani Sensûs modulo indignata teneri.
Latius Objectum, seu se sublimius effert,
Effigiem veram nescit comprehendere Visus :
Sin minus evadat, perstrictum ludit ocellum ;
Confusæ tenebræ, aut lux indivisa videtur.
Disperdunt variatam Æther atque Unda figuram ;
Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.

Dum sic delusa spe, protractoque labore
Naturæ frustra sequimur venerabile numen ;
Illa sub obtecto sedet impercepta recessu ;
Circiter agglomerans se plurima fundit Imago,
Formarumque immensa cohors, quas mystica Diva
Ocyus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,
Cum volet abstrusis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, frænisque Hominis compescere Fastum.

Sævit adhuc mores immitis & effera Tigris,
Carceris impatiens, dentesque in vincla fatigat :

Oblato

Oblato lymphæque & amico munere victûs
 Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repensans,
 Frangere corpus avet, venasque haurire Magistri.
 Dum fervor generosus Equi, viresque Cameli,
 Imparibus faciles se sub juga mittere dextris,
 Dant Equiti flectenda minacia fulmine colla,
 Respondent stimulis, & fræni jussa capeffunt;
 Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
 Pondus amant Domini, & sumptis lætantur habenis.

Quinetiam Vulpes latè incomitata vagatur,
 Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
 Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
 Suspecta humani Generis vestigia vitans:
 At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
 Quanquam illi & species & forma simillima Vulpis;
 Horrentes vitat clivos vallesque reductas,
 Calle pedes iterat trito, & sua tecta requirit;
 Vultibus arridens notis, testatur amorem
 Blanditiis, manditque fatur quod projicit Infans,
 Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magistrum.

Cujusnam impulsu causæ propiore cientur,
 Ardua res, fateor, multis disquirere factis.
 Sunt alia interea, queis perspexisse videmur
 Principia Illorum nihilo discordia nostris;
 Nobiscum fugienda timent, optanda sequuntur;
 Toxicæ dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
 Oderunt & amant ad nostra exempla, sciuntque
 Gratarum Sociis, Hostemque laceffere pugna.
 Quicquid agunt, animo prius instituisse videntur,
 Propositumque apto vestigant tramite finem.
 Scilicet ista errat latè Doctrina, moveri
 Facta Hominum Ratione, Instinctu facta Ferarum.

Nam

Nam quo jure licet diversas fingere causas,
Cum simul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent ?
Quo Ratio Instinctu secerni limite possit ?
Dividit has Doctorum ignara superbia voces,
Dum quæ scire nequit, metuit nescire fateri.

Haud minus insipiens Homo jactat Seque suumque
Imperium, jussis Fera si parere recuset.
Dic age, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu ;
Nonne metu horrescit, ne fortior ira Leonis
Fictitiæ legi sublatum opponeret unguem ?
Annon è Rostro trepidans Orator abiret,
Porticibus subitò irrumpat si fortè reclusis
Aut immanis Hyæna, aut spumans faucibus Urfus ?

Pœnitet incepti Pugnacem serò duelli,
Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur ensis :
Concita dum Zephyro fugit accelerante Carina,
Serò recedentem respectat Navita terram :
Sic serò cupimus contracto ducere fræno
Ardua jam tentantem animum, & sublime volantem :
Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri ;
Magna vocant, vastique ingens patet area campi.

Perpendas animo mecum spatia ætheris ampla,
Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes ;
Sollicitus rogitò, qua causa pendulus Orbis
Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.
Cum reputo, quali Phœbus revolubilis igne
Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur ;
De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes
Effusæ pecudes campos, hominesve frequentent :
Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat

Sub nimium ardenti propioris lumine solis:
An gens ulla ferat, septem subjecta Trioni,
Diram Ursæ feritatem, æternaque vincula brumæ.

Prudentis sed nonne Dei suprema voluntas,
Cuique horum secreta potest concedere dona?
Forfitan ardentes, quibus acrior imminet æstas,
Lene fluens nobis ignota refrigerat aura;
Fortè vident crebris lætantes imbribus agros,
Exultantque novo fœcundi germinis ortu;
Atque vices nostras lugent, quæis fata dederunt
Obliquæ Cœlum toties mutabile Sphæræ;
Ipsi dum certo redeuntem tempore Phœbum
Aspiciunt, paribusque horis recreantur & ardent,
Gaudentes propiore Die; semperque fruuntur
Ignibus haud aliis, & tempestatibus îdem.
Fortè etiam, qui forte domos posuere remota
Ultra *Tartariæ* diffusas latius oras;
Qua parte, extensæ super æquora longa diei
Sex fugiunt rutili porrecto tramite menses;
Mox alii totidem penna nigrante feruntur,
Quos densa horrentes obducunt nocte vapores;
Forte, inquam, Indigenæ, quos ista tulere locorum,
(Quod tradant memores ventura in Sæcula fasti)
Hunc nostrum assiduè mutatis vultibus axem
Postponunt propriis vicibus, totumque per annum
Partibus ex æquo dimensis lucis & umbræ.
Forfitan hunc Solem, stadiis redeuntibus actum,
Contemnunt, tenuis contractum limite gyri,
Mane citum, medioque ex æthere præcipitatum,
Cum superest infecta operis pars magna diurni;
Objiciant nostris quum gentibus, haud sine jure,
Noctis iter subitum, lapsamque fugaciter umbram;
Quòd, graviter fessos quàm sat recreaverit artus

Fœta salute quies, somni nec inutile donum ;
Ante resurgenti cum lumine cura resurgat
Tædia relliquiasque hesterni ferre laboris :
Cùm, simul ipsorum Phœbus se pandat ocellis,
Intrepidis animis semestri luce fruentes,
Ad nemora inde procul secreta, lacusque remotos
Non interruptos audent intendere cursus ;
Et piscaturam venatusque impete longo
Indomiti exercent, indefessoque vigore.
Et fugiente Dies ubi deserit æthera curru,
Collectæque monent hyemem nigrescere nubes,
Frugibus instanti pro tempestate coactis
Undique, sex totos ducunt ex ordine menses,
Discurfu atque opera, strepitu & mœrore soluti,
Queis nostra assidui vexatur Scena laboris :
Instaurant lautas, multa cum lampade, menfas,
Et facili hospitio lætis gratantur Amicis ;
Aut dulces narrant Veneres (ea cura quietis
Unica) dum pendent faciles circum ora puellæ ;
Deliciis aut elati, requievere supini,
(Jucundis vicibus solidæ inter munera pacis)
Diffusam celebrant longa caligine noctem
Plena super poc'la & lecti genialis honores.

Plurima qua Nautis audacibus Insula longè
Panditur, hanc latam procul ultra diffita terram,
Urfa rigens, maculisque aspersæ corpora Lynces
Prædantur valles, sylvamque horroribus implent :
Esuriens Crocodilus & Hydræ sibila colla
Flumine turbato latitant, dumisque sub udis :
Nec rudis ipse minùs brutis Homo, nec minùs asper
Vallesque & sylvam, vepresque & flumina vexat.
Hisne Viris atque his animalibus exit origo
Ilicis à stirpe, aut fœta telluris ab alvo ?

Unde

Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia nasci
Frondifera in *Paradiso*, ortuque unius ADAMI ?
Vel ratibus primas, concede, legentibus oras
Hanc istuc sobolem propiori à littore vectam :
An populus, quorum à patria fluxisse putemus,
Gentibus innocuis cædemque venenaque ferrent ?
An secum veherent Urfas Lynceasque carinis ?
Fœcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram ?
Nempe fore, ut foetam Crocodilen hospita tellus
Acciperet, lætoque sinu nova monstra foveret.

Et quando agrestis penitus ducenda propago
Servato à NOA, clarisque nepotibus exit ;
Unde patrum poterant labi de mente suorum
Quas artes NOE vel quæ præcepta docebat,
Condere semen humo, generosas ponere vites,
Thuriferique pias fanis advolvere flammæ ?
Dum vivit magni proles infauſta Parentis,
Inſcia vel Bacchum premere aut invertere glebam,
Per valles clivosque famis ſolatia quærens,
Arte carens omni, virtutem indocta DEUMQUE.

Deinde ſuper maria ac terras quo more ſequemur
Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus ?
Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant ;
Particulæ rerum fluitant, ſtat ſumma manetque.
Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atq; elementa fatemur,
Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora conſtant,
Quæque novas ſumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans
Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigescit ;
Diffuſa, aſſurgit Sphæræ ulterioris in orbem,
Et guttis ſenſim expansis fluit humidus aer.
Particulæ hæ tenues rursus tolluntur in altum ;
Ardeſcunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem :

Mox

Mox iterum iste ignis, crasso magis aere victus,
Impulsusque deorsum, utero telluris in amplo,
Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis;
Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum:
Aut penetrans venans per magnæ corpora matris
Reliquias veteres alia sub imagine ponit;
Infusa vires resolutas temperat unda
Mollior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Divisa à notis rapiuntur flumina ripis,
Immensumque ferent cumulatae pondus arenæ,
Merfa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corrosus edaci,
Ventorumque minis, descendet ad usque jacentem
Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit:
Planities gradibus surget sublimior æquis,
Quàm steterant olim suprema cacumina montis:
Sic Natura jubet; peraget, quod jusserit, Ætas.

Omnia sic fato lapsos mutante per annos
Aut levia aut onerosa, minuta aut grandia fiunt:
In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympa futuras,
*Pyramidum*que fluet diffusa per aera moles:
Pisonis fluctus ætas ventura requireret,
Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* signa Viator.

Hæ cum sæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur
Immota, tanquam naturæ jusserit ordo;
Ast ubi plus solito fors una vel altera surgat,
Magnificum incipiunt portenti ducere nomen.
Implicitos flexus mens indefessa sequatur,
Et ponat dubios operosa Scientia fines:
An nusquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum?
Alterutrum sumas; par forsitan error utrinque est.

Avulsum

Avulsum trunco ramum, effœtumque flagellum
 Voce statim missa redivivas trudere frondes
 An mirere magis, quàm summi culmina clivi
 Vi brumæ spoliata altisque immerfa pruinis,
 Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,
 Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem?
 Æthere diviso, noctis redeuntibus umbris,
 Ambrosios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,
 An mirere magis, solito quàm pane recentes
 Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires;
 Et semen granumque, solo commissa fideli,
 Addere opes cumulis, & multiplicata renasci;
 Quæque manu parca fulcis modo sparfit arator,
 Mox onerare solum, lætasque effundere messes?

Quæ se cunque igitur dant sensibus obvia nostris,
 Seu vulgata palàm seu mira recondita rerum,
 Legibus à fixis naturæ five solutis
 Proveniant, his perspectis id vincitur, omnem
 Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Causæ.
 Hinc certis gradibus se paulatim altius effert,
 Et longæ ascendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
 Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque necesse est
 Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque supremum,
 Quod stetit à primis, & in ultima sæcula stabit.

Hunc magnum monstrante DEUM Ratione magistra,
 Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte beatum;
 Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis
 Limitibus nostri audemus comprehendere sensûs?
 Ergone congestis volvuntur cuncta sub undis
 Ultra explorati confinia diffusa mundi?
 An DEUS, è tenebris nostrum qui sustulit orbem,
 Hos fluctus aliam jussit secernere terram;

Venturis olim scindenda laboribus arva,
Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes?
Ante revolventis quàm cursus lubricus ævi
Exactis stadiis ter mille peregerit orbes;
Fortè ruent nostri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
Occiduasque artes fascesque ferentur ad oras.

Quà feror ingenti perculsus imagine? quæ Lux
Tanta ferit sensus? quò sacro rapta furore,
Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albescere cerno
Æquora per longè subiecta? En! Insula, sedes
Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;
Justitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
Hic sedes posuere suas; hæc maxima amatae
Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulgit munera terræ.
Ad Zephyros etiam ulteriùs magnam Insula famam
Occidua effundit; classes victricibus armis
Instructas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.
Inter utrosque polos audit resonantia facta,
Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
Intrepidas ducit naves, & carbasa pandit
Intra alios secura *Indos* Orbemque secundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo se nomine quondam
Jactabit) belloque diù famaue vigebit;
Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras:
Extensos felix venerandaque stabit in annos,
Incertasque vices rerum immutata videbit.
Cedent cuncta tamen communi subruta fato;
Ipsa augusta, ingens, morti, licèt ultima, cedit.

Jamque oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
Cœrulei Cœli magna in convexa levemus;

Atrocem in Regis stomachum, Populumque rebellem:
 Aut magni trepidanda refigere iussa TONANTIS,
 Et narrare manu lapsuras fulminis iras,
 Cum ponit supplex animos fastumque Tyrannus,
 Et plorat Populus lacrymosa in veste rebellis.
 Quî Superi possint cœlorum in limite claudi?
 Quî cerni Facies, finis quam nulla coërcet?
 Summa vel ima DEUS, tenet hæc, tenet ista locorum?
 Omnia qui finxit, nonne omnia numine complet?
 O! ubi nigra cohors talem scrutabitur umbram,
 Tam spissam tenebris, Lumen quæ fallat acutum,
 Sublimem Autorem visûs, oculique Parentem?

Angelus intereà quid creditur esse? videtur
 Mens pura? an solidum corpus, seu mollior aër?
 Mentis nulla operum nisi mentibus apta secutæ,
 Pectoribus nostris faciles, animisque propinquæ,
 Internos tantùm motus sub corde cierent,
 Se neque subjicerent externo luminis igni.
 Nonne autem nostri quondam novere Parentes
 Esse illis sensumque dapum, cumque artubus ossa?
 Ni foret, ABRAMUS fessos potuitne lavare,
 Aut SARA jucundis epulis lenire palatum?
 Surgeret unde timor? quò LOTI audacia, captos
 Eripere, & sævum membris arcere furorem?
 Quo more ingressus certamina vera JACOBUS
 Luctantis Seraphini ictus persensit iniquos?
 Qua vi Materiæ potuit se opponere Forma,
 Aut Anima exilis mortalia tangere Membra?

Aëre densato constant, radiisve coactis?
 Unde igitur flectuntque animos, & nostra per auras
 Vota ferunt? ipsos levibus ludibria ventis
 Spargeret auster agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.

An credam indutos (ut sacro carmine fertur)
Materiem veram, solidasque ad corpora vires?
Quî fit (quandoquidem nos æqua forte potitos
Numen idem circum expansis complectitur alis)
Ipsis fortia adhuc florescere lætaque membra,
Dum nostri languent pereuntque doloribus artus?
Cur, Nobis sub valle diù lactantibus ima
Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,
Ipsi perpetuæ producant munera vitæ
Mellifluos inter cantus scenasque virentes?

Mens vaga dum latum circumspicit undiq; Mundum,
Agnoscitque, Nihil se efferre in lumina posse;
Dum surgit paulatim, atque ordine singula lustrat,
Percurrit valles pietas, clivosque feraces
Umbrarum; fontes vivos, minerasque tepentes,
Augustum *Thamesin*, fœcundaque flumina *Nili*:
Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudesque ferasque,
Seu saltus & prata colant, seu littoris oras;
Et mare qui tranant vastum, quique ætheris auras,
Pinnigerum alatumque gregem; Vermemq; pusillum,
Terrarum imbellem Dominum, sub corpore parvo
Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
Jamque superne volans Cœli convexa tuetur,
Ætheraque expansum, quem cœrula gloria vestit
Effusum ingenti spatio, noctisque per umbram
Innumeræ complent immenso lumine Stellæ;
Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui insignibus aucti,
Ordine quisque suo, propter Solia ardua, fido
Grande satellitio stipant latus OMNIPOTENTIS;
Perque omnem rerum seriem, longamque catenam,
Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui semina vitæ
Infudit Toti, legesque & fœdera sanxit:
Qui (Vox quippe operi par est, factoque Voluntas)

E nihilo jussit pulcrum consurgere Mundum ;
 Sæculaue evolvens tanquam spatia arcta diei,
 Instituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
 Et Solem Lunamque suos agnoscere cursus.
 Ille utero à cæco emisit revolubile Tempus,
 Præscriptoque dedit vestigia flectere gyro :
 Ipse suæ gestans tanquam per concava dextræ,
 Ingentis Domini jussa observare paratum,
 Mundi grande Penu, quâ se mensesque diesque
 Effusæque horæ, & breviores temporis omnes
 Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde haud amplius extant.
 Ipse idem & primus rerum & postremus, ad instar
 Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam
 Hanc sphæram effinxit, jussitque effulgere, qualem
 Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.
 At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum ;
 Et sacrum illud opus, stellatum, illustre Volumen
 Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis :
 Terramque extemplò, divulsam à sedibus imis,
 Fluctibus ut fervent tumidis liquefacta metalla,
 Ignibus undantem diffundere——
 Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
 OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
 Dixit ; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
 Cum statuet, jubeat, cessabunt esse : verendum
 Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
 Hoc ingens sacrumque æterna in sæcula Nomen ;
 Hunc juvat enarrare DEUM.——

Mirati mea verba, Senes siluere ; stupentes
 Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
 Respondere nihil, nihil ausi efferre ; pudorem
 Turba filens celare cupit, proditque silendo.
 Dum quidam, gravitas cui vestiit ora serena,

Cui

Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cœpit ;
 Ulteriùs non posse animi contendere vires,
 Discere quàm nostræ felicia dogmata vocis ;
 Esse mei, dictare ; fuique, attendere dictis ;
 Me cunctis simul Imperio Ingenioque priorem ;
 Gentefque attonitas uno fremere ore, disertum
 Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.
 Genua alter flexit, facturus verba ; futura
 Sæcula prospexit nostrum venerantia nomen ;
 Prudentùm ô vivas Tu Prudentissime, dixit ;
 Nil oriturum alias, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii fœcunda parens, ô pestis Honesti
 Suadela artificis linguæ ! tua semina dira,
 Tempestate parùm fausta dextraque nefanda,
 Luxuriante solo Virtutis sparsa, repentè
 Viribus exauctis culta inter splendida surgunt,
 Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Intereà cruciata animos sine honore Caterva,
 Scrutanti mihi muta, ferens ad sydera laudes
 Altius insonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
 Aut quî sic extant, ultrò nescire fatetur,
 Plurima qui novit ; sed cernunt temporis omnes
 Scilicet occulti fatum, eventusque futuros.

Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophistæ
 Commissas verborum acies & inania bella.
 At non *Rabini*, *Logici* non cedere nôrunt ;
 Usque recedentes certant ; campoque relicto
 Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,
 Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem,
 Diversis eadem linguis narrare laborant ;
 Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum

Exponunt ; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
 Artifices voces, & diffona verba Scholarum ;
 Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
 Argutosque Sales Rationi opponere certant.

Nec mora, quin sese studia in contraria scindit
 Discors turba Senum : quod fortiter asserit Ille,
 Hic negat ; hostili lingua sibi quisque vicissim
 Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut premit humanos Caligo miserrima Sensus !
 Quisque novus falsa Specie prætexitur Error,
 Palantesque incerta eludit lucis imago.

Gens hominum infelix ! vestri ex quo sanguinis Autor
 Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram ;
 Ut labem primi soboles imitata Parentis
 Ejusdem repetit veteris vestigia culpæ !
 Turpe patet nimiùm nudatæ infamia Mentis ;
 Cur ita diffusum quærens celare pudorem
 Eloquii tibi vela paras, pictosque colores ?

Blandifluis verbis arridens ore fereno,
 Ægrum dixi animum placido sermone levare ;
 Ast iterum tacitæ conversus in intima mentis,
 Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
 Multùm exploranti frustrà Labor usque recurrit ;
 Quæsiui tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
 Lux nostri an Caligo animi ; stant lancibus æquis :
 Tollitur hæc fursùm, deflectitur illa deorsùm.

Conscia jam demùm Ratio me agnoscere cogit,
 Nos bene scire nihil, dum plurima scire videmur.
 Heu ! sequimur nubes, & tundimus aëra ; menti
 Accumulat

Accumulat curas pacis malefana cupido.
Materiæ finesne datur transcendere Menti ?
Quisve mihi quid sit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat ?
Necquicquam ad cæcos aspirant Lumina tractus,
Quos DEUS æterna jussit caligine volvi :
Scrutator petit usque ; sed effugit usque petitem.
Pars ista exilis, quam nifu addiscimus ægro,
Ulteriora sequi suadet, fallitque sequentem,
Quodque latet, frustra Mens indagare laborat.
Convulsum lacerat Sententia multa cerebrum :
Mutantur mentes ; tamen usque revertitur Error ;
Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.

Quam tenui clausa orbiculo Sapiencia fudat !
Perlustrat terras ; sperat comprehendere cœlum :
Obscuras fessis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
Nunc acri perculsa Diei luce vagatur ;
Latèque expansi supremo à culmine tractûs
Vix, trepidante oculo, vidit eminùs INFINITUM.

Pectore fige memor, sacro ex ardore sciendi,
ADAMO prognate, tuos fluxisse dolores.
Cur vano ulteriùs cursu tibi corda fatigas ?
Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus ;
Dum nifu eluso sudans, vacuoque labore
Expetis ut vitam quæsitâ Scientia pandat ?
Æterno à sacrâ depelleris Arbore fato,
Quam circum ardescunt Gladii, CHERUBESQUE minantur.

VOLUPTAS;



VOLUPTAS:

LIBER SECUNDUS.

I Nunc, disce moras & tædia longa dierum
 Fallere, sollicitæque oblivia ducere Vitæ:
 I facilem jam quære viam, & melioribus usus
 Auspiciis, blandæ felicia dona Salutis
 Gratâ fume manu; Curarum à tramite nigro,
 A vario errorum flexu, quem volvere suadet
 Mens studiosa Boni, vestigia flecte nitentes
 Ad Campos, suavesque locos, quibus itur ad almam
 Lætitiâ, teneros lusus, lentamque quietem;
 Utile securus fugias, ut dulce sequaris:
 Artis opes varias adhibe, sumptusque superbos;
 Et domita Ratione effundat fræna Voluptas.

Hæc mecum——mox, siqua darent solatia Regum
 Divitiæ, effrænisque immensa Superbia Luxus
 Aggredior,———Studia Artificum molesque futuræ
 Excipiunt fessum Curis; jam tecta parabam
 Regia, jamque Hortos; Pisces, Volucresque, Ferasque,
 Quicquid alit Tellus, spatiosa in Claustra recepi.
 Quin nostro peregrina solo viget Arbor, & umbram
 Miratur *Judæa* novam; quâ Sylva virebat,
 Squamigeri ludunt pisces; æquantur opaci

Montes,

Montes, ut major se exporrigat area campo.
 Flumina ducuntur cursus oblita priores,
 Docta novos ; grato seu præcipitata tumultu
 Desuper Unda cadit, five eluctatur in altum
 Sculptile per marmor, vivoque erumpit ab auro.
 Visceribus latè spoliatis, ultima mittit
Africa marmoreas rupes ; jamque ardua Turris
 Attingit cœlos, stant vastâ mole Columnæ
 Suppositæ spisso nemori, & pendentibus hortis.

Instant Artifices operi ; Pariesque nitescit
 Illusus Calamo, Turrique inducitur Aurum :
 Discolor hîc variis nitet intertexta lapillis
 Area ; substrata hîc folio calcatur Jaspis.
 Ipsa etiam Cedrus, centum quæ viderat Annos
 Vertice sublimi, nemoris Regina, peritam
 Artificis confessa manum, laquearia fingit ;
 At raptos *Lebanus* sylvarum mœret honores.

Mille Fabri coëunt, & eburnam ad fydera turrim
 Mirum opus, educunt : percurrunt pectine telas
 Mille simul Nymphæ, fucataque vellera carpunt,
 Dulce tori thalamique decus ; dum murice rapto
 Non habet ipsa *Tyrus* mentitos unde colores
 Lana bibat : Montesque *Afri*, *Parii*que queruntur
 Marmoris avulsas usque à penetralibus imis
 Radices ; nec jam ulterius sua Saltibus *Indis*
 Bellua jactatur, niveique Superbia dentis.

Jamque aderam immensi cupidis miracula Sumptus
 Percurrens oculis ——— vidi, indoluique videndo.
 Pœnituit moles nimium accelerâsse superbas ;
 Namque Opere extracto fugit ambitiosa Voluptas.

Anxietas infesta novas volitavit ad Ædes,
Et Dolor auratum circà Laqueare pependit.
Quid juvat ah! Thalami Splendor? quid purpura?
grandi

Sæpe toro infomnis membra irrequieta rotabam :
Hæsit adhuc mala Cura, animum comitata fugacem,
Limitis impatiens, & certæ nescia fedis,
Noctes atque dies vexans ; lentoque per hortos
Incedens passu, vestigia pressit eunti,
Ambagesque viarum, altosque secuta recessus.

Quin age, pande Sinus : aliis nova gaudia quære
Artibus ; explora quid amabile præbeat Auris,
Hærentes si fortè sua dulcedine curas
Musica dispellat ; si Carmina blanda dolores
Eripiant Animo. Cecinerunt sæpe Poetæ
Ipsa lyræ cantu mansuescere corda Ferarum ;
Hoc suadente, Lupos torvum posuisse furorem
Spumantesque Urfas ; ad Carmina stare Leones
Attentos pendente jubâ ; Lynceæque stupentes
Irarum oblitos, Citharædi lambere crura.
An tribuit Natura Feris minus aspera Corda ?
Nonne etiam nostræ mulcentur carmine Curæ ?

Ut dederam mandata, ad partes consona Turba
Quisque suas properat ; resonantia temperat Æra
Dulce melos Citharæ : tenuem dat Dorica vocem
Tibia lene sonans ; reddit grave buccina murmur ;
Et misto raucarum unà clangore Tubarum
Suaviùs argutos modulatur Fistula cantus.
Mane agiles Numeri lentum excussere Soporem ;
Exortum cecinere diem, Solemque recentem :
Et fera optatas cum Nox induxerat umbras,

Suafe-

Suaferunt faciles molli dulcedine Somnos :
Necquicquam : ipsa novo pertentant Carmina luctu
Ægrum Animum, & tacitis curis fomenta ministrant.
Lætus quippe Sonus filo leviores resultans
Ocyus it, summamque fugax prælabitur aurem ;
Chorda gravis ferit ima animi, mœstumque dolorem
Incutit, atque altum figit sub pectore vulnus.

Jamque agitans mœstè mecum, quàm languet ocelli
Imbecilla acies, vidi ; quàm incerta vagatur,
Utque novas quærit species spernitque paratas
Instabilis ; piget heu ! piget advertisse, sed aurem
Adverti miseram simili languescere morbo ;
Illa etiam inconstans, brevibus satiata sonorum
Deliciis, fugit auditos, optatque recentes.

Continò Juvenes cultos se adjungere lectis
Virginibus jussi, numerisque aptare Choreas.
Frustra ! Compositos redeuntesque ordine certo
Culpabam motus, passosque infana querebar
Jura pedes : Artem observans Natura magistram
Imperio indecori paret, turpique laborat
Servitio ; Indignor tantum potuisse protervi
Artificis digitos agiles, nervumque sonantem.

Indulsi Cyathis ; rabies mera ; clamor ineptus,
Vanaque lætitiæ raptim fugientis Imago.
Credulus ah nimium ! speravi pocula mœstum
Posse animum lenire, atraque avertere Curas.
Post Ludos fera jam nocte licentiùs actos
Incertus Sopor, interruptaque Somnia turbant ;
Jamque ubi mane novo radiis victricibus alma
Dispulerat Ratio simulacra fugacia noctis ;
Quid facere & fari suaferunt pocula, mecum

Volvi animo ; quales & quo de fonte Lepores
 Fluxerunt, reputans. Rîsus, Jocus ille, solutos
 Qui movit, læta circum plaudente corona,
 Forfitan Ingenii nugis ab inanibus ortum
 Duxerat, ambiguo lusu, vel imagine falsa,
 Improbabilive lyræ numeris, cantuque protervo,
 Casta quibus metuat violari ffordibus auris.
 Forfitan heu ! nimium lepidos movere cachinnos
 Infelix Vitium, incauti levis Error Amici,
 Quæque palàm fari Sapiens & Candidus ultrò
 Parceret, & densa velaret honestius umbra.

Quinetiam infidis Cyathis conferta malorum
 Agmina cæca latent ; hinc linguæ effusa Venena
 Præcipitis, vanis nunquam revocanda querelis.
 Sæpius incauto pronum devolvier ore
 Responsum torquetur atrox, spargitque vicissim
 Infanas lites, alienaque jurgia Siccis.

Adde etiam exhaustas vini quòd largior usus
 Sanguinis attenuat vires, carpitque Salutem.

Ah ! miserum ! rabies quem cæca atri que dolores
 Diversis hinc inde malis involvere certant !
 Heu ! sperat Curarum haurire oblivia ; nescit
 Intereà sævo confidere funditùs haustu
 Morborum omne genus ; lentæ intolerabile pondus
 Desidiæ, Errores Animi, Cerebrique natantis
 Somnia, quæ passu sequitur mors tarda silenti :
 Nec videt innexis circùm cratera corollis
 Lethiferosque Angues, atraque latere Colubras.

Ecquid inexpertum restat, quod pectoris ægri
 Mulceat insanos æstus, Curasque resolvat ?
 Restat Amor : propera, salientibus imbibe venis

Spem

Spem lætam, blandosque accende Cupidinis ignes ;
Hanc tandem extremam ne parce adhibere medelam
Liberiore animo, totasque exquirere vires.

Quis malus hic languor ? vel quæ tam fera moratur
Segnities ? rapienda Animus cur gaudia differt ?
Quin agite ô fidi citius properate ministri,
Lætitiæque alacres optata adducite dona.
Omnis Amicarum cœtus Sponsæque frequentes
Indutæ nitidos, celebrent convivia, cultus ;
Quas plaga nostra tulit, quas extera regna, volentum
Munera seu Regum fuerint, seu præmia Martis.
Ordine quæque suo nostri studiosa favoris
Prodeat, & meritam referet Pulcherrima palmam.

Hæc ubi dicta, onerant menfas, cyathosque coronant ;
Unà omnes studiis que favent, fremituque secundo :
Nec mora, progreditur Nympharum splendidus Ordo :
Ante alias Una arripuit tenuitque morantes
Ardentesque oculos : memori quàm pectore fervo
Semina nascentis flammæ, dulcesque dolorum
Primitias ! Virgo plenis jam nubilis annis,
Gentis erat *Phariæ* : quæ læti gratia vultûs
Spirabat ! quæ forma ! ut mollia membra movebat,
Incessu facili gressus ornata decoros !
Pectore candenti teretes tumuere papillæ,
Nec Zona cohibente : fluebat nigra soluto
Cæsaries nodo, multoque errabat in orbe
Per nitidos diffusa humeros & lactea Colla.

Ore avido intuitus Nympham, placidoque beatus
Vulnere, adeste (inquam) nascentem augete Sodales
Lætitiâ, mollique toro properate recentes
Accumulare rosas, dum prodiga veris odori

Copia deficiat ; lasciva in tempora Myrrhæ
 Lacrymulas suavemque Electri fundite rorem,
 Fundite opes *Arabum* varias : date carmen amicum,
 Et pulsate lyram fidibusque adjuncta canoris
 Tympana ; Tuque ades, ô formæ pulcherrima Virgo,
 Tu, cujus rosea ora & clari fulgur ocelli
 Delicias spirant, toto quas pectore Princeps
 Exoptat : palmam referas, atque annue votis.
 O Virgo ante alias, quam regius ardet Amator,
Eum qui sceptrâ quatit metuenda per orbem !

Sic fatus, Solioque simul delapsus ab aureo,
 Passu humili accedens, oblatis pignus amoris
 Tendebam supplex ; altæque Insignia Frontis
 Exutus, Nymphæ crines ornare parabam,
 Sollicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.
 O Virgo dilecta (iterumque iterumque rogabam)
 Indue, quam merita es, palmam, & spectanda decoræ
 Præmia frontis habe ; Sociis prælata puellis
 Splendebis ; Sociæ peragent tua jussa puellæ.
 Surge age, deliciæ ; sequere ô mea sola voluptas !

Protinus heu ! quantus dolor ingruit ! ut furor ardens
 Invasit sensus, & perculit intima cordis ;
 Cum fertum abjecit Virgo, fastuque modesto
 Tristior, avertens candentia colla, refugit !

Luçantem jussit celare Superbia curam ;
 Ægrum animum queror, & somni Solatia posco :
 Mox Epulas medias dejectâ fronte reliqui
 Sollicitus ; fidæque dedi mandata Cohorti,
 Qui servant nostras veteri de more puellas,
 Ut ducant Nympham thalami in secreta, torisque
 Ornatis Dominum instantem sperare juberent.

Anxius

Anxius atque moræ impatiens (Amor Iraque mentem
Præcipitant) Nympham sequor indefessus iniquam ;
Accessi donisque petens precibusque fatigans,
Imbellesque iterum gemitus & mollia vota
Turpiter effudi ; querulo jam murmure supplex,
Elatâ mox voce minans : neglectaque dona
Ante pedes iterum posui ; seu mallet Amoris
Cedere deliciis, seu certæ occumbere morti.

Illa sed invictas aures inimica tenebat ;
Et paulum avertens, irâ mistoque dolore,
Occupat, Hic ille est SOLOMON ? totumque per orbem
Hæc memorata adeo magni Sapientia Regis ?

Te coram hoc imbelles vides horrescere corpus ;
Id Fortuna potest ; nescit mens libera frangi ;
Victorisque minas & inania vincula temnit.

Te Fama est, Vatum Princeps, Te posse Deorum
Abdita, naturamque Hominum, moresque Ferarum
Pandere ; Te docto sermone exponere cæci
Ut turbant animum affectus, utque arbitra fluctus
Componit Ratio ; arrectæque edicere turbæ
Quo veniant de fonte & Amara & Dulcia Vitæ :
Grande Tibi Imperium efferri, mundique capacem
Latiùs expatiari animum ; Teque optima lætos
Per populos dare jura. Ubi nunc celebrata potentis
Vis animi, dubiisque sagax Prudentia rebus ?
Heus ubi nunc, Judex Populi venerande, vagatur ?
Quid tibi mens agitat ? quid jam meditaris ? Amorem ?
Res Amor incerta est : hac unâ ab origine luctus
Gaudiaque exundant ; varios hinc Vita colores
Induitur ; tristisque dies vel candidus ibit,
Explicat ut facilis vel contrahit ora Cupido.

Ille

Ille pius sanctusque excelsi DAVIDIS Hæres
 Ancillam, Ignotamque, & sacra aliena colentem,
 Ad summi veneranda Tori fastigia ducet ?
 Aut concede tuâ periisse hæc nomina flammâ,
 Atque instar lethi discrimina tollere Amorem ;
 Dum tamen indomitas misero sub pectore vires
 Exercet, Tu sola Deum per vulnera sentis ;
 Sæviet implacatus adhuc ; frontem usque severam
 Contrahet, atra mei nisi vincant nubila Rîsus.

Sponte sua surgens Amor, ut radicibus Arbos
 Partitis, gemino vires de pectore ducit,
 Æqua utrinque alimenta trahens ; dum pectora flammæ
 Utraque dant similes, & mutua gaudia miscent.
 Donec Spes foveat jucunda & læta Voluptas,
 Germina se expandunt viridantia, prodiga multis
 Floribus, & circum suaves funduntur odores.
 Pabula fin blanda hæc defint, hic mutuus ardor
 Deficiat ; languet collapsa vertice Planta,
 Nudaque Spe, lento confecta dolore, recumbit.

Vi sævâ vinc'lisque immitia corda ferarum
 Vincimus : expugnant Humanum Mollia pectus.
 Nil profecturas age fortiter exere vires,
 Irâ animum satians ; nec inania gaudia speres
 Virgine ab invitâ ; spolies licet invidus arva,
 Non messem referes optatam. En ! aspice regni
 Quam tibi sint arcti fines : Te torva tuentem
 Judæi metuant, patriâque superbus in Aulâ
 Se jactet SOLOMON : sed lætâ fronte petendus
 Mollis Amor ; folium lentis accede verendum
 Passibus ; utque abeas felix, assuesce placere.

Nil

Nil tamen hîc artes poterunt præstare placendi :
 Est mihi, qui dudùm sibi me devinxit ; amores
 Abstulit Ille meos : nec Jussa minæque feroces
 Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris
 Mecum iniit Juvenis : junxit data dextra vicissim
 Concordes ; neque vana animos fiducia fallet.
 Ad superas arces se mutua vota ferebant,
 Cœlituumque Cohors libratam utrinque bilanci
 Spectavere fidem, lætùm plaudentibus alis,
 Fœdera que æternis servârunt condita fastis.

Quin age, jam gladius præcordia transeat ; aufer
 His oculis dudùm contemptæ munera lucis :
 Me moriente tui malefanos pectoris ignes
 Extinguas, sævæque odium immutabile Nymphæ ;
 Sanguis enim errantes animato in corpore venas
 Dum movet, extremusque regit mihi spiritus artus,
 (Obtestor metuenda *Ægypti* Numina) sævis
 Te sequar usque odiis ; Tu spe languebis ademptâ.

Quin ferias, inquit ; nudumque ad vulnera pectus
 Exposuit : memoretur in ultima sæcula fastis
 Judaicis, Stimulante libidine, DAVIDE natum
 Sanguineâ jugulâsse manu, sua gaudia, servam.

Mox lecto exiliens, trepidus victusque pudore,
 Sic mecum : heu ! nimio languescens pectora luxu,
 Exere te, SOLOMON, lapsamque recollige mentem ;
 Tecum agita, & taciti nascentur sponte dolores.
 Per longam annorum seriem cum vana voluptas
 Spes avidas umbra duxit fugiente, (superbum
 Sic Fortuna animum illudit) quod pectore toto
 Optavi impatiens, habet improba Nympha, negatque.
 Ergone me Regem *Judæi*, mene fatentur

Gentes ?

Gentes ? & mea vox trepidantia flamina vitæ
 Conservat dirimitque, ancillam corpore flexo
 Dum veneror, ridetque meas Virguncula vires ?

An rapiam invitam ? fugiat tam turpis Imago !
 Hoc prono pecori Me æquaverit. — Anne remittam ?
 O ! quas ad terras, atque hei mihi, cujus in ulnas ?
 Illuc quæ SOLOMON nunquam vestigia figet ;
 Brachia quæ Juvenis ferventia pandet amatus,
 Cui servans decus Illa suum, munera spernit.

Improbe Amor, quales misero de corde triumphos
 Sævus agis ! quam triste jugum ! quam cuspis iniqua !
 Illæsus vivit, qui fræna audire recusat ;
 Et lacerant fidos asperrima vulnera servos.

En ! Tibi *Judææ* Princeps dat colla ; quid optes
 Nobilius ? spolia unde magis memoranda reportes ?
 Cur Nympha usque adeo sævam intractabilis aurem
 Obstruit oranti, neque regia vota moratur ?
 Nescio quem vilem populi de sæce Bubulcum
 Cur petit, ardentesque amplexus DAVIDE nati
 Contemnit ? demens, quæ Principis atria spernat,
 Quæ pompam inter, opesque effusaque gaudia lætus
 Regnat Amor. Casa nimirum, Casa fordida, summo
 Monte tremens, ventis sævoque obnoxia coelo,
 Avocat ; hinc vivos compescet pectoris ignes
 Res angusta domi, veneremque extinguet egestas.

Ah nimis ! imperium viresque fatentur Amoris
 Sollicitæ Gentes, fanis quæ numen adorant :
 Gnara Dei vultus vivo de marmore ducit
Græcia, vel fuso spirantem ostendit in auro ;
 Quem *Cyprus* colit, atque aris imponit honorem.

Arcum

Arcum dextra minax gestat, lævoque pharetra
Ex humero latus ad medium demissa, sagittas
Sustinet, immitis lacrymosa Insignia regni.
Infidet ala duplex humeris, quas Ille fugaces
Jam movet accelerans ; reduces mox flectere gaudet ;
Huc, illuc, utcunque animum regit aura protervum.
Sic mihi, sic sese Deus obtulit improbus, ex quo
Jam primùm visâ concepi Virgine flammæ.
Transfixit pectus, celerique avertitur alâ ;
Dira hominum pestis ! pereant, precor, aspera tela,
Quæ fixere meo tantum sub pectore vulnus !
O ! utinam mea vota fugam tardare valerent !
Lassatus trepides, pennâ languenti moreris,
Ni cursum huc teneas, versamq; reducere Nympham
Approperes, ægro meditans solatia Regi.

Dum luctantem animam premerent hæc vincula,
Nymphæ
Heu ! frustrâ cupidam, meditantem obliviam frustrâ ;
Hinc Ratio admonuit, sed fortiùs instat illinc
Sævus Amor : fluitante animo, mutabar in horas.
Curarum indomitus cum tandem involveret Æstus
Spe nudum, vici cedendo obstantia Fata.
Longa Dies curas paulatim absterfit eundo,
Collectasque iterum Sapientia duxit habenas.

At brevia heu ! longos abrumpunt otia luctus ;
Tarda venit requies ; celeri pede Cura recurrit.
Altera mox Virgo (sic invida fata volebant
Pascere idem in venis aliâ sub imagine vulnus)
Altera formosas Virgo comitata cohortes,
Quas inter vacuas fallebam suaviter horas,
Ante alias semper sese obtulit impigra, Jussa
Præveniens, motusque oculi servabat herilis ;

Abra

Abra (hoc nomen erat) comes adstitit usque parato
Obsequio ; prima accessit, postrema reliquit.

Abra animo vigili prævertit verba vocantis,
Et quamvis aliam accirem, tamen adfuit *Abra*.

Sollicito ardentem studio videre puellam
Jamdudum æquales: risum officiosa movebat
Sedulitas ; me verò haudquaquam infueta videntem
Impatiens labor iste operosaque Cura latebat.
Dum tandem admonuit Fama, insolitosque ministræ
Ipse etiam sensi fervere conscius ignes.

Cum Sol occiduum pronus jam sparserat ignem,
Tranquillâ sub nocte negotia longa diei
Diluere, atque animo volui dare fessus habenas,
Fæmineis secreta fovens convivium tectis.

Accumbens purgare manus lustralibus undis
(Sic veneranda jubent legum mandata) parabam.

Abra suas tum fortè vices fortita, recentem
Rite dabat lympham & dulces miscebat odores.

Mox humiles demissa genas & supplice passu
Lenta aderat Virgo, pronoque in vertice dulces
Infundens latices, trepidabat corpore toto.
Jamque meos inhians vultus ardensque tuendo,
Conscia mox oculos raptim revocabat, & imo
Necquicquam obluētans suspiria corde trahebat.
Unde, inquam, innocuæ veniant tibi, Nympha, dolores?
Curarum vanâ cur ludis imagine ? Vitæ
Secreto sic calle latens, Tu pectoris æstus
Nostin' ? Tu curasque & gaudia, spesque metusque ?
Nimirum tuto sub pectore, blandula Virgo,
Cor tibi molle latet, Veneris neque palpitat ictu.

Erubuit,

Erubuit, linguâ titubante locuta ; Pudorque
Ornavit fractam vocem & trepidantia verba.

Supplicis ancillæ series miseranda dolorum
Si fortè attentas intrabit Principis aures,
Ah ! ne, dum referat, vultum indue, quo trepidantes
Per populos das jura ; Superciliique minacis
Absint horrentes rugæ, frontisque verenda
Majestas ; & amica exporrige mitiùs ora.

Est mandare Tuum ; mihi Jussa capeffere fas est :
Et quanquam ah ! renovem crudelia vulnera fando ;
Si modò Tu facilem vultum præbere querenti
Digneris, luctus si Rex miseretur obortos,
Perfruar his lacrymis & fundam fræna dolori.

Te, Tellus, & Vos, ô conscia sydera, testor,
Celari neque enim fas est ; incendor amore :
Si sit amor, venis effrænem agitare furorem,
Et sine Spe miserum nutrire in pectore vulnus.

Magne Parens, animas hominum qui numine torques
Occulto, varioque doces se flectere motu ;
Cur blanda avertens morbo medicamina, tantis
Abjungis spatiis causam finemque dolorum ?
Ille, meo sævos qui pectore suscitât ignes,
Splendentique oculo neglectam heu ! perculit *Abram* ;
Obscurâ si stirpe satus, si Patre Bubulco
Vixisset Custosve boum, pecorisve magister ;
Manè comes summos superâram sedula montes,
Ardentesque æstus temnens, brumamque rigentem ;
Usque rogans, mediam quâ falleret arbore lucem.
Ille ubi nocte domum speratus venerat hospes,
Condideram dulci convivium inempta labore ;
Anxia & impatiens, humilis de culmine tecti,

Obvia venturo misissem ardentia longè
 Lumina per campos; trepida inter spemque metumque,
 Gaudia dum secum ferret rediviva, canisque
 Blandulus adventum Domini monstraret amati.
 Illum Ego, cervici teneræ nudisque papillis
 Acclinem, dulces suassem carpere fomnos:
 Et capite à molli, Phœbi redeuntis ad ortum,
 Sollicita elapsum subducere lene lacertum,
 Exieram, fœtus stabulo missura coactos,
 Et Pecori blanda, & Pastoris amica quieti.

Sin vultu meliore Deus, flammæque benignus,
 (Nec mihi vana fides tam puram in pectora flammam
 Cœlitus immitti) natalem ornaverat horam
 Splendore imperii & Proavorum Stemmata longo,
 Cor impunè altum se evexerat, & mea vota
 Spirâram faciles dilecti in Principis aures.

Sic nata, attigeram has terras prior ipsa *Sabæâ*
 Principe, spectandum Formâ magis omnibus unum
 Lustratura Virum; molles avidâ aure Poetæ
 Exceptura sonos & ab ore fluentia mella.
 Libassem simul à roseis redolentia labris
 Oscula, quæ dulces vicissent thuris odores.
 Ut vultus atque ora Viri laudare juvâset
 Singulaque eximiae miracula pingeræ formæ!
 Quam radii mites oculorum? solis ad instar,
 Pura repercussos ignes cum temperat unda!
 Quam rubet aureus ora; finumque argenteus albet!
 Flexibus intorti placidis nigredine crines
 Cornicis plumam exsuperant; certare labellis
 Coccineus metuat rubor, Hesperiumque corallum,
 Ut dentes nitido stant ordine, more coevi
 Jam tonfi Gregis, emerisque à flumine vivo,
 Candida in aprico ficcantis vellera saxo!

Sapphiris ut siquis ebur rutilantibus ornet,
 Vena super niveam turgescens cærulea dextram
 Effulget. Quas Crura ostentant fortia vires,
 Quamque decora nitent, Parias imitata Columnas!
 Ut toto attollit se corpore! surgit in auras
 Palmæ instar, pinuque caput sublimior effert.
 Suavè crocum redolent Vestes Myrrhamque fluentem,
 Et caput ambrosii circùm jactantur odores.
 Quid loquor aut ubi sum? heu! infelix, infcia Virgo!
 Quin morere ô! morere *Abra*; eheu nimis ausa fateri
 Quam Tibi Cor ardens aspirat Principis alto
 Misceri amplexu, ferosque beare nepotes;
 Plaudente ut populo Te illustret regia Proles,
 Felicemque novis jactes SOLOMONIBUS alvum.

Hic lacrymis lingua interrupta filescit obortis;
 Curarum ô tristes series! malefana Puella!
 Cor mihi, multa dolens nuper, nova spicula temnit;
 In me frustrâ alii meditentur vulnus ocelli.
 Hei mihi! adhuc altè cruciatis sensibus hæret
 Hærebitque diu vetus atque horrenda Cicatrix,
 Et *Pharium* vinc'lum spretique injuria voti.

Quum penitens (dixi) poterit volventibus annis
 Principis opprobrii vanescere tristis Imago;
 Alta iterum in summâ Ratio dominabitur arce,
 Atque iterum SOLOMON lapsos revocabit honores.
 Luferit Affectus, seu Marte subegerit Hostis,
 Cautior intendat totos Sapientia nervos,
 Servatâque semel metuat virtute relabi.

Abra sed interea——quæsitâ accedere ad ora
 Sæpiùs indulgi; nam sic Clementia suavit
 Ancillæ miseros paulùm lenire dolores.
 Verus Amor vultuque animoque ardente patebat;

Tangimur & veros ultrò miseresчимus ignes.
 Assiduam blandâ spectavi fronte ministram;
 Et semper studiosam accedere, sæpe vocavi.
 Inque dies jam Nympha magis dilecta magisque
 Paulatim in venas tacitum insinuavit amorem.

Sera ubi fæmineis agerem convivia tectis,
 (Jam tum sola dedi leviuscula tempora Nymphæ)
 Illius à dextrâ pomorum gratia major,
 Illius à dextrâ meliùs sapuere Placentæ.
 Sed pomis decessit odor, dulcedo placentis,
 Constructas nisi blanda epulas ornaverat *Abra*:
 Necquicquam vinum rutilanti ardebat in auro,
 Ridentem nisi blanda admoverat *Abra* liquorem.
 Carmina miscerent cum vespertina Puellæ
 Æquantes parili citharæ modulamina cantu;
 Languidiùs Vox illa, argutiùs illa sonabat,
 Altera inops artis, nimis altera prodiga visa est;
 Nec placuere mihi numeri, nisi funderet *Abra*
 Sola melos: Sociis prælata, insignior ibat;
 Nec tenuis nitidos comitata est gloria cultus.
 Arctiùs ut crines cohibebat splendida Vitta,
 Pulcrior emicuit contractæ gratia frontis;
 Utque tumescebant nive candidiora, Pyropi
 Pectora vicini commendavere rubores:
 Baccatæ armillæ teretes auxere lacertos,
 Et varii varium decus incendere lapilli.
 Quin magis ut placuit, magis hinc studiosa placendi
 Gratiior effulsit radiantis conscia formæ.

Jam tandem veteris repetita opprobria flammæ
 Respicere à tergo poteram & culpata fateri:
 Saucia corda libet paulum lenire vicissim,
 Conceptosque fovere astris melioribus ignes.
 Quid (dixi) ferat *Abra* mali? quæ causa timoris?

Tam tenera insultare potest ? tam blandula lædet ?
 Unquamne ambivit quidquam nisi posse placere ?
 Deliciis fruar illæsus, facilemque recessum
 Inveniam ; sine fraude animum solabitur *Abra*,
 Et Pax alma semel comitem sese addet amori.

Magne Deus, quam cæcus Homo est ! quam fortis
 iniquæ

Ludibrium infelix ; laqueos sibi tendere natus !
 Viribus heu ! nostris nimum confidimus ; hostis
 Nec fatis insidias adversaque tela cavemus :
 Altiùs inflatas ventosa superbia mentes
 Attollit, vanoque incendit amore placendi.
 Summa Voluptatis temerè per labra vagamur,
 Dum revocare licet vestigia : nulla peric'li
 Securos terret facies ; frænisque remissis
 Nos ubicunque rapi ventis præbemus & undæ.
 Florifero deinde in prato aut viridante sub umbrâ
 Lascivè fusi languentia membra, repletos
 Inter Crateras, varièque nitentia ferta,
 Æquora ridentes volvi propiora videmus :
 Dum tandem erumpens violentior ingruit *Æstus*,
 Turbidus immiscet terramque & Sydera nimbus ;
 Præcipitesque per Oceani spatia ampla rotati
 Vexamur sero malè credula corda dolore :
 Se circum capita agglomerant pereuntia fluctus,
 Mærentique oculo tellus contracta recedit.

O latè dominator Amor ! tua sceptrâ latentem
 Quà tutum exquiret Pectus mortale recessum ?
 Quas paret Ingenium oppositas tot fraudibus artes ?
 Quæ varias aperire potest Sapiëntia formas
 Infidiis vestris ritè inservire paratas,
 Cum miseros sævo meditaris perdere ludo ?

Nympha superba hodie, jactans se, pulcra nocendi
 Arma palam induitur, belloque laceffit inermes :
 Elato vultu incessuque patet Dea : stat mens
 Inconcussa, ferox, erectaque casibus, audet
 Spernere terrena, & fati ridere furorem.

Interea scuto præcordia septa virili
 Claudentes, dum non inhonesta Superbia munit ;
 Ducimur egregiæ laudis muliebria Gesta
 Mirari, nostræ virtutis imagine capti.
 Quæ placuisse potest, facili dulcedine vincet ;
 Quos hodie incendit, cras sub juga mittet amantes.
 Vitra oculis Ratio prætendere fida videtur ;
 Quàm fallax ! Formæ quàm incerta resultat Imago !
 Mirantes animum, & perculsi luminis igne,
 Dum Nymphæ canimus laudes, speramus amores.

Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras altera tela ministras,
 Mœrorem effusum & passos sine lege capillos :
 Voce querens humili ducit miserabili carmen,
 Hærentisque vicem supplent Suspiria linguæ.
 Concipit hinc generosa incendia pectus honestum ;
 Tollimus afflictam sustentamusque jacentem :
 Dumque animo facili properamus molle levamen,
 Et lenit miserum Pietas humana dolorem ;
 Curarum intereà nobis contagia furtim
 Obrepunt, similique jubent languescere luctu ;
 Cingimus ah ! fero munimine ductile pectus,
 Cedere lacrymulæ gemituque liquefcere pronum.

Intimus hic, quo nec propior neque sævior alter,
 Quâ fraude elusus, quâ vi turbabitur Hostis ?
 Unde tibi auxilium, fragilis Natura, ciebis,
 Nunc facili ingenio, nimio nunc prodita fastu ?
 An licet externam sperare aliunde medelam,

Cum

Cum Pectus fallax internum admiserit hostem ?
Ille intus domitam Rationem illudere gaudet,
Palantisque Ducis cæcus vestigia flectit.

Jamque animæ victrix peramabilis *Abra* catenis
Colla mihi captiva coercuit ; Illa repletum
Possedit mihi cor, Illa unica ; Spesque voluptasque
Omnis in Illâ affixa pependit : ut abfuit Illa,
Multa moram incusans gemitus lugubrè profudi ;
Ocyus Illa redux gemitus luctusque fugavit :
Nox orta est, abeunte ; Dies, veniente, refulsit.

Ordine Conventus, Scænæ, ludique sequuntur
Larvati : facit Illa melos, facit illa choreas :
Tot formas habitusque novos induta nitescit,
Fingere quot nôrit vario mens prodiga luxu.

In campo dominata hodiè sub tegmine palmæ
Vestra arma & vestros sibi, *Debra*, sumit amictus ;
Victricique sedet frontem circumdata lauro :
Ipse instar *Baraci* vestigia pronus adoro :
Turba illi fictos canit obsequiosa triumphos,
Illam effert clademque Hosti Patriæque columnam.

Cras mitem induitur faciem moresque serenos,
Splendenti Martis pompâ & terrore relictis ;
Mollius incedens Mulier jam rustica, Villâ
Egreditur, Regemque adducto munere visit.
Depositis Agmen juvenile micantibus armis
Collatum certant cantando rependere munus ;
Dum feror incessu spectabilis ipse paterno
Reginam insigni dignatus honore futuram.

Jam fortasse *Abra* si mens vaga gestiat ire
Latius in sylvas, cervosque agitare fugaces ;

Sole recens orto, cita se delecta Juventus
 Corripit è somnis, properatque ad lustra ferarum.
 Majestate humili cinctus pompâque minori
 Rex vester, *Solyma*, adventantem inglorius *Abram*
 Expectat. Prodit jam tandem: corpore purus
 Partim *Arabum* partim *Persarum* è semine natus
 Vectat Equus. Tunicâ lascivam undante per auram,
 (*Sidoniae* quo more solent *Thressæ*que Puellæ)
 Docta genu medium mediumque exponere pectus,
 Consultò neglecta, palàm spectantibus offert.
 Venatoris Equi lævâ torquentur habenæ,
 Dum tremit in dextrâ minitanti argenteus arcus:
 Aureâque ex pharetrâ (lateri quæ affixa pependit)
 Nigrantes plumam ostentant crepitantque sagittæ.
 Fronte altâ, Sapphiri adamantibus intertextis
 Crescentem nitido referunt curvamine Lunam.
 Sylvarum Dominæ nitet *Abra* simillima; vultus,
 Incessum, vocemque agnoscimus: ipsa *DIANA*,
 Ipsa Dea est; digno veneramur honore, Deæque
 Ponimus ante pedes quicquid captavimus agris.
 Vocali insignem Chorus accinit ore *DIANAM*;
 Altiùs & lituorum unâ clangorque tubarum
 Divinas effert laudes: pulsare triumphi
 Oppositos Colles: Colles iterare triumphos.

Cras si fortè animus peragrati tædia Saltûs
 Lenire ad vitreas piscosi fluminis undas
 Suaferit; extemplò artifices se mille labori
 Addunt, & Regis certatim Jussû capeffunt.
 Littore in irriguo multis cumulantur in altum
 Arboribus Tabulata, & mobilis Insula surgit.
 In medio, Carrus solido stat fulgidus auro,
 Cui visi gemere argentei sub ponderi Cycni.
Abra Dea insignis folio sedet alta corusco,
Argolicæ VENERIS vultus induta decoros.

Circum-

Circumfusa latus Ponti Gens humida, amoris
 Egregias celebrant dulci modulamine laudes.
 Dum magni intereà Spectac'li pompa propinquat,
 Et VENEREM lætæ clamant instare Catervæ;
 Cultor Ego heu! nimium supplex in margine terræ
 Extremo, fervens avidâ spe brachia tendo
 Excipere impatiens surgentem è gurgite Divam.

O Ratio subjecta jacens! ô sæve Cupido!
 Quò tamen ulterius mea se Dementia ferret?
 Satne erit, ut Nympham summa ad fastigia ducam
 Intra ædes clausas vel amica silentia Villæ:
 Aut ficti ut vultus mutataque nomina magno
 Dedecori obducant blandam caliginis umbram?
 Quin omni potiùs *Solimæ* spectante coronâ
 Prodeat in lucem jactata infamia Regis:
 Solennis dapibus Mensis datur; hospitioque
 Collectam gentem communiter excipit *Abra*.
 Utque dies omnis pleno celebretur honore,
 Huc varios mittunt foetus Sylvæque Lacusque,
 Huc *Arabum* & Deserta *Ægypti*; huc fertur Edule
 Quodcunque est: vix ipse fugit convivia *Phœnix*.
 Commistis citharisque Viri cantuque Puellæ
 Dulce sonant *Abra* decus & mea gaudia: servi
 Quinetiam Vates præconia sordida fingunt,
 Et celebrant nostros numeris mendacibus ignes.
 Mox quoque Nupta dapes me deducente relinquens,
 Quam vulgi ex oculis prudens retineret Amator,
 Se jactat spectatam omni notamque popello
 Participem Solii pariter Cordisque magistram.

Huc coëunt variâ *Judææ* ex parte frequentes,
 Agmen Adulantum, quos *Abra* adduxit: honorum
 Hi mercaturas agitant; hi munera donant,
 Multa nec immodicis par est provincia votis.

Scilicet his primùm monſtrantibus *Abra* nocendi
 Edidicit varias artes ; orare, filere,
 Atque leves ſummis adjungere rebus amores :
 Imperiumque ſuum certis firmare peritè
 Legibus, & dolci exitio mea fallere Corda.
 Hinc etiam acceptum, miſerum mihi tradidit Illa
 Conſilium, Regum eſſe animis obducere vela :
 Et mala fucato celantes pectora vultu
 Affiduos agitare dolos ; dumque Hoſtibus almi
 Obſequio arrident blando, contemnere Amicos.
 Mox Ego præſidia imperii certiffima ſperno
 BARZILLÆ magni ſobolem, atrocisque BENAIÆ
 Progeniem egregiam ; quorum ſubiere Parentes
Davideas curas, juveni ſua gaudia Regi
 Teſtantes, Sceptro cum jam donatus ad *Hebrum*
 Fulgeret, Virtute illorum & Vulnere clarus.
 Ocyùs (ah triſte auſpicium !) cumulantur honore,
 Quos mihi reddiderat dementia noſtra timendos,
 Mordacis *Shimeique* genus, *Coræque* propago ;
 Qui turpes facilem experti ſunt DAVIDA, quanquam
 Calcâſſent leges, Regique indigna tuliffent.

Crescit adhuc amor infelix, opprobria Regis
 Neglecti creſcunt : ſubvertens faſque nefasque
 Fœmina dux rerum, fixit decreta reſixitque,
 Et Nymphæ inſtabiles flexit vox unica leges.

Oblitus Patriæ ſolâque moratus in *Abra*
 Factaque Conceptuſque Illi Vitamque dicabam :
 Non potui læſo Rationem opponere cordi ;
Abra ibi ſe dominam aſſeruit, pars optima noſtri.
 Quòd ſi jam noſtrum ſteterat Lis ante tribunal
 Inclyta, quâ tantos miræ virtutis honores
 Accepi Juvenis : Simulatæ lingua parentis
 Fuderat illecebras fruſtrâ, blandamque loquelam ;

Fruſtrâ

Frustrà etiam Veræ trepidantia viscera matris
Impulerant Pietas ardens innataque Cura ;
Utrique elusæ fatum decreverat *Abra*
Ore potens placido fervare & perdere torvo.

Sceptra rudis moderari, amplexus vinc'la, jacebam
Exanimus Princeps & magni nominis umbra.
Pupillis miseris questus funduntur inanes,
Nec tangunt nostram Viduæ suspiria mentem:
Neglectæ lites pendent infamè ; supino
Opprobrium injiciunt Domino cessantia Jura.
Nec jam ultrà coiere Senes, ut regia Dicta
Audirent, suaque in melius præcepta referrent ;
Nec jam Magnatum Pueri didicere, MOYSIS
Quid leges potuere, quid inclyta DAVIDIS Arma.
Discinctæ luxu Turmæ oblitæque laborum
Non intermisso traxerunt otia ludo.
Quin nudæ tectis in publica commoda turres
Eductæ steterunt ; oneravit machina muros
Nutantes immanè——
Expectant mediæ fastigia summa columnæ,
Et pendent infecta rudi laquearia vultu :
Artifices languent, tristesque abrupta queruntur
Mænia : Spes Patriæ, legata à DAVIDE, Sedes
Magni sacra Dei moles jacet imperfecta.

Plorabant taciti, quorum maturior ætas,
Errantem Regem & fluxi infortunia regni.
Hiccine (dicebant Graviores) Hiccine, cui mens
Altior omnigenas iit indefessa per artes ;
Cui fixit dubios miranda Scientiæ fines
Virtutis Vitiique : diserto cujus ab ore
Plurima quæ fluxit Sapiëntia, tradita fidis
Spirat adhuc chartis ; Patrumque in frontibus hæret
Præceptis teneros informatura Minores,

Atque

Atque insigne fenum pariter Decus? Ergone nescit
 Effrænem *Sapiens* cohibere cupidinis æstum?
 Ille quid admonuit? quid nos advertimus aures?
 Moribus ipsa facem præfert Doctrina pudendis,
 Et quo plura sciat, culpâ graviore laborat.

Turba faceta magis, leviori scommate, (fertis
 Ut vincti roseis genio indulgere) vicissim
 Hauserunt calices, pretium quibus arrogat *Abræ*
 Formosæ Nomen, cui cederet ardua Regis
 Gloria *Judæi*: Pars laudavere jocose,
 Tam bene quem Luxus cum Majestate deceret:
 Advertere alii quantum pugnaret Amori
 Consilium; factisque meis mea dicta refellunt.
 Rex vivat tamen, (hic inquit) regnoque fruatur:
 Quem memoras Regem? (Alter ait;) neque enim amplius
 audit

Rex SOLOMON; patriæ dudum immemor Ille sui que
 Servit amans *Abræ*: quid nostrum pejus uterque
 Patraret? nobis fluat ordine Vita soluto,
 Si sic, quæis animo melior sententia, peccant.
Dina premat vario lascivos flore capillos;
 Aut lepidum meditata melos, trepidantia pulset
 Fila lyræ: dulces mellis sine acumine succos
 Libemus vacui, nec vi nec lege coacti.
 Dulcis amat volitare inter leviora Voluptas;
 Seria deducunt animun & mœrore fatigant.
 Audiat egregius Veri Rectique Magister
 Hæc mea Dicta, suis meritò ascribenda libellis.

Sentimus lugubrè tui mala verbera Sceptri
 O Ratio, exerces trepido quæ pectore dura
 Imperia! ut gaudes sævas imponere leges,
 Si, sapere ut possim, penitus linquenda Voluptas,
 Majoresque premant meditantem plura dolores:
Judææ misero Regi si gaudia Vitæ

Deliciasque

Deliciasque adimas, ut Principe digna sequatur;
 Et Curâ paulum mutata, vincula Amoris
 Exutum Tu compescas graviore catenâ!

Tene autem Dominam fateor legumque tuarum
 Sævitiâ queror immitem fascesque potentes;
 Cum sis interea nihil heu! nisi nomen inane;
 Quot Capita vivunt, totidem variata figuris
 Diversis, Soboles deliri vana cerebri,
 Mendaces formas, fluxosque induta colores?
 Scilicet ingentis tituli levis umbra! Catena,
 Quâ sese alternis Hominum genus acre coërcent,
 Quam primum finxere Vafri, Timidique fatentur.

Sis tamen invisum nomen seu vera potestas,
 Te quacunque libet deducere origine, vires
 Agnosco, sævâ præcordia cuspide fixus.
 Te sensere intus luctantia pectora, Fatis
 Decretam dare jura, & debita sceptrâ tenentem.
 Cedo equidem; supplex edicta superba faceffam;
 Unica erit merces Virtus sibi: Cedo, rebellis
Judæa! infelix à nostrâ mente Puella
 Exulet æternum: Hoc plebi turbæque remitto.
 Corde ægro dulcis Furor extorquebitur; *Abraë*
 Vincula nec patiar, populo fervire paratus;
 Seque anima imbellis forti submittet iniquæ:
 Pro dolor! audebo miser esse viriliter, ut Rex
 Incedam, multâque in Majestate gemiscam.

Hæc dixi, immodico certus me involvere luctu
 Altiùs, ut foret una quies Spes nulla quietis.
 Mandavi chartis, timui quæ dicere, amatae,
 Linquendæ tamen æternum, portanda puellæ.
 Exposuit multis verborum ambagibus atrox
 Littera, Majestas quantum pugnaret Amori:

Addidit,

Addidit, & Nymphæ memorem fore, dum memor essem
 Ipse mei; longumque Vale: compesceret ignes
 Heu malè conceptos, jussi; connubia votis
 Appeteret magis apta suis, thalamosque minores:
 Atque humili vitæ cursu, paribusque Hymenæis
 Dedita, transigeret reliquos felicior annos.

Perlegit, extemplóque ad Me se corripit amens,
 Ad Me, præsentem curas lenire priores:
 Sollicitans flexis genibus, luctata, minasque
 Et lacrymas dedit alternis; jam languida jamque
 Ardescens: tandem ulterius data nulla dolendi
 Copia; corripitur, nostroque miserrima Virgo
 (Illa meos potuit quæ sola inflectere sensus)
 Fertur ab aspectu; mox exspes, fracta dolore,
 Effudit miseram properato funere vitam,
 Et vana imperia infaustosque reliquit Amores.

Fare age si poteris, Mens conscia, quanta dolorum
 Agmina opes in Te simul effudere coactas:
 Quas Furias & quos ignes, quæ sæva tulisti
 Spicula; Curarum quam multa oppressit Imago!
 Me quoties regni à strepitu in secreta removi,
 Nequicquam tacitum pascens sub pectore vulnus?
 O quoties labente die, blanda oscula, amores
 Præteritos reputans, in Nymphâ absente morabar
 Anxius? ô quam sæpe oculis muliebria passim
 Ora pererrabam, cari vestigia vultûs
 Siqua forent? libuit folio mihi sæpe relicto
 Solam inter tacitos sylvarum ambire recessus:
 Sæpe etiam in somnis per longa silentia noctis,
 Floriferasque super Valles, perque alta sequebar
 Flumina surgentem auroram spectare pigebat,
 Cum fugerent gratæ fraudes & amabilis Error.

Dum

Dum fremeret trepidante diu sub pectore luctans,
Et magis atque magis ferveret Æstus Amoris;
Evicit tandem fines; Rationis habenas
Audire impatiens, rapido sese impete volvit,
Molliaque indignans Naturæ fœdera rupit.

Montibus haud aliter summis, quorum antra coërcent
Concava congestasque nives pluviasque tumentes,
Dum spatiis nimis angustis negat unda teneri;
Sese præcipitem Torrens agit, ut fuga nulla
Prævertat cursu, vis nullâ retardet euntem:
Quin urbes rapiens sylvasque armenta virosque
Obruit; horrescit communi funere tellus,
Et referunt procul ingeminatum Saxa dolorem.

Jamque, furor quocunque rapit, Quæ turpiter ausi,
Oblitus decorisque mei Soliique paterni!
Ut falsis acclivem animum per mille secutus
Ambages Vitii curvas, cæcosque recessus!
Jam patrias, jamque externâ de gente puellas
Sordidus in thalami gremium commune recepi.
Mutavi flammam assiduè: Quamcunque beatam
Viderat una dies, neglectam postera vidit;
Utque animum movit fluitantem incerta libido,
Has, illas, arsi impatiens, captasque reliqui.
O! precor, ô! fugiant mortalia lumina Scenæ
Infames; tacitam inducant Oblivia nubem;
Et nigram errorum Seriem super incubet umbra
Densior, offusæque æterna silentia noctis!
Vel feri tantum compendia parva Nepotes
Et scelerum signa accipiant, quibus undique Gentes
Cognoscant monitæ, vitiis Opprobria nasci,
Et certos Levitate animi fluxisse Dolores.

Defidiâ languens penitùs luxuque solutus,
 Noctem epulis ludisque, & somno perdere lucem
 Consuêram : tandem oppressas nova pabula flammæ
 Accumulata necant ; aciesque hebetatur amor
 Mutato toties ; propriâ vi fracta libido
 Decidit, & lassam subierunt tædia mentem.
 Quin Animus priscum queritur periisse vigorem,
 Incultusque diu, amissas desiderat artes ;
 Jam neque Judicii sanum mihi restat acumen,
 Quo vera amplecti valeam, secludere falsa :
 Torpescunt pigri sensus ; mentique sepultæ
 Ingenii veteres vestigia nulla supersunt.
 Ducit opes sensim mala consuetudo, laborque
 Et Virtus ingrata movent fastidia ; fractæ
 Paulatim frigent effæto in corpore vires,
 Et blando ulterius Vitio superesse recusant.

Imperium extendunt deliria nostra puellis ;
 Succubui, facilis votis, patiensque minarum ;
 Nympha superba jubet nunc *Persica* firmate longo
 Verrere humum & lento spectandum incedere passu ;
 Jamque *Syra* (indignum!) cantus interque Choreas
 Crure tenus medio vestes succingere cogit.

Illecebris captus, ritusque & dissona Sacra,
 Quidlibet insanum suadente sequebar Amicâ.
 Dira *Philistinæ* vereor dum jussa, *Dagonis*
 Invisi ante aras adolescit flamma ; regente
 Pellice *Chaldaicâ*, *Chaldææ* altaria fumant,
Affyrioque Deo fervent redolentia Thura.
 Usque novæ meretrici aræ rubuere recentes,
 Quotque arsi Nymphas, colui tot sacra Deosque.

Quò fugit Ratio, sensus deluse ? paterni
 Quò sese eripuit Majestas ardua regni ?

Quò

Quò fugere sacrae Virtutis Dogmata, vivo
 Quæ data fonte Deus primis mihi tradidit annis;
 Dum veneror cæcas *Phariâ* monstrante puellâ
 Effigies, nuper Cælo data numina, quorum
 Fana suis hos ante dies haud viderat oris
Judæa; infames Superos, armenta Deorum
 Turpia, *Osirin*, *Apin*, pronum pecus; & sua thura
 Et ritus habet obscænos latrator *Anubis*.
 Quin marmor vetitâ sylvosi montis in umbrâ
 Cædebam in varias facies, cæsoque ferebam
 Ipse preces supplex: mediâque palude, nefandâ
 Relligione ardens, colubras muscasque verebar,
 Nec non & Plantæ virgultaque vilia cultus
 Accepere suos, timuique quod ante ferebam;
 Omnia honore sacro donans Animalia, solum
 Præterii, cælum & terras Qui numine torquet.

Per cæcam hanc animi nubem tristesque per umbras
 Tenuia cœperunt jam tandem albescere lucis
 Semina; nascentis radii nova flammula spargi
 Per nubem, optatæ præstans promissa diei.
 Mente potens mecum jam pauca revolvere, Regem
 Despectum vidi: tardè mea iussa Ministri
 Egerunt, fugitque sacri Reverentia vultûs.
 Vidi etiam unanimes populos opprobria Regis
 Certatim proferre, suisque obducere nubem.
Davidis oravit generi meliora Sacerdos,
 Et sermone vago latè mea crimina pandit.
 Dum Pater erranti vitæ per lubrica nato
 Monstraret vitiorum exempla miserrima; mores
 Ille meos, & me, celato nomine, pinxit.
 Hoc Custos iterum atque iterum memoravit Alumnis;
 Principe deliro Sanus præstantior Infans.

In me converti Rationis lumen, & imam
 Altiùs ut mentem scrutabar, plura dolebam ;
 Me latè dominantem, in terris Numinis instar,
 Agnoscunt Gentes, vultuque & voce moventur ;
 Vincula libertasque, infamia turpis, honorque,
 Et Fata à nostro pendent trepidantia nutu.
 Heu ! nimirum jactat sese mea gloria ; Regem
Judææ innumeri cogunt fervire Tyranni :
 Multa cohors Venerum & Vitiorum insana Caterva
 Principis everſæ menti dominantur ; & Ipse,
 Quem decuit leges libertatemque tueri,
 Ipse jugo turpi submittit colla, protervi
 Mancipium Domini, stimulosque cupidinis acres
 Sentit iners, sævoque piger sub Verbere torpet.

Te compello iterum, ô Ratio ! miserere doloris
 Effusi, miserere, oro, & succurre labanti.
 Nimirum coelis Sapiencia nascitur ; altos
 Hinc ducit radios, hominumque in pectora torquet.
 Hæc tamen humanæ Regina altissima mentis
 Sceptra parùm metuenda manu sustentat inertis ;
 Incola si gravior surgat, folioque potitam
 Vi majore premens, cogat sibi cedere Victor.

Sis verò licet imbellis, sis mollis inersque,
 Consilio tamen orba tuo Mens inscia, cursu
 Incauto tutæ vestigia linqueret alta
 Virtutis, vitiique incerto in calle periret.

Ut mulcet placidâ nares dulcedine fragrans
 Unguentum, lætas pertentat suaviter aures,
 Laudis honos meritæ ; quod si labatur in urnam
 Muscula, contacti dulces violantur odores ;
 Balsamaque, heu ! quantum mutata, inamabile spirant.
 Sic minimas labes inter pulcherrima facta

Si spargas hinc inde, lues subnascitur atra,
Contrahit informes maculas purissima Virtus,
Paulatimque fluens diffunditur undique pestis.

Infelix SOLOMON ! mitte has de pectore curas :
Quin vitæ recolas errores mille peractæ ;
Demissis tacitè lacrymis, quòd, facta Bonorum
Carminè dum celebret Musa immortalis, honores
Accumulans famæ meritos ; tua crimina sola
Voce canet clarâ, neque regia carpere parcat
Nomina, mansurum infundens nimis æqua venenum.

Me tandem eripui è somnis, oculosque patentés
Conscius erexi ; bilem movère cohortes
Fœmineæ, Turbæque Deorum : stat mihi certum
Immotumque animo, paulatim emergere ab alto
Oceano Vitii : Querulos hinc mœsta resurgens
Musa modos renovat, culpatque fugacia vitæ
Gaudia ; sublimique audens se attollere pennâ,
Spes hominum fragiles sævi ludibria fati,
Divitias frustra aggestas, ingrataque honorum
Tædia prosequitur, miseræque libidinis atræ
Blanditias : aperitque dolos, nugasque fatetur.



POTENTIA:

LIBER TERTIUS.

ERGO age, Pars Nostrî melior, Vis vivida, vitæ
Fons, Anima! hoc Ego Te, quæcunque es, no-
mine dignor:

Conscius Ipse Meî per Te, Te pectore toto

Percipio, viresque tuas & munera nosco.

Sed latet, unde Tuî ducas primordia; de Te

Tot Vates diversa canit, diversa Sacerdos.

An Genus obscurum & stirpis vulgare fateris
Principium, lectæ forsan melioribus orta
Particulis terræ, quæ se certo ordine miscent
Mirifico rerum motu faustoque Atomorum
Concursu implicitæ: hinc fato statuyente juberis
Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
Sortitur; trepidas, audes, ducisque dolores
Gaudiaque, incerto ut sanguis se concitat æstu:
Utque calor magis ardescit, vel frigora torpent,
Læta viges viridante ævo, languente senescis:
Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte secuta,
Laberis in fumum tenuesque recedis in auras.

An spiras majora, altâque ab origine stirpem
Deduci mavis, audisque libentius ignis
Scintilla ætherii; divinæ Particula auræ,
Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdore juncta,

Communi

Communi heu fato præscriptum ad temporis orbem
Per varias comitata vices variosque dolores :
Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri ;
Ut Bona vel Mala percipere ; & pallore fateri
Irarum rabiem, aut flammæ sentire pudoris ;
Ut normam vitæ instituas, ducasque fideli
Consilio ; & rerum variis ceu postulat usus,
Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
Nobilites, aptum paci, bellicæ potentem.
Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes
Reliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
Inclusas ; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.

Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia cæco
Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
Pectoris insanos motus sedantis, ut alta
Sit Tibi pax ; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
Fac age, quodcunque aggredieris, fac arbitra certum
Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ
Ardua, pulcra petant : Et Vitam disce ferendo,
An curis hominum & tanto sit digna labore,

Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variisque Animantum
Naturis præstant, conjuncta tenere videmus
In se Hominem, pecudum sensus, aliumque vigorem
Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœlestia dona.
Inspice quos pariunt generosa hæc semina fructus,
Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.
En ut Homo, frustra fato cogente reluctans,
Protrahitur miser in lucem ; auxilii que alieni
Indigus,

Indigus, in genubus maternis nudulus hæret !
Utque levis statuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
Ejiciturve foras ; genitrici languet iniquæ
Neglectus, morbosve trahit de lacte fomentis.
Mollis adhuc fragilisque oculus fugit acria lucis
Tela, diemque novum ; insuetam male sustinet auram
Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulsuque frequenti
Æstuat. Ut variâ perculsus imagine rerum
Obstupet ! ut pavet attonitus ! Membra irrequieta
Luctantem interius produnt augentque dolorem :
Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymisque misellis,
Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
Effari didicit, quibus intima sensa laborans
Exprimat, occultosque enarret pectoris æstus.
Mox ut paulatim assurgit puerilibus annis,
Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanosque timores
Concipit à nugis : cum firma adoleverit ætas,
Publica scena vocat, populisque frequentibus infert
Implicitum ; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe ;
Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
Infelix latus : hinc Hostis vindicta ferocis,
Hinc sævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
Quin facta inquirat Populus ; laudesque maligno
Ore filet ; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
Nec cœtu in turpi maculis aspergere famam
Derisor parcit mordax, quique audet apertis
Virtutem opprobriis petere, invisamque fateri.
Si verò his lassus turbis, secreta ferarum
Lustra petat solus, populosque urbesque relinquat ;
Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitosque recessus
Addit se comitem ; innumeris Mens usque secuta
Turbat Imaginibus : palantemque implicat Error,
Ceu nemorum ambage illusum ; aut torrentis iniqui
More ruens, rapido premit acrior impete Cura.
Multa animo versans, varioque exercitus æstu,

Dulce

Dulce miser Socii alloquium desiderat ; audit
Attonitus mœstos saxa ingeminare dolores,
Seque fugit trepido deserta per avia cursu.

Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
Vexamur cœcis animorum Affectibus : atris
Jam cincti nebulis, cur spem foveamus inanem,
Fulsuros olim meliori lumine Soles ?
Instabiles Hominum Sensus, trepidantia ut Ægri
Somnia, profiliunt volucres ; cursuque citato
Semper amant amota sequi, fugientiaque ardent
Arripere : usque adeo, somni fallacis Imago,
Spes malefuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
Sed flexis post terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
Agmina respicimus, trepidâ formidine Sensus.
Horrescunt, miseramque viam remeare recusant.
Accedunt curis curæ, scenâque priori
Scena superveniens magis & magis atra videtur ;
Nec mora, nec requies ; sed adhuc geminantur eundo,
Et quæque hora novos usque addit & usque dolores.
Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
Otia venantes nequicquam, effœtaque membra
Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune senectæ
Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
Ad stadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
Discimus hinc quid Vita hominum est ; hesternæ recentes
Protulit ex utero nudos, nudosque sepulcro
Crastina Lux referet ; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.

Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
Quas timet Hic, capiti misero jam jamque minantes ?
Quid deformem Urfam, rabidumque per arva Leonem
Grassantem, sparsas pecudes, cæsumque magistrum :
Obscuras nemorum ambages, fluviosque profundos,
Pendentefque

Pendentefque immane minaci vertice rupes?
 Quid Pestem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
 Marte furens, medioque die spatiata per auras
 Diffundit mortem populis: Tacitamve Sagittam,
 Obscurâ quæ nocte levi secat æthera lapsu,
 Atra venena trahens, pallentesque inficit umbras.
 Sæpe unâ densæque nives imbresque coacti
 Se glomerant, altisque à montibus agmine facto,
 Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
 Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
 In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
 Hospes edax fruges; vanas incusat aristas
 Agricola, atque inopi marcescit languidus anno.

Quid lentos referam morbos, acresque dolores,
 Qui carpunt fragiles repititis ictibus artus?
 Sanguineo ut cursu laceratos Calculus asper
 Excruciat renes! ut aquoso frigidus humor
 It capite, absumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
 Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo!
 Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas sæva Podagra
 Exercet furias! longoque ut debilis ævo
 Obruitur Natura; atque omnibus atra Senectus
 Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit:
 Dum gemitum assiduum & longos finire dolores
 Mors venerata negat; lectoque abscedit acerbo
 Surda Quies, vanos misereri nescia planctus.

Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrima formæ
 Languenti dare blanda Seni solatia quærit;
 Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non sua, motu
 Dexterâ; nec domini votis respondet, amoris
 Impar officiis, placidi neque conscia tactûs.
 Nil faciet pulsata chelys, nil dulcia quondam
 Fila lyræ; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit

Fabula,

Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine sanguis
 Destitit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.
 Mons viridi hîc surgit clivo, Vallisque nitentem
 Ridet picta sinum, quem lucidus alluit amnis :
 Illic cœruleos fluctus canentia volvunt
 Æquora, splendidulæque micant in littore testæ :
 Sed varios frustra miscet Natura colores,
 Cum languent hebetatæ acies, oculosque natantes
 Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget
 Alma dies : spissi descendunt largiùs imbres,
 Seque iterum scindunt nebulae & diffunditur æther.
 At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ
 Jam potuerunt recreare Vices ; non aurea Solis
 Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo
 Stellula scintillat, miserum solantur ; iniqua
 Nox cingit, tristesque urgent sine fine tenebræ.

En ! ubi succumbit sævæ miseranda Senectæ
 Victima ! languentes oculos, dextramque trementem
 Aspice ! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus !
 Sensibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia somni,
 Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.

Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ
 Vincula, diffilientque ; ruet volventibus annis
 Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.
 Scilicet hæc fati lex est : moriemur honoris
 Expertes, & vana erimus sine nomine turba.
 Usque aliam ex aliâ stirpem manet exitus idem ;
 Gens cadit hæc ; nova surgit, abit, sequiturque priorem ;
 Ævi quæque brevis, terræque exorta parente,
 Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena ; coronet
 Alma salus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.

En ! vix exsuperans operosæ longa diei
 Tædia, fessus adit jam sole cadente penates :
 Sole oriente iterum prodit ; labor usque recurrit,
 Arcentique famem & vitam sudore merenti
 Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.
 Forfitan ad noctem reduci spectacula præbet
 Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito
 Filia : Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum
 Prole videt, nudusque sibi magis inde videtur.
 Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici
 Ducitur, hostilisve occurrit pompa triumphi :
 Quo se cunque ferat miser, aut Mala publica turbant
 Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt :
 Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia solvi
 Digna videt ; læsamque fidem & temerata pudici
 Jura tori queritur, pravo sub Judice litem
 Protractam, inversasque haud æquæ Interprete leges ;
 Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
 Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentum ;
 Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
 Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænet amicis.

Hæccine credantur casu volvente sinistro
 Enasci Mala ? num parium vaga Semina motu
 Confuso implicita ; an potius fert ordine certo
 Lex stabilis fati, rerumque immobile foedus ?
 Quin age, si poteris, nodum mihi Musa resolve ;
 Anne, inquam, casu eveniunt, fatone jubenti ?
 At quacunque genus ducunt de stirpe, catenis
 Heu miseram involvunt animam, variasque coactam
 In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent ;
 Atra, severa Cohors, quibus anxia Vita laborat,
 Ingens ipsa Malum, & mater foecunda Malorum.

Usque

Ufque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
 Venatu affiduo frustra mens anxia quærit;
 Sperat adhuc, multi post tædia longa laboris,
 Post tot follicitos requiescere fuaviter annos;
 Vana voluptatis simulacra attingere posse
 Exoptat; vitæque aliud dictante magistrâ,
 Quod nusquam est avidè petit, & sibi somnia fingit
 Lætitiæ, miseris sine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbrasque doloris
 Extremas superans, tandem vestigia fixit;
 Qui longi attingens cursûs spatia ultima, durum
 Deposuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit;
 Quem sculpti vultus atque æra incisa fatentur
 Jam vitam comitumque agmen superâsse Malorum.
 Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus astris,
 Qui spatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
 Pondere; quem vitam jam primùm haurire recentem
 Una dies, haustamque effundere proxima cernit.
 Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,
 Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo
 Occidit ante diem; qui nunquam è carcere vitæ
 Profiluit; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
 Tædia, (præcipuo factorum munere) solis
 Nescivit lucem, & varios sub sole labores.

“ Parce gravis nimium Cenfor! cur tam aspera tradis
 “ Dogmata? cur adeo vitæ genus omne severis
 “ Legibus includas? quid Fasces, Splendor, Opesque?
 “ Nonne Opibus pax alma datur; non Purpura Reges,
 “ Victoresque beat Decus immortale superbos?

Tota, inquam, similes subit undique vita procellas,
 Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.

Quam levis instabilisque hominum, quam lubrica vita est.

Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
An curas supra evehitur ? nulline timores,
Nullane suspicio turbat, levitasque popelli
Cognita ; num stridor lituûm clangorque tubarum
Exsuperat misero luctantes corde dolores ?
Intus Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,
Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
Quanquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.

Volvere sic poterat fecum : glomerata faventûm
Turba virûm, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos ;
Si fortè instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
Me fugiat, fragilesque hosti decernat honores ;
Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
Illius ad portas denso sese agmine fundet,
Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis
Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.

O cæcus furor, & dominandi insana libido !
Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
An quisquam interea mirantûm ex agmine tanto,
(Pro pudor !) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementûm,
Defuncti laudes caneret ? quisquamne lavaret
Vulnera, vel lacrymâ saltem sequeretur inani ?
Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhonestaque passus
Vincula, victoris post currus sordidus irem ;
Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
Nosceret, aut vultu miserum spectaret amico ?

Scilicet egregios præstat Sapientia fructus !
Cernere dat tristem magis acri lumine scenam,

Dat

Dat fieri ante alios miserum, interiusque dolorum
Aspera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.

Scrutemur fastos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
Facta manent recolenda ; omni quæramus ab ævo,
Siqua unquam effulsit penitus sine nube doloris
Gloria ; si Fasces comitata est pura Voluptas.

Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique cœli
Muneribus ! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
Quem dominum confessa suum, quæcunque capaci
Orbis alit gremio ; vasti sive ætheris oras,
Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.
Sed quales fructus magna hæc promissa tulerunt ?
Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
Gaudia ! jam primum Paradisi lætus in horto
Viderat ire diem, cum sede expulsus amœnâ
Per sentes triste urget iter, perque aspera spinis
Dumeta ; hinc victum haud facilem sudore diurno
Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
Tædia solis iniqua pati, dum debita somni
Dona refecturi res optata ferat Nox.
Ut socium reputans scelus & memor usque peracti
Criminis, infauſtam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
Et nimiam heu suadam, nimiosque incusat amores !
Sæpe horret rauca percussus imagine vocis,
Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen :
Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cùm dextra minacis
Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes !
Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,
Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victima dextræ :
Frater sanguineâ famosus cæde, notâque
Cælitus impressus, patriam fugit impius Erro.

Cur tamen obruerent miserum mala tanta Parentem,
Quærere nequaquam Superosve Hominesve deceret.

Turpior assiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
Singula successit; patrium scelus æmula pubes
Vicit adhuc: tandem ingentes exarsit in iras
OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia solvit:
En formasse hominem Me poenitet! Eripe terris
Sol lucem! Cœli nigrescite! Vosque capaci
Ite sinu effusæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!

Audivere Undæ Dominum: & mandata secuti
Effrænes fluctus, nimbique immane furentes
Subjectas rapido superârunt agmine terras.
Tradidit interea Noë servanda fideli
Quæ voluit superesse Deus: naufragia Mundi
Prospexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes
Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora sprevit.

Sed Venti posuere, & decrescentibus undis
Emergit Tellus; pacisque Insigne Columba
Ore refert placido ramum felicitis Olivæ.
At Noë, licet alma fides mœrentia firmat
Pectora, adhuc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
Dum post terga videt mundi lugubre sepulchrum,
Et desolatas communi funere gentes;
Prospicit inde aliam faciem absimilemque priori
Surgere, vix relegens veteris vestigia formæ:
Hic sese in longum extendunt deserta locorum
Squallida; prærupti hic tollunt capita aspera montes.
Vota Pater solvens, media inter sacra frequentem
Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
Spemque fovet; miseras etiam dum spectat aquarum
Reliquias, omni ex numero quæis spiritus auræ
Purior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Octo.

Et tribus è Natis, qui jam spes sola relictæ
Unde ortum Regna expectarent, prospicit unum
Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.

Rex quanquam illustris, quanquam OMNIPOTENTIS
Amicus,

At varios vitæ casus, multosque labores
Abramus subiit; duri discrimina belli
Pertulit, & cæsis quæsit regna tyrannis:
Difficili sponsæ subjecit colla; jugoque
Assuetus, sensit servæ quoque jura superbæ.
Jam miseram invitæ mœstâ cum prole parentem
Ejicit, ah! nudam, nemorumque per avia solas
Quæsituram umbras, & agrestis munera victûs:
Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
Spem senii, ad Moriæ fatalia culmina ducit
Infelix! puerum heu ferro jugulare cruento
Cogitur, aut magni contemnere jussa TONANTIS.

Ipsam oculis spectare DEUM data copia *Mosi*:
Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
Undique inaccesso velatum lucis amictu.
Lumina sin radios potuissent ferre coruscas;
Quam brevis hæc, unâ vix nocte morata, Voluptas!
Ille autem, tanto quanquam dignatus honore,
Quot volvit casus, quæ pertulit aspera rerum
A cunis usque ad tumulum! Jam tum invida nudum
Pauperies puerum primis invasit ab annis:
Oppressere senem insidiæ, atque adversa malorum
Agmina; surrexitque cohors studiosa labores
Frustrari egregios; quin aspera Turba furore
Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
Quas ipsa æterni signârat Dextra JEHOVÆ.
Effrænesque Viros cum jam per mille labores

Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque extera regna ;
 Promissa en ! tandem fato divisus acerbo
 Littora, jam moriens, heu non sua littora, vidit.

Davidis in vitâ, ut curis longo ordine curæ
 Succedunt ! quot iniqua pericula, quotque tumultus !
 Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
 Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obvius ursæ.
 Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
 Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli* :
Saulo urgente, fugit super avia lustra ferarum,
 Arduaue ascendit montis juga, seque sub antro
 Occulit, & mortis nequicquam munera poscit.
 Tandem Ipse ad regni surgens fastigia, magnum
 Exstitit exemplum, quàm sævo pondere sudet
 Majestas, quantosque ferat Diadema labores.
 O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
 Cum gravis hostiles aperiret Numinis iras
 Nuntius ! Ut diversa animum exagitabat Imago ;
 Triste Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponsæ,
 Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ !
 Ut secum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem
 Intulit impietas populis, jussitque Propheta
 Eligere, an pestem cœlo deducere mallet,
 An tolerare famem, aut sævi discrimina Martis !

Occubuit tandem Genitor : precor, ossa quiescant ;
 Nulla sacrum foedâ violare ærugine nomen
 Lingua ausit : quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,
 Hunc saltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem :
 Me moriens curis auxit, scelerisque paterni
 Hæredem instituit ; jussis me vinxit iniquis
 Devotum mactare caput, cæsoque meorum
 Principe, decreto nova tingere sceptrâ cruore.

Nec mora ; continuò juvenili sanguine fervens
 Dira sequor præceps crudelis iussa Parentis.
 Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine lustro ;
 In vitiis intento oculo juvat usque morari :
 Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis
 Protegeret patriam ! ut leges venerandaque jura
 Servaret constans ! Lætâ sub mente revolve
 Nequitiis fractum assiduis, turpique solutum
 Pellicis amplexu : fugienda exempla secutus
 Abripior, scelerumque feror declivia præceps
 Per loca, perque atro rorantes sanguine calles,
 Fraudibus assuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu
 Jam potui, mortisque atrociam tela ferenus
 Dirigere ; hinc oculo fratrem speculatus iniquo,
 Omnia facta viri vestigiaque omnia scrutor,
 (Ambitione odii stimulos acuate) fugamque
 Quærentem frustra tangentemque insequor aras.
 Hic, etiam hic, ipsas (fateor) cecidisset ad aras,
 Ni Timor obstiterat, tumidamque represserat iram,
 Quin do sponte fidem, certus violare ; benignè
 Polliceor veniam, atque odiis simul acribus uror.
 Nil lacrymæ gemitusque valent, nil vota precesque ;
 Sævus adhuc, tacitumque premens sub corde furorem,
 Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ore sereno :
 Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
 Accedo, testorque DEI venerabile Numen,
 Sæva palam intentans deluso funera fratri.

Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor ! Ut libet
 atrum

Delere ex animo scelus ! Ut prætexere vellem
 Nominibus falsis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
 Alteriusque onerare immani crimine famam !
 Nequicquam heu ! gladium si dextra aliena cruentem
 Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa secuta est :

Omne

Omne meum est ; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
 Usque fluens cursu vix tandem abstergere possit :
 Hinc solùm, hinc solitam sperat mens conscia pacem,
 Fletibus assiduïs, longoque exercita luctu.

Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
 Ostentans, nostrum veraci carmine Musa
 Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
 Describens actæ ætatis vestigia, pandit
 Quàm spes vana hominum, quàm vanæ pectora curæ
 Exagitant ; primoque à vitæ carcere feram
 Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter est, quàmq; undiq; acerbum !
 Nugarum immensâ hac serie jam pene peractâ,
 Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
 Polliceor requiem optatam blandosque recessus :
 Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque ; nec atra doloris
 Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace sepulchri
 Compositum, & mortis recubantem mollius ulnis.

Cur trepidas, Ratio ? quidnam est Mors ista ? nihilne
 Præter torpentem concreti sanguinis æstum,
 Interclusa animæ spiracula, membra vigore
 Orbata, & posita angustæ spatia ultima vitæ ?
 Fumus ut accenso glomerari visus ab igne
 Se sursum rapit, & tenues vanescit in auras ;
 Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
 Nubila, præcipitique abeunt disperdita vento :
 Sic Hominum subito pede lubrica labitur ætas ;
 Vitæ sic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
 Aëra ; sic spatiis instans propioribus ortum
 Occasus juxta insequitur, cunasque sepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
 Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abfore cuncti
 Novimus : hinc animo fatalia tempora forti

Prospiciens,

Prospiciens, lethum contemne, nec infcia flecti
Naturæ jura incuses ; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ date lege, hilaris lætusque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, secum diversa volutans,
Respondet tandem, dubius metuensque futuri :
Si mecum evolvam spatium omne, quod usque peregit
Lapforum sine fine volubilis ordo dierum,
Ex quo profiluit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
Quâ primùm incepti matris concrefcere in alvo,
Aut Nîl prorsus eram, aut memet saltem ipse latebam.
Rurfusne in Nihilum fatorum lege revertar,
Hâc artus fugiente Animâ : penitusne jacebo
Perditus, angustâque æternùm condar in urnâ ?
Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ composuere, caducos
Illapsæ in cineres, nunquamne in prisca coibunt
Fœdera : sed rerum confusâ mole solutæ,
Incipient membra in diversa aliasque figuras
Ire, nec agnoscent veteris vestigia formæ ?
An vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere sensum
Dignata est, prohibet redivivo accendier igne ?
Nulla semel labentem Animam, Vis nulla catenis
Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco ?

Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Hesperus, igne
Præcipiti pronum video descendere Solem ;
Nec longum, & radiis îsdem similique vigore
Urget iter solitum, rutilique Insigne diei
Purpureum referens, illæso ardore refulget.
Instabiles video ventos sine lege vagari,
Incertamque agitare fugam ; nunc flamine molli
Leniter aspirant, rabido nunc turbine fervent,
Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, cursum.
Fontibus occultis sese erumpentia primùm
Flumina, mox prona immensum glomerantur in æquor :
Hæc

Hæc fugiens abit unda, supervenit altera, & amnes
 Fluctibus assiduis lapsuque feruntur eodem:
 Usque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
 Copiæ inexhaustis fœcunda evolvitur urnis.
 Ergo Hominem premet æternum lex aspera, cui Sol,
 Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recusant?

Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
 Deliciæ fragiles; & primo vespere marcet;
 Nos itidem—Eoïs ut concitus Eurus ab oris
 Æquora summa fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
 Littore; ut in stipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis;
 Ut saxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
 Se rapit; ut sudum jaculata per æthera flamma;
 Sic, sic Vita fugit: quin bullula rupta brevifque
 Fabula, & umbra levis ventosaque somnia velox
 Ætatis referunt iter—Hei mihi, ficcine Vita
 Transfit, & æternum Mors sese extendet in ævum?

Se certè angustis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
 Finibus: aut unde humanæ est illa infita menti
 Spes, unde ille Timor, forsne altera & altera sedes
 Præmiaque & pœnæ, luctusque & gaudia restent?
 Reliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula somni
 Excutiant? letho pateat nova Janua vitæ?
 Cum Sponsi lacrymosa oculos compresserit Uxor,
 Fœmineo funus gemitu planctuque secuta;
 Num dormit, paulum assueto fugiente vigore,
 At letho haud penitus devictum, exsangue Cadaver:
 Dumque artus, vitæ jam functos munere, carpet
 Ignis edax, vermefve, aut tempora lenta; vigebit
 Usque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
 Gustabit sensu, horrescetque affecta dolore?
 Illane, si pulchrè se gesserit, inscia labis,

Dum

Dum socium amplecti dignata est corpus amico
Foedere, fulgentem ad patriam sedesque beatas,
Regnaque perpetuâ furret ridentia pace ?
Nosq; Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
Cœlicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverso ?
Sin sese scelerum maculis & crimine multo
Polluerit, superisne tremens depellitur oris
Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra ; ibi cogitur ævum
Immortale pati, æternos sentire dolores ?

Nos adeo, angusto trepidantes limite terræ,
Fluctibus oppositis geminum circumfluit æquor :
Flectimus hinc atque inde oculos ; dolor opprimit inde,
Imminet hinc timor : & vario dum volvimur æstu
Præcipites, flemusque peracta, futura timemus,
Præsens sollicito disperditur hora tumultu.

Pectore sic varias inter fluitante procellas,
Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat ;
En (iterum dixi) quid Vis illa impigra, quæram,
Quid trepidans agilisque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis ?
Quo more exercet sese ? quæis clauditur oris ?
Nosne illam imperio premimus, frænisque tenemus ?
Unde ideo hæc nostram rumpunt Incommoda pacem ?
Usque sequi pacem contendimus, usque dolorem
Aufugere : utrinque heu ! studio exercemur inani :
Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
Inter delicias, & noctem fallere somno ;
Fortior interea opponens mala certa Potestas,
Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrectamque premit spem ;
Omniaque ostendit, nobis licet usque videntur
Libera, præscriptâ fatorum lege teneri.

Illa igitur menti humanæ dominata Potestas,
 Num gemitus audit miseros, precibusque movetur?
 Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
 Avertet curas, decretaque jura resolvet?
 Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
 Thureaque invalidas compensent munera vires:
 Et doceant taciti veneranda silentia templi,
 Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientûm rostra, dolores
 Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut superare ferendo.

Quid nostra in melius poterit convertere fata?
 Ut palans tenebris fortisque incerta futuræ
 Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
 Dum pendens diversa fluit, densâque laborat
 Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!
 Solum Hoc scire datur, luctus subsidere, spemque
 Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Cœli.

Hæc ubi fatus eram, solennia ferre jubebam
 Dona Sacerdotem, & sacris se accingere votis.
 Jamque ascendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
 Lecti omnes, roseis evincti tempora fertis:
 Rite chorum Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
 Tangere fila lyræ, calamosque inflare canoros:
 Pone Puellarum nitidus subit ordo, feritque
 Tympana, & exercet choreas: quas deinde secuti
 Excipiunt orti venerandâ stirpe *Levitæ*,
 Carminaque alterno recitant solennia cantu:
 Per templi spatia ampla incessu pompa verendo
 Ingreditur: claudit sacrum Rex anxius agmen.

Pinierant cœleste melos; cum debita solvens
 Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
 Sic Ego: Magne Pater, qui terram & sydera torques;

Quo

Quo mandante ingens tenebris sese extulit Orbis ;
Cujus diffusas vires curamque paternam,
Omnia quæ spirant, quæ sunt ubicunque locorum,
Quotidie agnoscunt ; subitam sensura ruinam,
Te vires revocante tuas ! Rex maxime Regum,
Omnia qui nôsti, quique omnia Numine comples,
Te supplex precor : ô magni miserere doloris !

Qui potes insanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
Luctantesque notos frænis nimbosque feroces
Comprimere : ô animam hac laceram defende procellis,
Quas miscent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido :
Nec gravis obruat Ira, altisve Superbia faxis
Illidat. Vestrum sed opus vaga Cymbula vestri
Sentiat auxilii munus : vitæque per æstus
Incertos, variasque vices, cœlestia cursum
Ducant auspicia, & tuto me in littore fistant.

Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum spiritus artus,
Pertæsos vitæ, mortisque horrore trementes ;
Si forte annueris, saltem ut breviuscula pacis
Attingam dona, & luctu cessante quiescam ?
Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat ;
O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebrisque fugatis
Pande oculis meliora ; hinc Te modulamine multo,
Te citharâ celebrabo ; hinc lingua animata recenti
Lætitiâ, effuso referet tua munera cantu.
Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita superfit,
Expectentque aliæ sedes, da firma dolori
Pectora ut opponam, superemque adversa ferendo.
Arcanasque vias quanquam explorare negabis
Interius, penitusque aditus invisere sacros ;

Da

Da tamen ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
 Spe minuens, supplex venerabile Numen adorem :
 Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
 Justitiæ meritos solvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix ea finieram : cœlo nox ingruit atra ;
 Intonat ; ingenti nutant delubra fragore ;
 Alta quies subit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
 Infinituat sacrum interius per corda pavorem.
 Nec mora ; se erumpit multo fulgore coruscans
 Clara Dies ; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
 Robora, & involvunt subitis altaria flammis.
 Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balsama spirant
 Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
 Labra rosæ) latè diffunditur aëra circum ;
 Irriguumque solum cœlesti rore madescit.
 Quin melos ætherium (quod frustra æquare canendo
Jessides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
 Pertentat numeris trepidantes suaviter aures,
 Et ferit attonitos nimiam dulcedine sensus.
 En ! oculos quæ Forma rapit ? Quæ tanta repente
 Lux animam invadit ? cœlo delapsus aperto
 En ! sacer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu
 Nuntius accedit ; roseoque hæc ore profatur :

Define, Mortalis, jam tandem de sine finem
 Quærere curarum, spatiumque optare dolori.
 Spes age pone leves, ventisque remitte : rebelles
 Quin potiùs reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
 Erige ; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
 Obdurata malis, longoque assueta dolori.
 Membra gravi fractus senio assiduoque labore,
 Pronus in occasum verges trepidantibus annis :
 Et moriens varios (legatum heu triste !) tumultus,

Sollicito generi, litesque & bella relinques
Aspera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
Quisque suos luctus misero patrimonia nato
Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres
Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Offa simul tumulo dederis tua ; Spes tibi sola
Quæ superest, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judæo, imperii stimulante libidine sacrâ
(Heu quam prona animos dominantum inflare libido !)
Sancta Patris spernet monita, & præstantius armis
Præsidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,
Suadente heu ! Juvenum turbâ : mox victus atroci
Terga dabit genti, nomenque insigne *Jacobi*
Deteret ; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
Quin ferta indecori penitus delapsa videbit
Vertice, quæ magno meruit sudore recepta
Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
Civiles nec Marte potens sedare tumultus,
Nec prece, victores pariter victosque pavebit,
Utrinque attonitus ; solos neque degener hostes
Horrescit ; *Judæ* simul arma incerta timebit :
Occumbens tandem fato languentia sternet
Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
Cognatorum armis, & fratrum sanguine rubros.

Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
Diris horrentum tenebris luctuque nigrantum
Perpetuo ; lacrymosa onerabunt tempora longæ
Bellorum series & multa doloris Imago.
Quinetiam in geminas diviso flumine partes
Diffluet Imperium : laxos age funde dolori
Toto corde sinus ; sævis Gens barbara ludet

Oppro-

Opprobriis ; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
 Victa jacebit humi, solis spectanda ruinis.

Altera adhuc superest visenda *Ægyptia* Tellus,
 Altera vinc'la manent ; uret graviore flagello
 Asperior Dominus : passura atrocius olim
 Mœsta jugum soboles patriis decedet ab oris,
 Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuspide tangunt
 Sydera, venturi confusâ clade Nepôtes
 Disiectos latè aspicient ; mœstique stupebunt
 Immane excidium & vastæ vestigia molis.
 Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaque Sedes,
 Quâ vos fulsuros sera usque ad sæcula natos
 Creditis, hinc longè hostiles ducetur in oras,
 Victorisque superbi ornabit capta triumphos.
 Quin sacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
 Et vasa ipsa Deo templisque dicata Tyrannus
 Efferus indecori violabit squallida vino ;
 Sacrilegosque sales inter lususque profanos
 Exultans, vetito se proluet impius auro.

Sæc'la quaterdena assiduo revolubile cursu
 Tempus aget ; varias fato versante subibunt
 Regna vices ; alios dum Gens infauusta dolores
 Volvit adhuc, aliasque geret lacerata catenâs ;
 Demissisque oculis & mœsto languida vultu
 Lapsa gemet recolens, & adhuc ventura timebit.

Hostili

Hostili *Judæa* solo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
Languescens luctu, lacrymisque immersa sedebit;
Plectraque vicinis pendebunt muta salictis.
Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
Membra diu assueta, & tacitæ studiosa quietis.
Lucenti undarum in speculo nimiumque fideli
Sponsa repercussos formidans squallida vultus
Horrescit: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
Prospiciet sobolis maciem luctusque futuræ;
Asperaque, amplexus vexantia, vinc'la queretur.
Lugebunt neglecta diu solennia Sacra
Turba Sacerdotum, percussi tristia palmis
Pectora; festorumque obliviam longa dierum
Plorantes, solvent lugubribus ora querelis.
Quin lacrymas, gemino quasi fonte, effundere posse
Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletusque ciere
Perpetuos; noctis super alta silentia fauces
Horrescent barathrorum atras dirasque procellas;
Et subito excussis flammaram turbine somnis,
Attoniti referent trepidanti mane popello
Mystica signa dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.

Interea miseranda Cohors, poscente Tyranno
Festivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
Usque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
Gaudebit? dudum siluerunt pendula plectra,
Ora melos siluere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
Hostili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
Nosne iugo oppressos graviori, flagra timentes
Aspera; & ad nutum sævi trepidare magistri
Assuetos, humilesque trementia flectere genua;
Nos, fordes hominum, nosne efferet alma voluptas;
Languen-

Languentesve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
 Heu longæ tandem post tædia tarda diei
 Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc summa, labores.
 Exuere ingratos paulum, fessisque soporem
 Indulgere brevem trepida inter somnia membris,
 Donec atrox redeat redeunti sole Tyrannus.
 Luctibus affueti meditemur gaudia? luctus
 Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
 Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primum
 Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?
 Certè immaturo præceps Infania partu
 Protulit effrænesque jocos risusque profanos.

Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
 Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
 O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
 Nec leges metire DEI Rationis oculo?
 Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!
 Ille nihil finet intactum, nil linquet inausum,
 Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
 Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compesce superbum!
 Nempe DEO Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
 Sublimi DEUS arbitrio regit omnia; vestrum est
 Cuncta pati, vitæque datos evolvere cursus.
 Crede nefas, quodcunque DEI inviolabile tendit
 Imperium contra; Virtuti Ea consona sola,
 Quæ magni arbitrio respondent æqua JEHOVÆ.

Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondere sensus,
 Neu penitus spes fracta cadat; solatia luctus
 Accipe, quæ spondet vobis, Qui fallere nescit,
 Nec falli potis est. — Veniet labentibus annis
 Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
 Lætior, hostiles solvet secura catenas:

Attollens

Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
 Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges :
 Templâ iterum aëriâ ferientia cuspide nubes
 Fulgebunt splendore novo ; Sedesque verendi
 Promissa Imperii montes super ardua surget
 Vertice sublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
 Quin Tibi præclarâ de stirpe orietur, amicum
 Auxilium terris cœlo laturus ab alto,
 Victorum insignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.
 ILLE Hominum curas emolliet : ILLE dolores
 Affectusque animi effrænes moderabitur : ILLO
 Auspice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno
 Gaudia manabunt lætum diffusa per orbem.
 Hoc Tibi scire fatis : Superis nec panditur ultrâ.

Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad stadia ultima vitæ
 Perge memor vestri, patrii neque degener hæres
 Nominis ; i constans, firma erige pectora, fortis,
 Strenuus ; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes
 Pande sinus, Tibi Censor atrox, aliisque benignus ;
 Supra alios tantum evectus pietatis honore,
 Quantum opibus titulisque nites. En arripe tecum
 Hoc breve præceptum, & memori sub pectore ferva :
 Te Justum atque Humilem præsta. ——— Quæ deinde
 locutus

Nuntius, in cœlum reduci se sustulit alâ.
 Pronus Ego in terrâ variisque impulsibus actus,
 Huc illuc varias volvens sub pectore curas
 Sollicitus, tandem mœstos ad sydera vultus
 Tollebam supplex, humilique hæc voce precabar :

O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Consilii Fons !
 O solus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata
 Dirigis, ardenti lucis quâ cinctus amictu
 Arce sedes rutilâ ; Cujus sacra ora tueri
 Non Homini datur ! O Terris Cœloque supreme !
 Tu mihi, quodcunque est Nostri, Tu vitam animamque
 Concilias : Tu flecte manu quacunque potenti
 Vestrum Opus ! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis
 Permaneam, magnique sequar mandata Parentis !





ORIGINAL POEMS

A N D

TRANSLATIONS.

B Y

SEVERAL HANDS.



VOL. II.

A



The Curious Maid.

W. G. Gucht sculp.



THE
CURIOUS MAID.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;

Obstupuit ; steteruntque Comæ.

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door ;
Within the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus CLOE, beautiful, and gay
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conquest of the Day before,

And what's this *hidden Charm* ? (she cry'd)
And spurn'd th'embracing Cloaths aside
From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,
Resolv'd the *Dark-Abode* to trace,
Of Female Honour, or Disgrace ;
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt she makes, and *buckles* to
 With all her Might ; but twou'd not do :
 Still, as she *bent*, the *Part*-requir'd,
 As conscious of its Shame, *retir'd*.

What's to be done ? We're all a-ground !
 Some other Method must be found —
 Water N A R C I S S U S' *Face* cou'd show,
 And why not C L O E's Charms *below* ?
 Big with this Project, she applies
 The J O R D A N to her Virgin Thighs ;
 But the dull *Lake* her wish denies.

What Luck is here ? We're foil'd again ?
 The D E V I L's *in the Dice*, that's plain !
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd ;
 No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd ;
 No *Bard*, whose gentler Muse excells
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom-Wells*,
 Ordain'd by P H O E B U S' special Grace,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand !
 For lo! the *Glass*—ay, *That*, indeed !
 'Tis *Ten to One* we now *succeed* !
 To this Relief she flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the *shining Plain*,
 The *shining Plain* reflects at large
 All D A M O N's Wish and C L O E's Charge.
 The *Curious M A I D* in deep Surprise,
 On the *Grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes :

(Far

(Far less amaz'd ÆNEAS stood,
When by *Avernus*' sacred Flood,
He saw *Hell's Portal* fring'd with *Wood*.)

And is this A L L, is this (she cry'd)
M A N's great *Desire*, and W O M A N's *Pride*;
The *Spring* whence flows the *Lover's Pain*,
The *Ocean* where 'tis lost again,
By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nursery* and *Grave* of *Love*?

O T H O U of dire and horrid Mien,
And always better felt than seen!
Fit Rapture for the gloomy Night,
O, never more approach the *Light*!
Like other M Y S T' R I E S Men adore,
Be H I D to be R E V E R' D the more!



THE SILENT FLUTE:

O R, THE
MEMBERS *Speech to their* SOVEREIGN.

By the S A M E.

*Henceforth Italian Concerts must be mute,
No Instrument is like the SILENT FLUTE.*

O T H O U, design'd by Nature to controul,
And in the Centre plac'd to guide the Whole,
What Praise to suit thy Merit shall we bring,
Or how, Great Limb, thy nervous Glory sing?

From Thee our nobler Talents we derive,
 Courage to act, and Cunning to contrive,
 With Thee we flourish, and with Thee we *fall*,
 Of Health thou sure Prognostick to us all.

When Chance or Vigour does expose thy Face,
 Tho' *Prudes* may frown, and gravely quit the Place,
 Soft *Maids*, with giddy Eyes, thy Lustre see,
 Dazzled, like Slaves, at Eastern Majesty ;
 They smile, and blush, and peep, and fly, and turn,
 And in the pleasing Conflict chide, and burn ;
 No *Steel* like Thee their Paleness can relieve ;
 E'en *Widows* by thy Aid forget to grieve.

What, tho' with Blood thy Conquests oft are stain'd ?
 To either Party's Joy they still are gain'd ;
 Nor dost thou *swell*, vain-glorious, with success ;
 But after Action still retir'd, and *less*,
 The *Hero* and the *Sage* at once confess.

That thou art just, thy very Foes agree,
 Partial to no Condition or Degree,
 Nor e'er consult the Fair One's Pedigree ;
 But visit both the Wealthy and the Poor,
 And *knock* like equal Death, at ev'ry Door.
 Honour, that sullen Guardian Pow'r, who dwells
 In unfrequented Caves and barren Cells,
 Howe'er resolv'd, her *folding Gate* unlocks,
 Unable to resist thy mighty Shocks :
 Yet some pretend thou art a Paradox.
 Tho' blind, yet bold ; tho' dumb, you teach to speak ;
 Strong without Bones ; and thro' your Triumph *weak*.

But

But Nature on thy Vigour still relies,
And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.
On boldly then, Your youthful Heat employ,
And strenuously force Your way to Joy;
Yet all Excesses, as pernicious, shun,
Nor strain the Tenth laborious *Hect* to run,
By curs'd Ambition led or fond Intreaties won:
So long with *Matrons* will you find Respect,
Maintain your *Crimson Blush*, and Form erect.

}
}

Pleas'd We'll pursue, where'er You lead the way,
And Your dear Laws implicitly obey;
By Day, by Night, thro' Heats, thro' Winter's Snow,
Fatigue and Danger scorn'd, We'll boldly go,
Not coldly asking why, when You command;
For you in Reason's Place, triumphant stand.
Long in Superior Glory may'st Thou thrive,
And may we ne'er thy active Power survive!
Scorn'd shall We be, when Thou can'st charm no more,
And slighted by the Sex we pleas'd before.
Strong as thou art, thy stubborn Neck must yield,
One Day reluctant, thou must quit the Field,
Then shall the *Nymphs* thy drooping Head deride,
Tho' now the *Maidens* Dream, and *Matrons* Pride.

Hence, gloomy Thought, while yet our Monarch reigns,
And the quick Torrent boils within our Veins;
And thou, Great Chief, the gloomy Thought forgive,
Nor shrink with sudden Grief; but rise, and live!
Thee to some fond expecting *Nymph* we'll bear,
And Beds of Roses for thy Bliss prepare.

May no Alarms your softer Hours annoy ;
 Still in Sweat Peace repeat the kindly Joy.
 May no disgust e'er lessen your Desire ;
 No *Flatus* raise Thee with deceitful Fire ;
 No Spells, from flighted *Maids* your Courage foil,
 While on yourself you shamefully recoil,
 Or vainly for th' *important Minute* toil.
 And still dear *Wanderer*, may'st thou be free
 From the infected *Rover's* Infamy !
 Dire Plague ! Which Heav'n has long reserv'd in Store,
 To damp the envy'd Joy, too great before.
 But if the Pow'rs this perfect Bliss deny,
 And needs must punish your Inconstancy,
 Rather when Old and loaded with Renown,
 A *Priapism* all your Labours crown,
 And may you prove the *Dildo* of the Town.



A N

ALLUSION to HORACE.

ODE XXX. BOOK I.

By the SAME.

CÆLIA this Night has promis'd, I
 (And bound it with, *Or may I die*)
 Shall then be eas'd of all my Pains,
 And taste the Sweets of Lovers Chains ;
 The Bed, she tells me, is prepar'd,
 The Candle out, the Door unbar'd,

* Lovely

*Lovely Goddess, Queen of Love,
 Ruler of the Gods above,
 For one soft Moment leave thy Sky,
 Neglected once let *Paphos* lie,
 And here, with all thy Graces fly :
 Contemn the bawling Harlot's Pray'r,
 And snuff up nobler Incense here.
 Let Love, in all his fierce Desires,
 His raging never-dying Fires,
 Enter the lovely Form, and there,
 Make Pleasure his peculiar Care ;
 In naked conqu'ring Charms array'd,
 Let all the Graces lend their Aid,
 And Youth, and soft Persuasion meet,
 To make the joyful Scene complete.

The Goddess hears, and now she's there
 I see and feel her ev'ry where ;
 See how the charming *Cælia* lies,
 With heaving Breasts, extended Thighs,
 And strong desiring, sparkling Eyes ;
 Declaring now, that Love's possesst,
 And revels warmly in her Breast.

Wanton VENUS, now inspire
 Thy Servant with unusual Fire ;
 Prolong the Night, as when great *Jove*
 Was blest with his *ALEMENA's* Love ;
 And let me, Goddess, if you can,
 Be this Night *something more than Man*.

*O *Venus, regina Gnidi, Paphique,*
Sperne dilectam Cypron, &c.



B E D L A M.

By the SAME.

— *Peccatur & extra.*

HOR.

YOU who, like PROTEUS, in all Shapes appear,
 And ev'ry Hue, like the *Camelion*, wear,
 PHANTASIA, airy Pow'r! in humbler Lays
 We sing your Triumphs, and your Temple raise.
 There, far from Reason, absolute you reign,
 And scorn your proud, unequal Rival's Chain:
 A thousand restless Forms around you sport,
 A thousand busy Dreams your Throne support:
 Vain Terrors your severer Orders wait,
 And gay, delusive Hopes attend your State.

In *Britain*, still for some new Madness fam'd,
 When Madmen long had rag'd, and unrestrain'd,
 Near Old AUGUSTA's Walls, the spacious Seat,
 The wretched, wand'ring *Lunatic's* Retreat,
 Arose Majestic to the Founder's Fame,
 And * *Bedlam*, from it's Purpose, is it's Name.

Here ev'ry Error of the lawless Mind,
 The Monsters of distemper'd Thought we find,

Madness

* *Bedlam, or Bethlem, signifies the House of Bread.*

Madness in all Extrems : Serene and mild ;
 Where EUCLID'S Sons * run Regularly wild ;
 Where patient Chymists still their Labour ply ;
 And where the frantic *Dead* supinely lie.

Or loudly Raving ; where Ambition reigns,
 O'er prostrate Foes, and wide extending Plains,
 With Tyrants of all Kinds, and each Degree
 From Pedagogue to Eastern Majesty.

Or the pale Wretch, in one sad Posture found,
 With fix'd, and hollow Eyes surveys the Ground.
 For ever dwells on the consuming Care,
 And ev'ry Thing he turns to his Despair.
 Now tells of adverse Fate, and fondly dreams
 Of troubled Oceans, and contending Streams ;
 Or weeps, like NIOBE, and weary strays
 O'er false, enchanted Ground, and thorny Ways ;
 Or threatening Ghosts, arising to his View,
 On lonely Sands and Shores, the Wretch pursue ;
 Or all around a thousand Furies glare,
 And shake their fiery Brands, and snaky Ha'r.

For grateful Errors some their Reason change,
 And in the gaudy Fields of Fancy range.
 Magnific to their wild delighted Eyes
Peruvian Roofs, and *Parian* Columns rise ;
 Beneath their Thrones the *Niles* and *Ganges* meet,
 And vast unbounded Riches to their Feet ;
 Kind Nymphs around with gay LYAEUS dance,
 And not one Fear invades the golden Trance,
 Happy till envious Art the Bane restore,
 And sad returning Reason finds 'em poor.

A 6

Nor

* *Mathematicians.*

14 POEMS on several Occasions.

While CORIDON laments his absent *Swains*,
And slighted SAPHO of her *Nymphs* complains.

But see a love-sick Maid, with Sighs oppress'd,
Shines with superior Grace amidst the rest !
Romantic Tales, in Heaps, compose her Bed,
And vast CASSANDRA * props her pensive Head.
Sigh to her Sighs, and long to share her Pains,
And thus the fond distracted Fair complains.

Sprung from a Royal Race of high Renown,
The wand'ring Heiress of an Eastern Crown
You here behold ! a miserable Maid !
By hapless Love to endless Care betray'd !
Early my Fame to distant Nations flew,
And wond'ring Crouds from ev'ry Nation drew,
Shining in Arms for MYRA's Love they vie,
And many in pursuit of MYRA die.
Ador'd by All, *One* only I approve,
And Him, and Him alone I vow to love.
But 'ere the holy Priest might join our Hands,
A fatal Task my Royal Sire commands.
Proud of the gen'rous Toil the Hero goes
In quest of Glory, and our Country's Foes.
Three tedious Moons his Absence I deplore,
And watch solicitous the well-known Shore,
The Way where then the brave ORLANDO pass'd,
When these o'erflowing Eyes beheld him last.
At length I vow, impatient of Delay,
To find my Love, or wander Life away.
'Twas in the solemn Noon of silent Night,
When guided by DIANA's doubtful Light,
Along the winding Coast I took my Flight.

}
An

* *A Romance.*

An Age o'er Plains, o'er Forests I'm convey'd,
 And Wastes where yet no human Path is made,
 Spells, Monsters-Rage, and Tyrant's-Threats endure,
 And Pains ORLANDO's Love alone can cure.
 Tell me, ye courteous Knights, whose gen'rous Care
 Protects the Injur'd, and relieves the Fair,
 Tell me what magic Pow'rs, what CIRCE's Charms
 Detain ORLANDO from his MYRA's Arms,
 Tell me, O, tell me this, and, O, invade
 The Giant's Tow'rs, and free a captive Maid!

Love has a thousand more fantastic Slaves,
 And each by Turns a diff'rent Madness raves,
 Triumphant now, and now again distress'd,
 By Hope elated, or by Fear depress'd.

Religion next, and Politics, combine,
 And in one friendly League of *Madness* join,
 The wild Projector, Patriot, and Divine.
 Of Schisms yet untaught, unpractis'd Schemes,
 And Credit still to fall, the Frantic Dreams.
 Here, CYNTHIA, once a fam'd Coquet, retires,
 And burns with manly Rage, and *Roman* Fires,
 Scorns the malicious Art, her Beauty past,
 And changes Love for Politics at last,
 Loud from her Cell the raging *Sybil* screams
 Mysterious Errors, and portentous Dreams;
 War, horrid War, and Peace by Turns she sings,
 And *Bedlam* with the Fate of *Europe* rings.
 For these our sacred *College* chiefly stands,
 And half our Lodgings are in Statesmens Hands;
 Tremendous Croud! with various Rage possess'd,
 And ever more tumultuous than the rest.

Yet few of all the raving Herd are found
So loud as he who wou'd be thought most found.

Pity, he cries, a sad, but wholsom Mind,
A Wretch by false, impatient Heirs confin'd!
Bedlam, at least, one Reas'ning Slave contains,
And many yet without deserve these Chains:
Amidst his shining Hoard AVARO wants,
Hoarse STENTOR sings, and bright AURELIA paints,
On these let *Bedlam's* just Correction fall,
On these and on my impious Prodigal!

Not far from hence, and in obscurer Cells
Spleen with her meagre, faded, People dwells.
A hundred Heads the gloomy Monster bears,
Each Head by Turns a hundred Faces wears,
Inspiring all the Train of needless Cares.
PHANTASIA, you, the deadly *Pest*, of Yore,
On *Albion's* chalky Cliffs to EURUS bore:
She still her *Sire* attends, and haunts the cloudy Shore.

Near these the *Lunatic*, in fond Despair,
Oft to th'inconstant Moon directs his Pray'r,
Sollicitous observes her Nightly Way,
As thro' the pathless Heav'n she seems to stray,
To her of short liv'd Intervals complains,
And feels already the approaching Change.

'Twas here, amidst the Croud of gaping Fools,
A celebrated Member of the Schools
Pass'd gravely on, with slow, majestic Pace,
The Pride of *useless Learning* in his Face.
Tir'd of the noisy Croud, away, ye rude,
Away, he cry'd, obstrep'rous Multitude!

Hence!

Hence! your unseasonable Mirth give o'er!
 Or learn of me lost Reason to deplore,
 Profane, illiterate Herd! who joy to see
 Man fallen from his native Dignity.
 Man! Lordly Creature! for whose only Aid
 The Earth, and all th'Ethereal Lamps were made.
 To these sublime his stately Front he rears,
 And Majesty in all his Form appears,
 And Heaven to that glorious Form has join'd
 A quick, discerning, bright, capacious Mind,
 And plac'd him next to the *Angelic* Kind.

The surly *Lunatic*, whose Cell was nigh,
 Observ'd the canting Pedant stalking by,
 And thus occosts him: Hift, Sir *Gravity*!
 When his own Form the Painter wou'd express,
 He seldom flatters more, or means it less.
 To me this *Lordly Creature* Man appears
 The empty, idle Sport of Hopes and Fears,
 Flying the Thing he did but now adore,
 And now pursuing what he fled before;
 Of Nature's more unfinish'd Draughts the Worst,
 And of all Nature's Wretches most accurs'd,
 If Flattery and Pride had not conspir'd
 To make his Imperfections still admir'd.
 At mighty Things he aims with restless Strife
 Beyond the little Purpose of his Life;
 Base in Oppression, and in Pow'r severe;
 His Glory, Arrogance; his Justice, Fear:
 For fear of Human Nature, Laws are made;
 For fear of Human Punishment, obey'd.
 And his sublimest Knowledge seems design'd
 To prove the narrow Limits of his Mind.

Some whom at least in Silence all revere,
 Like Gods, we own, admit the Croud appear;
 These tho' they must admire, they basely hate,
 Or starve the Worth they dare not imitate.
 Yet more ungrateful Truths Mankind must own.
 Was Man but to himself sincerely known;
 But from the Dawn of Light they turn away,
 And fly like Birds obscene, the hated Day;
 Virtues in human Vanity devise,
 Which human Weakness ne'er can exercise,
 And sooth their Wretchedness with pompous Lies
 Thus Reason is their boasted Attribute,
 The Mighty diff'rence 'twixt Man and Brute!
 The Flatterer of all, the Guide of none,
 And late reflection of the Wretch undone.
 An Armour which in Peace for Pride they bear;
 But never of Defence in Time of War.
 A Pilot who in Calms alone can guide,
 Stem easy Currents, and a gentle Tide;
 Who, insolent, and vain, in Safety braves
 The sleeping Tempest, and the smiling Waves;
 But when strong Winds arise, and Billows rore,
 The idle Boaster is of Use no more,
 And the poor Vessel breaks upon the Shore.





A

SHIP in a STORM.

By a SAILOR.

I.

WITH flowing Pomp, and beauteous Pride,
 The *floating Pile* in Harbour rode,
 Proud of her Freight, the Swelling Tide
 Reluctant left the Vessel's Side,
 And kiss'd it as she flow'd:

II.

The Seas with Eastern-Breezes curl'd,
 And silver'd half the liquid Plain,
 Her Anchors weigh'd, her Sails unfurl'd,
 Serenely mov'd the *Wooden-World*,
 And stretch'd along the Main.

III.

Thus whilst we trace a prosp'rous Scene
 Dissembled Friendship waits on Power;
 But early quits the fraudulent Mien,
 When Fortune is no more serene;
 And waits but to devour.

IV.

IV.

The native Wonders of the deep,
 Press to admire the vast Machine,
 In sportive Gambols round it leap,
 Or else at awful Distance keep,
 In Homage to their Queen.

V.

In vain we fly approaching Ill,
 Danger can Multiply its Form,
 Expos'd we fly like JONAS still;
 And Heav'n, when 'tis Heav'n's Will
 O'ertakes us in a Storm.

VI.

The distant Surge all foaming white,
 Fortells the furious Blast;
 Dreadful, tho' distant, was the Sight.
 Confed'rate Winds, and Waves unite,
 And menace ev'ry Mast.

VII.

Winds whistling thro' the Shrouds, proclaim
 A Fatal Harvest on the Deck,
 Quick in pursuit, as active Flame,
 To soon the rolling Ruin came,
 And ratify'd the—Wreck.

VIII.

Thus ADAM shone with new-born Grace,
 Inform'd by an Almighty Breath;
 Thus the same Breath sweeps off his Race,
 Disorders Nature's beauteous Face,
 And teams with instant Death.

IX.

IX.

Stript of her Pride, the Vessel rolls,
 As if by Sympathy she knew,
 The Secret Anguish of our Souls,
 With inward deeper Groans, condoles
 The Danger of her Crew.

X.

The faithless Flood forsook her Keel,
 And downward launch'd the lab'ring Hull,
 Stun'd she forgot awhile to reel,
 And felt, or almost seem'd to feel,
 A momentary Lull.

XI.

Now what avail'd it to be brave
 On liquid Precipices hung,
 Suspended on a breaking Wave?
 Beneath Us yawn'd a *Sea Green-Grave*,
 Which silenc'd every Tongue.

XII.

Thus in the Jaws of Death we lay,
 Nor Light, or Comfort found us there,
 Lost in the Gulph, and Floods of Prey,
 No *Sun* to chear Us, nor a *Ray*
 Of *Hope*, but in *Despair*.

XIII.

The *Seas* encourag'd this *Despair*,
 While certain Ruin waits on *Land*;
 Shou'd we direct our Wishes there,
 Soon we recal the fatal Prayer,
 And wish to shun the Strand.

XIV.

XIV.

At length a *BEING* whose behest,
 Reduc'd a *Chaos* into Form,
 His Goodness and his Power confest,
 He spoke, and, like a *GOD*, suppress'd
 Our *TROUBLES* and the *STORM*.



STRADA'S NIGHTINGALE.

IMITATED.

By Mr PATTISON.

AS PHOEBUS darted forth a milder Ray,
 And lengthning Shades confess'd the shortning Day;
 To *Tyber's* Banks repair'd an am'rous Swain,
 The Love and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain,
 To cool his Heat, he sought the breezy Grove,
 To cool his Heat, but more the Heat of Love;
 Too sooth his Cares on a soft *Lute* he play'd,
 But the soft *Lute* reviv'd the lovely *Maid*.
 Conspiring *Elms* their Umbrage shed around,
 Wav'd with Applause, and listen'd to the Sound.

When *Philomela*, gentle Bird of Love,
 Poor, pretty, harmless *Siren* of the Grove,
 Enchanted, heard the Shepherd as he play'd,
 And stole attentive to the tuneful Shade;
 Perch'd o'er his Head the *Sylvan* Charmer sat,
 With Envy burning, and with Pride elate.

Ambitiously

Ambitiously she lent a list'ning Ear,
Fix'd by the Melody, she Dy'd to hear.

Each Note, each flowing Accent of the Song
She sooth'd, and sweeten'd with her softer Tongue ;
Gentle refin'd each imitated Strain,
And with his Music charms the ravish'd Swain.

The Ravish'd Swain admir'd the just Replies,
Awhile he thinks soft Echoes round him rise ;
But when he found his little Rival near,
Imbibing Music both at Eye and Ear ;
With a sublimer Touch he swept the *Lute*,
The Daring Prelude to the sweet Dispute ;
The dauntless Charmer heard the bold Defy,
And warbling answer'd with a gay Reply.

Now tend'rest Thoughts the gentle Swain inspire,
And with a Dying Softness tune the Lyre,
Echo, the Music of the vernal Woods,
And soft remurmer to the falling Floods ;
Thus sweet he plays, but sweetly plays in vain ;
For *Philomela* sings a softer Strain ;
With gentler Art She modulates each Note,
And breathes more melting Music from her Throat.

Much he admir'd the Magic of her Tongue,
But more to find his *Lute* and *Art* outdone !
And now to loftier Airs he tunes the Strings,
And now to loftier Airs his Echo sings,
Tho' loud as Thunder, swift as Sun-beams float,
She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying Note ;
In trembling Treble, now in solemn Base,
She show'd how Nature cou'd his Art deface.

Amaz'd

Amaz'd at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd,
His Admiration into Anger turn'd ;
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he stood,
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood.

And wilt Thou still my Music imitate ?
Then see thy Folly, and Thy Task is great :
For know, more pow'rful Lays remain unsung,
Lays far Superior to that mimic Tongue.

If not this *Lute*, this vanquish'd *Lute*, I swear,
Shall never more delight the list'ning Ear ;
But broke in scatter'd Fragments, strew the Plain,
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He said, and glowing with a jealous Fire,
With a disdainful Air he struck the Lyre ;
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Music flow,
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe :
Now rise the shriller Trumpet's clanging Jar,
Now rouse the Thunders of the tuneful War ;
Now soft'ning Sounds and sadly pleasing Strains
Breathe out the Lover's Joys and Lover's Pains.

He Sung ; and sat attentive now to hear,
His little Rival's Fame-contending Air.

But now, too late ! her noble Folly found,
Sad *Philomela* stood subdu'd by Sound ;
Tho' vanquish'd, yet with gen'rous Ardour fill'd,
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the Field ;
Each emulated Strain, each labour'd Note,
Trills on her Tongue, and trembles thro' her Throat.

But

But slowly faint, her pensive Accents flow,
 Weaken'd with Grief, and overcharg'd with Wee:
 Again she Tunes her voice, again she Sings,
 Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,
 In vain! her sinking Spirits fade away,
 And in a tuneful Agony decay;
 Dying she fell, and as the Strains expire,
 Breath'd out her Soul in Anguish on the Lyre:
 Dissolv'd in Transports, she resign'd her Breath,
 And gain'd a living Conquest by her Death.



THE COURT *of* VENUS,

From *CLAUDIAN*.

By the SAME.

WHere the fair *Paphian* Goddess keeps her Court,
 Where the Loves wanton, and the Graces sport;
 A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty Brow,
 And bends with Pleasure on the Plains below;
 O'er distant blue retiring Hills surveys;
 Its shadow floating in *Ionian* Seas;
 The Top impervious all Access denies,
 Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes:

No fierce inclement *Winter* shivers here,
 No blasting Seasons nip the bloomy Year,
 No smoaking Mists, nor foggy Damps arise.
 Hang o'er the Hills, or sail along the Skies:
 But an untainted *Æther* smiles serene,
 And sheds its Influence on the shining Scene;
 Eternal Sweets the wafting Breezes bring,
 And breathe around an everlasting Spring.

The pleasurable Mountains by Degrees,
 Sink in a Level, to salute your Eyes:
 Where Joy, succeeding Joy, for ever New,
 For ever rising to the ravish'd View.
 The wond'ring Sight with sweet Amusement leads
 Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

These were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,
 VULCAN bestow'd upon the *Queen of Love*;
 For these, the *Queen of Love* resign'd her Charms,
 And over fold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a soft Grove it's cooling Shade affords,
 Fann'd by the Music of the vocal Birds;
 To this the *Sylvan* Choristers resort,
 Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes sport:
 The *Queen of Love* amid the tuneful Throng,
 With graceful Smiles rewards each fav'rite Song;
 Elect the worthy Tenant of the Grove,
 And dedicates him to the *God of Love*.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compose;
 That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows;
 With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,
 With spreading *Alders*, spreading *Alders* join:

Majestic

Majestic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,
The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,
And rising with the cooling Gale revive.

Two diff'rent Rivers murmur thro' the Grove,
Two fatal Contrarieties in *Love* !
This sweet, as mutual Joys in youthful Veins;
That bitter, as a dying Lover's Pains ;
Conscious, the Streams each other seem to fun,
But in *Meanders* lost, too soon are One :
Dipt in these fabled Waves, *Love's* fatal Dart
Stings the distracted Soul to sooth the Heart :
To these his Shafts their double Power owe,
Soft pleasing Joys, and sad consuming Woe.

Rang'd on the Banks the little Loves resort,
Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in sport ;
Those tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,
And left their Virgin Image on their Face ;
The ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim,
Alike their Habit, and their Look the same.
O'er all these Troops presides the *God of Love*,
A *God* whom all the *Gods* revere Above ;
Sprung from the *Mother*, and the *Queen of Charms*,
He shines distinguish'd in superior Arms ;
His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controls,
And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles ;
On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,
And blasts the Laurel which the Lightning spares :
In Woods and Groves th'inferior Archers reign,
Contented with the Conquests of the Plain.

Close in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,
 Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid ;
 Here lawless Liberty for ever roves,
 For ever riots in excess of Loves ;
 Inflam'd with Wine, distracted Rage appears,
 But soon dissolves in self-accusing Tears ;
 Here, warming Whispers propagate Replies,
 Sweet melting Murmurs, soft consenting Sighs ;
 With all the Eloquence that Hearts confess,
 With all the Harmony that Eyes express :
 There young Desire, their tasted Joys pursue,
 Pleas'd with the past, and panting for the new ;
 While strange Chimera's on a sudden rise,
 Shift the false Scene, and intercept their Eyes ;
 Tormenting Jealousies, uneasy Cares,
 Dissembling Hopes, imaginary Fears ;
 Accusing Crimes of ill-requited Love,
 And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove :
 Full in the midst, with nice-becoming Grace,
 Stood Youth, too conscious of his comely Face,
 Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,
 With Pain his Blood the luscious Tide contains ;
 With haughty Smiles he mocks declining Age,
 His starv'd Enjoyments, and dissembled Rage :
 The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorse,
 And sickens at the thought of what he was.
 Proud o'er the Groves, a glitt'ring Dome ascends,
 Rich with the Labours of *Vulcanian* Hands ;
 Thro' the green Ranks the darting Lustre streams,
 And the Shades kindle with reflecting Gleams ;
 This Master-piece of Skill the *Lemnian* God
 On his fair Spouse a worthy Gift bestow'd :
 Immortal Monuments of Art support
 The vast Foundations of each ample Court ;

On Di'mond Pillars, Di'mond Pillars rise,
At once invade and emulate the Skies ;
Perlucid Crystal clarifies each Stone,
And by excluding makes a double Sun ;
In Oval-steps the rising Topaz roll'd,
Reflected Blazes on the valving Gold ;
Each Stone conspires it's emulating Rays,
Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze.
Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,
And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here spacious Greens, refreshing Areas rise,
And with a milder Scene refresh the Eyes ;
Thro' *Cassia* Groves ambrosial Breezes breathe,
And steal the aromatic Sweets beneath ;
There soft inferior Shades of *Myrtles* grow,
And *Lillies* blushing as the *Roses* glow ;
Dissolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,
And the sweet Tears distil at ev'ry Pore.

But now his Journey pass'd, the God of Love,
With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove ;
And now he re-assumes a solemn Pace,
He moves with Majesty, and looks with Grace.

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,
His Goddess-Mother at her Toilet sat ;
On either side th' *Idalian* Sisters stand,
Proud of the smiling Goddess's Command ;
These scatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,
Those spread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.
Some exercise the fine correcting Comb,
Smooth the soft Curls, and call the straglers home :

The comely Fav'rites by a nice Design,
They leave to sport, and wanton in the Wind ;
The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,
Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face,
With cooling Airs create an easy Pride,
And but increase the Charms they strive to hide ;
No Glasses here deluding Lights supply,
The brilliant Di'mond guides the judging Eye :
For as the Goddess moves, new Mirrours rise,
And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes ;
As to the multiplying Stones she turns,
On all she dances, and on all she burns.

But lo ! a sudden Scene of Glory fires
Her rising Soul, and breathes more gay Desires ?
Her Son's reflected Image she surveys,
With trembling Joy she turns to prove the Rays ;
But turning conscious of her only Son,
Into the blooming Boy's Embraces run ;
Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,
And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.





DOBSON and JOAN:

A
SONG.

By Mr B****.

I.

DEAR CHLOE, while thus beyond Measure,
You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
You rob all your Youth of it's Pleasure,
An hoard up an Old-Age of Pain.

II.

Your Maxim, that *Love is still founded,*
On Charms that will quickly decay;
You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
When once you it's Dictates obey.

III.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn,
Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve;
Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love.

B 4

IV. And

IV.

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes,
 Shou'd be clouded (that now are so gay)
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,
 We ne'er can forget that 'twas Day.

V.

Old DOBSON with JOAN by his Side,
 You've often regarded with Wonder;
 He's dropfical, She is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they are ever uneasy afunder.

VI.

Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at their Door;
 And at Night, if Old DOBSON'S Pot's out,
 His JOAN will not smoke a Whiff more.

VII.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,
 Their several Failings to smother;
 Then what are the Charms can you guess,
 That makes 'em so fond of each other?

VIII.

The pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 Th'Endearments That Youth did bestow,
 The Thoughts of past Pleasures and Truth,
 The best of our Blessings below.

IX. Those

IX.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 No Sickness nor Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love,

X.

A *Friendship* insensibly grows,
 From Reviews of such *Raptures* as these;
 A *Current* of *Fondness* still flows,
 That decrepit *Old Age* cannot freeze.

H O R A C E's *Integer Vitæ*, &c.

IMITATED.

By the SAME.

I.

THE Man that is Drunk, is void of all Care,
 He needs neither *Parthian* Quiver or Spear,
 The *Moor's* poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield,
 His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

II.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
 Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors,
 He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
 And boldly defies both the Proctor and Devil.

III.

As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
 Encumbered neither with Care nor with Coin;
 I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

IV.

No Monster could put you to half so much Fear,
 Shou'd he in APULIA's Forest appear ;
 In *Africa's* Defart, there never was seen,
 A Monster so hated, by Gods and by Men.

V.

Come place me, ye *Deities*, under the Line,
 Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine ;
 O'er hot burning Sands I will swelter and sweat,
 Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

VI.

Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be found.
 Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound !
 Even there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require.
 My Bottle should warm me, and fill me with Fire.

VII.

My Tutor may *Job* me, and lay me down Rules,
 Who minds 'em but Damn'd Philosophical Fools ;
 For when I am Old and can no more Drink.
 'Tis time enough then for to sit down and Think.

VIII.

'Twas thus ALEXANDER was tutor'd in vain,
 For he thought ARISTOTLE an Ass for his Pain ;
 His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
 And when he was Drunk, then the *World was his own*.

IX. This

IX.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord;
 My Life is the Reckning which freely I'll pay,
 And when I'm Dead-Drunk, then I'll stagger away.



THE
 STORY
 OF
Orpheus and Eurydice.

FROM
 The Fourth GEORGIC of VIRGIL.

By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;

SUCH Words the *Prophet's* * Indignation raise,
 His Eyes flash awful with an azure Blaze;
 He grinds his Teeth, and with a fullen Glare,
 Begins the Fate's dread Secrets to declare.

* PROTEUS

The Gods on all thy hated Labours frown,
 Thy Crimes have call'd the raging Vengeance down.
 Young ORPHEUS wretched, tho' unjustly so,
 Moves Heaven to load Thee with a length of Woe,
 His WIFE's sad Fate has rais'd Thee such a Foe.
 When from thy bold Pursuit, with blushing Dread,
 Swift, o'er the River's winding Bank she fled;
 She ne'er beheld in her unhappy Speed,
 A burning Serpent in the Herbage hid.
 She died! and all the Dryads mourn'd around,
 O'er all the conscious Hills their Sorrows found;
 Ev'n savage *Thrace* a tender Grief adorn'd,
 And RHODOPE thro' all his Mountains mourn'd.
Barbarian Climes confess'd a gen'rous Woe,
 And *Heber's* plaintive Streams forgot to flow.
 His Matchless Lyre was all the Youth's Relief,
 His last soft Effort to elude his Grief.
 Thee, lovely Spouse! thee, fated to deplore,
 He mourn'd melodious on the desert Shore;
 Thee, when the Day-spring dawn'd with tuneful Tongue,
 Thee when Night gloom'd, he solitary sung,
 But now his Love an awful Proof intends,
 To Hell's detested Shades the Youth descends;
 To the dull Grove where Night for ever reigns;
 To Ghosts insensible of Human Pains,
 To Hell's tremendous King, he boldly goes,
 Led by the Ardour of the restless Woes.
 His wondrous Lyre charm'd *Erebus* around,
 And rais'd soft Raptures with the magic Sound:
 The gliding Ghosts and Forms of living Shade,
 Around him croud, and gladden'd as he play'd:
 Not in such Numbers, from the clouded Sky,
 The feather'd Nation to the Woodland fly,

When

When from the fable Night and Storms above,
They seek the Shelter of the grateful Grove.
Parents in venerable Forms appear,
And laurel'd Heroes frown'd in Shapes of Air;
Bright Virgins too, in softer Shadows move,
And Youths snatch'd early from their Bloom above;
Whose wand'ring Flight the *Stygian* Streams control,
Nine Times the mirey Waters round them roll:
But o'er the Gloom the tuneful Rapture spread,
And charm'd the Caverns of the silent Dead.
The Furies too with fond Attention gaz'd.
And their dishevel'd Snakes no longer blaz'd,
The dreadful Throats of CERBERUS were still,
And gentle Breezes stop'd Ixion's Wheel.
And now, the Perils of his Passage pass'd,
With pleasing Speed, he leaves the dismal Waste,
His Wife, the dear Companion of his Way,
His Footsteps follow'd to the Verge of Day.
With this Command, relenting at his Prayer,
The Queen of Hell restor'd the Willing Fair.
When ah! his tender Joys too soon renew,
A slender Crime,) if Ghosts Forgiveness knew:
Near the mild Confines of returning Day,
On the last Bounds of his unfinish'd Way;
Thoughtless alas! unable to forbear,
He stop'd, he turn'd, he gaz'd upon his Fair:
Here all his Labours lost their rich Reward,
His Vows were broke with Hell's tyrannick Lord;
A Noise of Woe roll'd ominous around,
And ACHERON thrice echo'd to the Sound:
My Spouse, she cry'd, what angry Gods Decree,
Div'des thy dear EURYDICE and Thee!
The Fates remand me to the silent Shades,
The Sleep of Death my swimming Eyes invades;

Farewel

Farewel ! the Glooms of Night around me low'r,
 EURYDICE, alas ! is Thine no more !
 At this she skims reluctant from his Sight,
 As Vapours vanish in the Fields of Light ;
 Now doom'd to wander on the dreary Shore,
 Her Eyes beheld the hapless Youth no more ;
 Whilst he in vain the hollow Gloom invades,
 And impotently clasps the empty Shades :
 Ah ! what persuasive Strains shall he invent,
 What lovely Woe to make the Ghosts relent ;
 Slow o'er the sable Element she sails,
 Nor all the Music of his Lyre avails.
 Nine long revolving Months, as Bards relate,
 Near cold *Strymona's* chilling Waves he sat,
 Beneath a Mountains bending Brow he sung,
 And the soft Sound thro' all the Caverns rung ;
 The list'ning Tygers at his Strains were still,
 And Groves descended from the shaggy Hill.

Thus in a Poplar Shade, with mournful Song,
 Sad *Philomel* laments her stolen Young ;
 When some unpitying Swain her Nest has view'd,
 And seiz'd unfeather'd, the defenceless Brood :
 Perch'd on a Bough, the tuneful Songstrefs sits,
 And nightly her melodious Woe repeats ;
 Whilst the soft Murmurs of the melting Sound,
 Swell thro' the Thickets and the Grots around.

No blooming Virgins could his Pangs remove,
 Or sooth his Sorrows with a second Love ;
 He fled Society, and rang'd alone,
 'Midst the cold Horrors of the frozen Zone,
 Where the bleak North forbids the Streams to flow,
 And Rocks rise hoary with eternal Snow :

His

His lost EURYDICE prolongs his Pain,
 Stern PROSERPINE's fair Gift bestow'd in vain !
 Their flighted Charms, the *Thracian* Dames resent,
 Unanimous on dire Revenge they're bent ;
 'Midst their Night-Orgies to the God of Wine,
 The raging Crew perform their black Design ;
 Implacable the helpless Swain they slew,
 And his torn Limbs around the Meadows threw :
 When sever'd from the lovely Trunk, at last,
 His gasping Head in *Heber's* Waves they cast ;
 As the cold Stream it stain'd with ebbing Blood,
 And ghastly roll'd along the purple Flood ;
 Tho' Death's pale Hue, on ev'ry Feature hung,
 EURYDICE still dwelt upon his Tongue :
 In the last Pang of fainting Life he cry'd,
 Unfortunate EURYDICE ! and Died !





V E R T U M N U S.

A N

EPISTLE to Mr JACOB BOBART.

*Botany Professor to the University of Oxford,
and Keeper of the Physic-Garden.*

By Dr. E V A N S, 1711.

T H A N K Heav'n, at last, our Wars are o'er ;
 We're very *Wise*, and very *Poor*,
 All our Campaigns, at Once, are done ;
 We've *Ended*, were we just *Begun*,
 In Perfect *P E A C E* : Long may it last !
 And Pay for all the *Taxes* past :
 Refill th' *Exchequer*, chase our Fears,
 And dry up all the Ladies Tears
 For Husbands, Sons, and Lovers lost ;
 In Duels some, in Battles most.

Rise, Rise, ye *Britons*, Thankful Rise !
 Extol your *E M P R E S S* to the Skies ;
 Crown Her with Laurels ever Green,
 With Olives fair inwove between :
 Her Courage drew the Conqu'ring Sword ;
 Her Wisdom Banish'd-*P E A C E* restor'd.

Long, wond'rous *ANNA* ! may'st Thou live,
 T'enjoy those Blessings which You Give:

To

To Guard Thy Friends, Confound thy Foes,
 And Fix the Church, and State's Repose:
 And late, for *P E A C E* to *Britain* giv'n.
 Be Crown'd with Endless *P E A C E* in Heav'n.

Farewel ye Camps, and Sieges dire!
 With all your Cannons, Smoke and Fire:
 Ye Victories and Trophies vain!
 A certain Loss, uncertain Gain:
 Ye Squadrons and Battalions brave!
 Who first your Foes, then Friends enslave:
 Ye Gallant Leaders! who delight,
 For Glory less, than Gold, to Fight:
 Ye Publick Patriots! plac'd on High,
 To Sell those Votes which first ye Buy:
 And Bards, whose mercenary Lays,
 Such Heroes, and Such Statesmen Praise.

An Honest Muse, alike disclaims
 Such Authors and their impious Themes:
 And with a more becoming Grace,
 Her Song impartial does Address,
BOBART to Thee; the Muse's Friend:
BOBART! the Promis'd Song attend.

And where no difference appears
 Betwixt the Subject, and the Verse;
 But He who Praises, and is Prais'd,
 On Equal Eminence are rais'd:
 No Flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
 Nor hopes encourag'd of Reward.

Such is our Case: — I Honour Thee
 For Something, Thou for something Me;

Sincerely

42 P O E M S on several Occasions

Sincerely Both : Our Thoughts the same ;
Of Courtiers, Fortune, and of Fame :
Alike, (in Pity to Mankind)
To *P E A C E*, to Heavenly *P E A C E* inclin'd.

To *P E A C E*, my Frined ! that Thou and I,
(No Colours flutt'ring in the Sky ;
With frightful Faces, glitt'ring Arms,
BELLONA's military Charms ;)
May undisturb'd and studious rove,
O'er ev'ry Lawn, thro' ev'ry Grove.

See various Nature, in each Field
Her Flow'rs and Fruits luxuriant yield ;
While the Bright God of Day presides
Aloft, and all the Season guides ;
Jocund to run his Annual Course,
With never-tiring Speed and Force.

With Golden Hair, the God of Day,
Wings from the East, his fervid Way :
The Stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch, along the Skies :
To see him roll his fiery Race,
Athwart the vast *Æthereal* Space ;
Unbind the Frosts, dissolve the Snows,
As round the Radiant Belt he goes.

Mild *ZEPHYRUS*, the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant Meads ;
The Mountains shout, the Forests ring,
While *FLORA* decks the purple Spring:

The *Hours* (attendant all the While)
On ZEPHYRUS and FLORA smile:
The Vallies laugh, the Rivers play,
In Honour of the God of Day.

The Birds that fan the liquid Air,
To Tune their little Throats prepare;
The Joyous Birds of ev'ry Shade,
For loit'ring, Love, and Music made:
Their Voices raise on ev'ry Spray,
To Welcome in the God of Day.

The Vegetable Earth beneath,
Bids all her Plants his Praises breathe:
Clouds of fresh Fragrance upwards rise,
To cheer his Progress thro' the Skies;
And Heav'n and Earth, and Air unite,
To Celebrate his Heat, and Light.

That Light and Heat, which on our World,
From his gay Chariot-Wheels is hurl'd;
And ev'ry Morn does Rosy rise,
To glad our dampy, darksome Skies:
Which once deserted by his Light,
Wou'd languish in eternal Night.

But GARD'NING were of all a Toil,
That on our hopes the least wou'd Smile;
Shou'd the Kind God of Day forbear
T' exhale the Rains, foment the Air:
Or, in an angry Mood, decline,
With his prolific Beams to shine.

Ev'n *THOU*! tho' that's thy meanest Praise,
 Nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs, coud'ft hope to raise;
 (Howe'er thou may'ft in Order place,
 Of Both, the Latter, Earlier Race;
 In Glaffes, or in Sheds confin'd,
 To fhield them from the Wintry Wind;
 Or, in the Spring, with skilful Care,
 Place 'em his Influence beft to share;) *;*
 Did not the *SUN*, their Genial Sire,
 The Vegetative Soul inspire:
 Instruct the fenfelefs aukward Root;
 And teach the Fibres how to shoot:
 Command the taper Stalk to rear
 His flow'ring Head, to grace the Year;
 To shed Ambrofial Odours round,
 And paint, with choicest Dyes, the Ground.

THOU, next to Him, are tru'y Great;
 On Earth his Mighty Delegate:
 The Vegetable World to guide,
 And o'er all *BOTANY* prefide:
 To fee, that ev'ry dewy Morn,
 Succelfive Plants the Earth adorn:
 That *Flow'rs*, thro' ev'ry Month be found,
 Conftant to keep their gaudy Round:
 That *Flow'rs*, in fpite of Froft and Snow,
 Throughout the Year, perpetual Blow:
 That *Trees*, in fpite of Winds are feen,
 Array'd in Everlafting Green.

Nor with a Care, beneath thy Skill,
 Dost *THOU* that vaft Employment fill,

Hail,

Hail, Horticulture's Sapiient KING!
 Receive the Homage which we bring:
 While at thy Feet, with Reverence low,
 All *Botanists* and *Florists* Bow;
 Their Knowledge, Practice, All resign:
 Short, infinitely Short of *Thine*.

For *THOU*, not satisfy'd to know.
 The *Plants* that in *Three* Nations Blow;
 (Their Names, their Seasons, native Place;
 Their Culture, Qualities and Race)
 Or *Europe's* more extended Plains;
SYLVANUS', *FLORA's* wide Domains.

Nothing in *Afric*, *Asia*, shoots
 From Seeds, from Layers, Grafts, or Roots;
 At both the *Indies*, both the *Poles*,
 Whate'er the Sea, or Ocean rolls;
 Of the *Botanic*, Herbal Kind,
 Lies open to Thy searching Mind.

Noblest Ambition of thy Soul!
 Which Limits, but in vain Control:
 Let others, meanly satisfy'd
 With Partial Knowledge, sooth their Pride:
 While *Thou*, with thy Proudgious Store,
 But shew'st thy Modesty the more.

Thou Venerable *Patriarch* Wife,
 Instruct us in thy Mysteries:
 From Thee, the *Gods* no Knowledge hide,
 No Knowledge have to thee deny'd:
 The *Rural Gods* of Hills or Plains;
 Where *Faunus*, or *Feronia* Reigns.

Then

Then tell us, as Thou best dost know,
Where perfect Happiness does grow.

What *Herbs* our Bodies will sustain
Secure from Sickness, and from Pain:
What *Plants* protect us from the Rage
Of blighting Time, and blasting Age;
Which *Shrubs* of all the flow'ry Field,
Most Aromatic Odours yield.

Shew us the *Trees* by Nature spread,
To form the coolest Noon-tide Shade;
When our first Ancestors were seen,
Out-stretch'd upon the grassy Green:
Nor any Food or Cov'ring sought,
But what from *Trees* and *Woods* they got.

Who after various Ages spent
In Ease, Abundance, and Content,
Knew not what Wars, or Sickness meant;
But chearful, when the Fates requir'd,
Quick to th'*Elysian* Fields retir'd.

Recount the Precepts they observ'd;
How from their Rules they never swerv'd:
Such, as ALCINOUS of Old,
To his belov'd *Phæaceans* told;
Or those APOLLO first did teach
His * Son the *Epidaurian* Leach †.

Long

* ÆSCULAPIUS.

† Physician. *verb. ant.*

Long 'ere the *Romans* us'd to dine,
 Beneath their Plains manur'd with Wine:
 On *Tyrian* Couches, Thoughtless lay,
 And Drank, and Laugh'd, and Kifs'd away
 Each fultry, circling Summer's Day:
 On polish'd Ivory Beds reclin'd;
 Cast Care and Sorrow to the Wind:
 And scorning Nature's temp'rate Rules,
 Like Madmen liv'd, and dy'd like Fools:

Teach us, Thou Learn'd, Judicious Sage!
 The Manners of a Wiser Age.

To Thee, was giv'n by Jove to keep
 Those Grottoes where the Muses sleep:
 To plant the Forests, where they sing,
 Fast by the cool *Castalian* Spring:
 With Myrtles their Pavilions raise;
 Soft, intermix'd with *Delian* Bays:
 And when they wake, at Earliest Day;
 To strew, with sweetest Flow'rs, their Way.

Transcendent Honour! here below,
 The Muses and their Haunts to know.

ANNA! Look down on *Isis* Tow'rs;
 Be gracious to the Muse's Bow'rs:
 And now Thy Toils of War are done;
ANNA! Protect *APOLLO's* Throne:
 'Twas He, the Dart unerring threw;
PYTHON, the Snaky Monster, flew.

The *Muse's Bow'rs*, by All admir'd,
 But those Fanatic Rage has fir'd :
 Or Atheist-Fools, who Freedom boast ;
 Themselves to Slav'ry fetter'd most.
 Stern MARS may Thunder, MOMUS Rail ;
 But Wisdom's Goddess will prevail.

On *Isis' Banks*, Retirement sweet !
Tritonian PALLAS holds her Seat.

MINERVA's Gardens are Thy Care ;
BOBART! the *Virgin Pow'r* revere :
 Thy Hoary Head with *Vervain* bound,
 The Mystic Grove thrice compass round ;
 The Waters of *Lustration* pour,
 And thrice the Allies, Walks, explore :
 Lest some presumptuous Wretch intrude,
 With impious Steel to wound the Wood :
 Or, with rash Arm, profanely dare
 To shake the Trees, the Leaves to bare,
 And violate their sacred Hair :
 Or by worse Sacrilege betray'd,
 The Blossoms, Fruits, or Flow'rs invade.

Ye Strangers ! Guard your heedless Feet,
 Lest from the Herbs, their Dews ye beat ;
 Cosmetic Dews, (by Virgins Fair,
 Exhal'd in *May*, with early Care ;)
 Will to their Eyes fresh Lustre give,
 And make their Charms for ever live.

MINERVA'S

MINERVA's Gardens are thy Care ;
 JACOB, the Goddess-Maid revere.

All *Plants* which *Europe's* Fields contain ;
 For Health, for Pleasure, or for Pain :
 (From the tall Cedar, which does rise
 With Conic Pride, and mates the Skies ;
 Down to the humblest Shrub that crawls
 On Earth, or just ascends our Walls,)
 Her Squares of Horticulture yield :
 By *DANBY** Planted, *BOBART* Till'd.

Delightful scientific Shade !
 For Knowledge, as for Pleasure made.

'Twas Gen'rous *DANBY* first inclos'd
 The Waste, and in Parterres dispos'd ;
 Transform'd the Fashion of the Ground,
 And Fenc'd it with a Rocky Mound ;
 The Figure disproportion'd chang'd,
 Trees, Shrubs, and Plants in Order rang'd ;
 Stock'd it, with such excessive Store,
 Only the spacious Earth has more :
 At his Command the Plat was chose,
 And *Eden* from the *Chaos* rose :
 Confusion in a Moment fled,
 And Roses blush'd where Thistles bred.

The *Portico* next, High he rear'd,
 By Builders now so much rever'd ;

C

(Which

* *The Right Honourable THOMAS Duke of Leeds,*
Lord-Treasurer to King CHARLES II.

(Which like some Rustic Beauty shows,
 Who all her Charms to Nature owes;
 Yet fires the Heart, and warms the Head,
 No less than those in Cities bred;
 Our Wonder equally does raise
 With them, as well deserves our Praise.)

The Work of JONES's Master Hand:
 JONES, the VITRUVIUS of our Land;
 He drew the Plan, the Fabric fix'd,
 With equal Strength, and Beauty mix'd:
 With perfect Symmetry design'd;
 Consummate, like the Donor's Mind.

Illustrious *DANBY*! Splendid Peer!
 Look downwards from thy Radiant Sphere,
 The Muse's Thanks propitious hear.

When *Albion* will thy Nobles now,
 Such Bounty to MINERVA show?
 With true Patrician Renown,
 In Honour of the Church and Crown,
 Grace, with such Gifts, the Muse's Town?

There, where Old *Cherwell* gently leads
 His humid Train, along the Meads;
 And courts fair *Isis* but in vain,
 Who laughs at all his am'rous Pain;
 Away the scornful *Naiad* turns,
 For Younger *Tamus*, *Isis* burns.

Close to those Tow'rs, * so much renown'd
 For Slav'ry lost, and Freedom found:

Where

* MAGDALEN College.

Where thy brave Sons! in hapless Days,
WAINFLEET : to thy Immortal Praise!
Their Rights Municipal maintain'd
Submits, nor their Allegiance stain'd :
To Loyalty and Conscience true ;
Gave CÆSAR, and *Themselves* their Due.
Close to those Tow'rs, by Jove's Command,
The Gardens of MINERVA stand.

There 'tis we see Thee, BOBART, tend
Thy fav'rite Greens ; from Harms defend
Exotic Plants, which finely Bred
In softer Soils, Thy Succour need ;
Whose Birth far distant Countries claim,
Sent here in Honour to thy Name.

To Thee the Strangers trembling fly,
For Shelter from our barb'rous Sky.
And Murd'ring Winds, that frequent blow,
With cruel Drifts of Rain or Snow ;
And dreadful Ills, both Fall and Spring,
On alien Vegetables bring.

Nor art thou less inclin'd to save,
Then they Thy gen'rous Aid to crave :
But with like Pleasure and Respect,
Thy darling Tribe Thou dost protect :
Lessen their Fears, their Hopes dilate,
And save their fragrant Souls from Fate :
While they secure in Health and Peace,
Their Covert, and their Guardian bless.

This makes thee rise at break of Day,
Thy doubtful Nurs'ry to survey :

At Noon to count Thy Flock with Care,
 And in their Joys and Sorrows share:
 (By each Extream unhappy made,
 Of too much Sun, or too much Shade:
 Be ready to attend their Cry,
 And all their little Wants supply:
 By Day severest 'Sentry keep,
 By Night sit by 'em as they sleep:
 With endless Pain, and endless Pleasure,
 As Misers guard their hoarded Treasure.

'Till soft *Favonius* fans the Flow'rs,
 Breathes balmy Dews, drops fruitful Show'rs:
Favonius soft, who sweetly blows,
 The Tulip paints, perfumes the Rose;
 And with the gentle *Twins* at Play,
 Brings in th' *Elysian* Month of *May*.

Then boldly from their Lodge, You bring
 Your Guests, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy *Foreigners*! to find
 From *Islanders*, such Treatment kind:
 Not only undisturb'd to Live,
 But by thy Goodness, *B O B A R T*, Thrive:
 Grow strong, increase, their Verdure hold,
 As dwelling in their native Mold.

The rest, who will no Culture know,
 But ceaseless Curse our Rains and Snow;
 A sickly, sullen, fretful Race;
 The Gard'ner's, and his Art's Disgrace:
 Whom *B O B A R T*'s Self in vain does strive,
 With all his Skill to keep alive:

Which

Which from beneath th' *Æquator* come,
In *India's* sultry Forests bloom.

Of these, at least, since Nature more,
Denies t'increase thy Living Store,
Their Barks, or Roots, their Flow'rs, or Leaves,
Thy *Hortus Siccus* * still receives:
In Twenty Volumes, Work immense!
By Thee compil'd at vast Expence;
With utmost Diligence amass'd,
And shall as many Ages last.

And now, meth'inks, my Genius sees
My Friend, amidst his Plants and Trees;
Full in the Center there he stands,
Incircl'd with his verdant Bands;
Who all around Obsequious wait,
To know his Pleasure, and their Fate:
His Royal Orders to receive,
To grow, decay, to die or live:
That not the proudest Kings can boast,
A greater or more duteous Host.

THOU, all That Pow'r dost truly know,
Which They but dream of here Below;
Thy absolute Despotic Reign,
Inviolably dost maintain:
Nor, with ill-govern'd Wrath, affright
Thy People, or insult their Right:
(But as Thy Might, in Greatness grows,
Thy Mercy in Proportion flows:).

* i. e. A Collection of Plants, preserv'd in Paper Books.

Nor they Undutiful deny,
What's due to Lawful Majesty.
Safe in Thy Court from all the Cares,
Domestic Treasons, Foreign Wars,
Which Monarchs, and their Crowns perplex.
Whom Factions still, or Fav'rites vex.

But *THOU*, on Thy *Botanic* Throne,
Sit'st Fearless, Uncontroul'd, Alone:
Thy Realms in Tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or Rising, are as soon dissolv'd:
Free from the Mischiefs, and the Strife,
Of a False Friend, or Fury Wife:
And if a rebel Slave, or Son,
Audacious by Indulgence grown,
Presumes above his Mates to rise,
And their dull Loyalty despise;
THOU, Awful Sultan! with a Look,
Can'st all his Arrogance rebuke;
And darting one Imperial Frown,
Hurl the bold Traytor headlong down:
His Breth'ren trembling at his Fate,
Thy dread Commands with Rev'rence wait:
Thy wond'rous Pow'r, and Justice own,
And learn t'affert a tot'ring Throne.

Thus Kings, who are in Empire wise,
Rebellions, early, shou'd chastise;
And give their Clemency no Time,
Betwixt th' Offender, and the Crime,
With fatal Eloquence to plead,
Which does more Rebels only breed.

BOBART,

BOBART, to Kings Thy Rules commend,
For Thou to Monarchs art a Friend,

Thus, Sov'raign *PLANTER*! I have paid
The Debt, the promis'd Present made :
Do *THOU*, what's written for Thy Sake
With Freedom, with like Freedom, take :
Take the just *Praise* Thy *Friend* does give,
And in my *Versè* for ever *Live*.

Tibi candida Nais

*Pallentes violas & summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum, & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.*

VIRG. *Ecl.* 2.



*Written in a Blank-Leaf of Dr TRAPP's
Blank-Versè-Translation of VIRGIL.*

By the SAME.

Read the *Commandments*, TRAPP, Translate no further,
For *there 'tis* written, *Thou shalt do No Murther.*





C A N N O N S.

Inscribed to his GRACE the

D U K E of C H A N D O S.

By S A M U E L H U M P H R E Y S, Esq;

Par domus est Cælo, sed minor est Domino.

MARTIAL.

Written in the Year 1728.

W H I L S T You my Lord, acquire a deathless Name,
 And shine unrival'd in the Rolls of Fame;
 Whilst your great Conduct is a Nation's Boast,
 And they best please Mankind who praise You most;
 Whilst Heav'n to You its chosen Bliss extends,
 And Grandeur, duteous, on your Days attends;
 Appear, great Prince, propitious to the Lays
 That join with Millions to proclaim your Praise.
 O! may I prosper in the Theme I love,
 And fortunately sing what You approve:
 Mankind will favour my sincere Designs,
 And *Cannons* rise applauded in the Lines.

ENVY

ENVY that fullen Foe to human Bliss,
Parent of Rage, and Ravisher of Peace,
Had long triumphant rul'd o'er many a Land,
And gain'd low Homage to her stern Command:
And oft, alas! in *Albion's* mighty State,
The pale *Implacable* had fix'd her Seat.
Mischiefs and Woe surround her ghastly Throne,
The grieving Murmur, and the hollow Groan;
Despair, that drives the Wretched to the Tomb;
And Deaths relentless to a youthful Bloom.
Her Transports rise at human Pains and Fears,
At falling Families, guiltless Tears.
Gay Pleasure, and the gentle Voice of Joy,
And soft Prosperity, her Peace destroy.
Harmonious Love her sharpest Rage supplies,
And Prosper'd Merit blasts her baleful Eyes.
The Scenes of Misery and wasting Woe,
Are all the Happiness the Fiend can know.

Long had she thus enjoy'd her dire Repose.
Her Sway extended and her Triumphs Rose;
When now approach, the long-devoted Hour,
That Heav'n decreed to crush her lawless Pow'r.

To view her Empire in the *British* Land,
And gain new Vassals to her proud Command;
With Ruin to regale her hateful Sight,
The Fury hasten'd her pernicious Flight:
With fatal Speed as she pursu'd her Way,
Pleas'd with the Prospect of her impious Sway,
The rising Sun, affrighted as she flew,
The radiant Glories of the Morn withdrew;
Around his Orb, a Veil of Shade she cast;
And injur'd Nature startled as she past;

The Streams ran Sable thro' their winding Beds,
 And dying Plants bow'd down their wither'd Heads ;
 Malignant Steams invade the blooming Field,
 Their fragrant Lives the languid Lilies yield ;
 Th' unwilling Groves resign their lovely Green,
 And blasted Landscapes fill the barren Scene.

Whilst thus the Fiend pursues her wasteful Flight,
 Unnumber'd Triumphs charm her eager Sight.
 Frequent in sad Variety appear
 Painful Magnificence, and golden Care.
 Where-e'er she march'd, the mournful Prospects show
 Pompous Distress, and Palaces of Woe.

Impell'd by Fate at length the Fury flew
 Where *Edgworth's* Vales appear'd in blooming View ;
 Amaz'd she saw, whate'er could charm the Eyes
 In one soft Prospect beautifully rise :
 Here all the Graces made their gay Retreat,
 Pleas'd with a Verdure of a Scene so sweet :
 The Streams swell'd gently with the breathing Gales,
 And murm'ring glitter'd thro' the sunny Vales :
 Here sporting Flocks in painted Meadows play'd ;
 And Linnets warbled in the woodland Shade ;
 Whilst new-born FLORA, in her bright Array,
 Smil'd in the Sunshine, and perfum'd the Day.

ENVY, astonish'd at a Scene so fair,
 Ceas'd her long Voyage thro' the Wastes of Air.
 With fierce malignant Rage she gaz'd around ;
 And thought she hover'd o'er enchanted Ground
 Her black Infection now no more prevails.
 Lost in the Fragrance of the balmy Gales.

Aw'd

Aw'd as from Heav'n, she found her Power decay,
And saw the Vales inviolably gay.
So SATAN when he lost the Realms of Bliss,
And vow'd to ruin our grand Parent's Peace;
In the dire Progress of his fatal Spite,
Fled thro' the Chaos in a Storm of Night:
But when he gain'd the golden Bounds of Day,
And view'd each Glory with a grim Survey,
The bright Creation rais'd his hateful Care,
And Paradise promoted his Despair.

Such Pangs of Rage the tortur'd Fury fill'd,
Wond'ring she view'd, and curs'd what she beheld;
She fear'd some heav'nly Guardian govern'd there,
And made the Beauties of the Place his Care.
In Agonies of Wrath she gaz'd around;
And soon, the Causes that oppress'd her, found.

Where the stretch'd Plains their lovely Bloom disclose,
A stately Pile majestically rose.
Her wond'ring Eyes beheld in every Part
A Blaze of Grandeur and the Force of Art.
Magnificent o'er all the Fabric shin'd
The rich Profusion of a Royal Mind.
Stretch'd like a Sea, beneath his grand Survey
The verdant Level of the Meadows lay,
He, Monarch like, his awful State maintains,
Swells o'er the Landscape, and commands the Plains.
His Pomp the Prospect all around refines,
And ev'ry Object with his Lustre shines;
In each bright View a softer Bloom is seen,
Brooks seem more limpid, and the Groves more green.
So the bright Sun from his Æthereal Way,
Adorns each Object with the glorious Day;

Mountains and Vales a shining Scene unfold,
And the wide Prospect seems to rise in Gold.

Now round the noble Pile the Fury flew,
And fir'd her Anger with the wond'rous View?
Rich Strokes of Grandeur all around her shine,
A chaste Magnificence, and just Design.
She saw Perfection reign in ev'ry Part;
And own'd the Palace had exhausted Art.

Or, when she next a softer Scene pursues,
And the green Progress of a Visto views,
Where the fond Eye a verdent Pleasure gains,
And Thickets open thro' a Length of Plains;
Envy reluctant, feels a strange Delight,
Such Beauties mingle to refresh the Sight.
In the mid-View, a *Bason's* ample Round
Contains an Ocean in its noble Bound;
Whilst *Stanmore*, proud to send the vast Supply,
Drains the long Ridge of all his Mountains dry.

The Gardens next her vengeful Eyes engage,
And almost tempt her to renounce her Rage.
The fairest Seat of Pleasure she surveys,
That Art could finish, or that Cost could raise.
Here, gay Parterres disclose their fragrant Bloom;
There, Thickets form a venerable Gloom:
Here, Statues breathing from the Artist's Hand,
An awful Troop majestically stand:
Such Forms the Eyes of Nature might deceive;
So well the polish'd Marble seems to live,
No Scene with more Profusion can impart
The Sweets of Nature, with the Charms of Art

Here,

Here, winding Channels roll their costly Rills,
Drawn from their Sources in the distant Hills;
And there a Lake, where tallest Barks might sail,
Fills the wide Bosom of a proud Canal:
The wand'ring Treasures hospitably flow,
To ev'ry Plant their liquid Life bestow;
Keep the fair Prospect redolent and gay,
Through all the Fervours of the glowing Day;
And check each fultry Season that invades
The verdant Solitudes, and cooling Shades.

When TITAN's Rays a burning Vengeance sheds,
And drinks deep Rivers from their oozy Beds;
When JOVE no more descends in grateful Rains,
To gasping Furrows, and the wither'd Plains,
Dry Desolation wastes the fading Field,
And dusty Groves their blasted Honours yield;
Plants, Herbs and Flowers in one sad Scene appear,
The mingled Ruins of the scorching Year.
But *Cannons* never mourns the raging Heats,
Nor yields the Verdure of his green Retreats:
His treasur'd Floods in stately Currents run,
And scorn the Dog-star, and the Noon-day Sun;
To Bowers and Groves a fragrant Freshness give,
And bid the vegetable Nation live.

When CHANDOS has the matchless Work design'd,
And form'd the Plan of Wonders in his Mind,
No Climate can defeat his mighty Soul,
No Time discourage, and no Task control.
Where *Cannons* now augustly rears his Pi'e,
Was once a *Scythian* Scene and desert Soil:
It lay rebellious to the Hand of Art;
Nor Dews, nor Sunshine, could a Grace impart:

"Till

'Till Great CAERNARVON did the Task assume,
 And taught at once the barren Glebe to bloom.
 The fruitful Labours with a genial Strife
 Manur'd the blasted Acres into Life ;
 A verdant Carpet cloath'd the pregnant Land,
 And Plants rose willing at his great Command :
 The low-sunk Vallies then were taught to swell,
 And Hills obsequious to a Level fell.
 He form'd the sudden Shade of rising Woods ;
 And taught the Mountains where to roll their Floods.
 O'er all the Waste, a blooming Change prevails,
 A Desert rising to a grand *Versailles*.

Thus from rude Chaos, and his Atoms Strife,
 Earth rose to Harmony, and teem'd with Life ;
 And sudden from the dark Domain of Night
 A Heav'n of Stars emerg'd immensely bright.
 Amaz'd ! the blest Spectators view'd around
 Creation starting from the black Profound ;
 And hail'd, with Transports of divine Surprise,
 The Earth new blooming, and the dazzling Skies.

Mov'd with the Beauty of a Scene so sweet,
 A-while ev'n ENVY did her Rage forget :
 She seem'd to wander with a milder Mien,
 Through winding Alleys of embow'ring Green.
 A-while the Fiend consented to be blest ;
 Nor felt the burning Vipers in her Breast :
 But unreluctant seem'd to entertain
 A secret Joy she never knew till then :
 So well such Wonders could a-while control
 The hateful Anguish of her tortur'd Soul.

But

But this soft Passion she at length suppress,
And Rage reviv'd in her malignant Breast;
For ENVY never can be long at Rest.
Whate'er her Thoughts could form, she now design'd,
And pale Revenge rose dreadful in her Mind.
Proud Impotence! what Shame attends the Foe,
When Heav'n and CHANDOS were united so?
Fierce as she seem'd, on Vengeance vainly bent,
Yet much she doubted of the wish'd Event.
Her former Triumphs but inflame her more,
Since here her Pride proves destitute of Pow'r.
Thus ARCHIMEDES by his wond'rous Art,
Could make huge Towers from their Foundations start,
Remove a Mountain from the loaded Plain,
And heave whole Navies from the croud'd Main;
But when, the utmost of his Skill to prove,
He proudly wish'd the World's whole Weight to move,
He found no Place to act the daring Boast,
And the Pow'r fail'd him where he wish'd it most.
Ah me! said ENVY, must I now behold
My Pow'r, my Glory, and my Peace control'd?
Whilst Kings and Empires at my Altars bow,
With Shame I suffer from a single Foe.
Could I great CHURCHILL's mighty Name invade,
And blast the Laurels on his awful Head?
Save Tyrants from the Terrors of his Sword,
Whilst half the World its Hero's Loss deplor'd?
Tho' now he reigns amidst the blest Abodes,
A crown'd Companion of the Demi-Gods;
And Fame, more faithful to the glorious Trust,
Guards his great Relicks, and adorns his Dust:
Yet once he yielded to my potent Reign,
When Nations arm'd to daunt his Soul in vain;

When

When all the Thunder of the *Gaul* he scorn'd,
And *BOURBON*'s Spoils his dreadful Arms adorn'd.
But ah! the Trophies of my former Pow'r
Increase my Anguish, at this killing Hour.
Aw'd and oppress'd by some malignant Fate,
I praise the Wonders that my Soul should hate:
Or *CHANDOS* well deserves his matchless Fame,
Or I have lost my boasted Art to blame;
So just indeed his Praises seem to prove,
Even I would utter them, could I but love.
How could this Hero find the wond'rous Art,
To make whole Kingdoms his Applause impart?
To make even those whom angry Discord sways
Unite to publish his unbounded Praise?
In vain Invention to degrade him seeks,
Even Calumny grows candid when he speaks.
Ah! let me hasten to some sad Retreat,
Where Solitude has fixt her silent Seat;
Where I no more this hateful Scene may know;
But in the Night of Thicket breathe my Woe.
There let me ever entertain my Eyes,
Where some fam'd Abby in low Ruin lies;
Where Ivy, shrouding what old Time devours,
Winds its pale Arms around the broken Towers,
Where Moss-cloath'd Iles a solemn Length extend,
And mould'ring Arches reverently bend:
There let me walk o'er many a low sunk Tomb,
Whilst Echoes rattle thro' the holy Gloom:
There whilst my Sorrows to the Shades I tell,
Midst the dim Covert of some sacred Cell,
O! might I mortal prove, and yield my Breath
A willing Victim to the Dart of Death!
Then should I ever in Oblivion rest,
And *CHANDOS*' Merit would no more molest;

No longer should I feel this painful Flame,
Nor mourn my want of Pow'r to wound his Name.
But ah ! why thus my Soul do I deceive,
And impotently labour to relieve ?
In vain with Solitude, with Shade in vain,
I wish to conquer this eternal Pain :
Retreats avail not, for his Fame invades
The wildest Solitudes, and deepest Shades.
Must then my Pangs no Mitigation know ?
And shall his Conduct ever crush me so ?
Not one kind Instance may I e'er expect,
Where humble Merit mourns his could Neglect ?
Ah no ! his Bounty to the polish'd Arts
Deprives me daily of a thousand Hearts.
Reward from Him with such Profusion flows,
He seems Himself oblig'd when he bestows ;
And bears his Grandeur with such graceful Ease,
That he appears pre-eminent, to please,
Mankind his Merit with such Joy displays.
No Place can now protect me from his Praise.

Whilst all despairing ENVY thus exprest
The rising Anguish of her burning Breast,
A lovely Vision, cloath'd with shining white,
Descended dazling from the Realms of Light :
Her Looks were mixt with Majesty sublime,
And Virgin Beauty in its lovely Prime ;
Her heavenly Locks with Amaranths array'd,
Wav'd o'er her Shoulders with a graceful Shade ;
Her Sky-dipt Zone, with glowing Sapphires grac'd,
The Snow-white Swelling of her Breast embrac'd :
She made all Nature at her Presence bloom,
And fill'd the Region with a rich Perfume.

But ENVY, trembling with a wild Surprise,
View'd the bright Vision with malignant Eyes :
She knew ASTRÆA in her Charms confess'd,
And felt a thrilling Horror in her Breast ;
She tore the Tresses of her snaky Hair,
And look'd more hateful, near a Form so fair.

With rosy glowing Looks, the heav'nly Maid
The Odious Spectre for a while survey'd :
At length her Silence the bright Goddess broke,
And thus with beauteous Indignation spoke.
O ! Monster foul, rejected and abhorr'd,
By Man below, and Heav'n's immortal Lord !
Durst thou, presumptuous, in this Place appear,
Which Heav'n assigns to my peculiar Care ?
Or think'st thou, with thy wanted Arts, to gain
This fair Addition to thy hateful Reign ?
In Impotent Attempts thou dost engage ;
These bright Possessions scorn thy feeble Rage,
Could'st thou thy Throne in this soft Scene display,
Where would'st thou find a Subject to obey ?
Who can the Merit of Great CHANDOS know,
And to That Merit own himself a Foe ?
As soon may Mortals with Aversion shun
The grateful Splendor of the golden Sun ;
As soon the Gloom of endless Night approve,
As such pure Virtue they can cease to love.
Behold the Crouds his wond'rous Bounty rais'd ;
And then declare if he's unjustly prais'd.
Couldst thou but view his secret Succours flow,
To needy Merit, and to modest Woe ;
But this he will not suffer thee to see,
For here his Goodness even pities thee :

He

He will not blast thee with the fatal Sight;
His private Favours are his best Delight.
But those fam'd Acts which to thy Knowledge come,
Are more than capable to strike thee dumb.
That Piety, which his great Conduct joins,
In all the Beauty of Devotion shines,
Rais'd by the Practice of so pure a Mind,
Religion gains the Homage of Mankind:
Virtue's bright Laws in all their Charms appear;
And Sanctity no longer seems severe.
In vain thy hateful Presence here invades
These blooming Walks, and unpolluted Shades.
Retire for ever, by my fixt Command,
From this fair *Eden* of the *British* Land:
To that renowned Pile approach no more;
All there is Sacred, and defies thy Pow'r.
I'll guard the Glory of its mighty Lord,
Whilst thou shalt pine abandon'd and abhor'd.

The murm'ring Fury her Command obey'd;
And trembling, fled from the Celestial Maid:
Then sunk to Chaos, where amidst the Gloom
She mourn'd her fixt irrevocable Doom.

And now the Goddess, with a pleasing Mien,
Enjoys the Beauties of the florid Scene;
Views the sweet Solitude of waving Woods,
And the clear floating of the crystal Floods:
Sees a new Paradise around her rise;
Nor once regrets her Absence from the Skies.

To grateful Joy resign'd, the Heav'n-born Maid
The royal Splendor of the Pile survey'd.

Beneficently

Beneficently bright with Smiles she gaz'd ;
And each Perfection of the Palace prais'd :
Blest the Rewards on such pure Merit plac'd,
And hail'd the Grandeur so divinely grac'd.

Now the blest Power, as thro' the Dome she past,
O'er her bright Form concealing Shadows cast.
Here she beheld the grateful Arts combine,
To make their great Protector's Palace shine.
Such breathing Sculpture so deludes the Eyes ;
Such soft Creations from the Pencil rise ;
The golden Roofs around so richly glow ;
The shining Rooms such just Proportions show ;
The stately Columns in such Marble swell,
And each bright Prospect courts the View so well ;
That fair ASTRÆA feels a new Surprise,
And views each Glory with unsated Eyes.

Nor were her Thoughts to t'is bright Scene confin'd,
A nobler Prospect rises in her Mind :
She view'd those Wonders, as the just Reward
Due to the Merit of their matchless Lord.
She trac'd his Life benevolently great,
His Virtues brighter than his shining State :
She saw, when Heav'n to prove its Pow'r design'd,
To what Perfection it could raise Mankind.
Her Ears had long been open to his Fame ;
Such Numbers daily his Deserts proclaim,
To such pure Heights his just Applauses rise,
His Fame was now familiar to the Skies.

To view her Image in his Mind express'd,
Celestial Transports kindled in her Breast:

She

She felt such Pleasure she possess'd of Old,
 When most she flourish'd in the Age of Gold:
 The Wrongs she e'er sustain'd from lawless Power,
 Seem all requited in this happy Hour.
 To view her Glory so divine at last,
 Proves a sweet Solace for each Sorrow past.
 Thus when the Soul forsakes its dying Clay,
 To gain the Mansions of immortal Day,
 As she pursues her unretarded Flight,
 Above the Steams of Earth, and Shades of Night,
 Releas'd for ever from each thorny Woe,
 That late diminish'd her Delight below,
 She looks triumphant on the Bliss she gains,
 And glides astonish'd o'er the azure Plains:
 Surveys the Heav'ns in all their bright Array,
 And swims in Rapture thro' a Flood of Day.

By the SAME.





MALPASIA.

A

POEM, Sacred to the Memory

Of the Right Honourable the

LADY MALPAS*.

By the SAME.

Nunc autem de te loquar, quam non ego amissam, aut nobis penitus ademptam, velim dicere; cum illucescat menti meæ quotidie magis præclarissima nominis tui tuarumque virtutum Gloria. Cic. de Consolat.

WHEN Heav'n has once with rich Profusion join'd
A spotless Form to an unblemish'd Mind,
We fondly hope, transported with the View,
That What's so lovely, will be lasting too,

And

* Only Legitimate Daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. She died at Aix la Chapelle in France, and her Body in bringing over to be Interred at Houghton in Norfolk, was unfortunately cast away, and could not be found, Ann. 1732.

And to the Great Creator urge our Prayer,
He long would lend us what he made so fair.
If Death should then be privilege'd to gain
The charming Object to his envious Reign,
Disconsolate, we mourn the blighted Bloom
Too soon devoted to the silent Tomb.

Such was MALPASIA, to our wond'ring View,
As brightly perfect, and as transient too :
A lovely Specimen to Mortals given,
To intimate how Angels shine in Heaven :
Her Soul to them so nearly was ally'd,
Their Joys they thought defective till she dy'd.
It seem'd injurious to the radiant Throng,
That Earth detain'd their Ornament so long ;
They wish'd her summon'd to their blest Abodes
To grace the Chorus of her Kindred Gods ;
And Heav'n, that form'd her for a Seraph there,
Soon to her Seat Celestial call'd the Fair.

But ah ! what Comfort can the Muse afford
To ease the Pangs of her dejected LORD !
How reconcile him to this Shock of Fate,
His Soul so tender, and his Loss so great !
Let such whose happy Part it is to prove
The grateful Intercourse of Mutual Love ;
Whose Nuptial Treasures of Delight contain
The softest Bliss that Constancy can gain,
Let such conceive th' illustrious Mourner's Pain.
Heav'n lately seem'd its Labours to employ,
To fix him in a Scene of chosen Joy :
His well-weigh'd Merit made his Prince his Friend,
And Public Honours did his Days attend.

All that beheld his blooming Glory grow,
 Rejoic'd that Virtue was rewarded so.
 What Destitution cou'd his Joys defeat,
 When Bright MALPASIA did those Joys compleat;
 A rich Maturity of Charms she bore,
 And still, exhaustless, was producing more:
 Like the luxuriant Tree that gives to view
 His golden Fruit, and fragrant Blossoms too.
 Each soft Delight their circling Hours did prove,
 Smiles where their Strife; their Emulation, Love.
 But Heav'n determin'd that the Youth shou'd know
 The frail Uncertainty of all below,
 Bid pale Mortality perform its Part,
 And snatch the Charmer from his panting Heart.

In vain the Muse would whisper some Relief,
 To calm the strong Invasion of his Grief:
 What Consolation from a Muse can flow,
 That feels the Anguish of a Social Woe!
 When so much Virtue is so soon remov'd,
 And none succeeds so worthy to be lov'd;
 When CHARITY, mild Goddess, seems distrest,
 Her Pow'r distributive in whom to vest,
 Laments her Incapacity to find
 A Substitute, like her, MALPASIA, kind.
 When at her Death the Desolate complain,
 They now must find their Poverty a Pain;
 And weeping Families around deplore
 Their Pangs, suspended by her Alms before.
 What concious Eye can now refuse a Tear
 To such a Death, that costs Mankind so dear?
 The Muse, My LORD, bewails the doleful View,
 And pities thousands whilst she mourns for You.

Ye grateful Crouds, who can so well exprefs
MALPASIA'S Bounty in your deep Distress,
Whose dear Benevolence you oft receiv'd,
When, in the Anguish of your Souls, ye griev'd;
Implore that God who rais'd you such a Friend,
That he his Comforts to her LORD would lend,
Support his Soul beneath his Sorrow's Weight,
And teach Submission to the Will of Fate:
O! let your Gratitude be thus approv'd,
And bless the Man your kind MALPASIA lov'd!

But whilst this mournful Theme my Lays pursue,
What Godlike Form now rises to my View?
Affliction near him her sad Station keeps,
The FRIEND, the PATRIOT, and the FATHER weeps.
With how much Eloquence his Sighs confess
The BEST are not exempted from Distress!
O! may the Guardian of our Glory know
Some Intermission of his flowing Woe!
With thee the Genius of BRITANNIA mourns,
Griev'd for the Hero that her Realms adorns.
Ah! let not Sighs thy sacred Hours invade,
When EUROPE calls for thy important Aid:
Prosperity and Peace obsequious wait
Thy great Dispatch to each expecting State;
Monarchs their Anguish in thy Sorrows see,
And half the World must be unblest with Thee.

Thus the great CICERO, the Pride of Rome,
Like You, lamented o'er his TULLIA'S Tomb;
A-while the Stroke of unrelenting Fate
Opprest the Guardian of the LATIAN State:

But soon as he perceiv'd that his Despair
 Depriv'd the Public of his Genial Care,
 The Patriot's Duty chas'd the Parent's Pain,
 And his rich Wisdom blest the World again.



O N
 M A R R I A G E.

By Mr BUTLER, Author of HUDIBRAS.

BY what Authority do Clergy
 In solemn Riddle strictly charge ye,
 Where-e'er you live, in *Parish*, or-*Ward*,
 To *Have* and *Hold* from this Day forward?
 As if the *Parson* were the *Sentry*,
 To *Watch* and *Ward* Love's narrow *Entry*,
 Or *Turn-Key* of the *sacred Padlock*,
 That lets you into *lawful Wedlock*:
 Who upon *Fits* still of *Erection*,
 Must to the *Doctor* for *Direction*:
 Who always does the Patient Answer,
 By *Licence* or by *Public-Ban*, Sir.
 As if oblig'd to publish *Priapismus*,
 At ev'ry *Easter*, *Whitsuntide* and *Christmas*.
 Or else, the pert *Religious Prtaers*
 Will damn ye All for *Fornicators*.

Is not a juicy Girl more moving,
 Who never knew the *Art of Loving*?

And

And where's the Harm of This, dear FANNY ?
By Heav'n He lies, who says there's any.

A Mistress is a Wife in Common,
Appropriated yet to no Man :
A Wife's a Miss inclos'd ; for Wiving
'S but a Monopoly of S—ving.

A Fox had lost his Tail, and for-all
You are no *Fox*, you know the Moral ;
When *Men* engag'd would once inflave *Us*,
We'll keep the Freedom Nature gave Us.



To the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT, Esq;

OCCASIONED

By his Fathering the VERSES to the
Lady CATHARINE HYDE.

By Dr SEWELL.

DEAR SIM, by Wits extoll'd by Wits cry'd down,
Each Way become the Proverb of the Town !
To KITTY's Favour with Success aspire,
The second Place by Merit You acquire,
But He who wrote the Verse was MAT PRIOR }



T H E
Y O U N G P O E T.

I.

BEFORE APOLLO's Shrine I pray'd,
That I by Verse to Fame might rise:
*Read the best Poet, PHOEBUS said,
And place his Works before your Eyes.*

II.

Best Poet! — O great PHOEBUS how,
How may this Pattern-Wit be found?
What Age produc'd the MAN whom THOU
With this high Character has crown'd?

III.

Does He among the Dead reside ;
Or dwell with Those who now survive ?
Thus I — when PHOEBUS quick reply'd,
Go, ask if PRIOR's still Alive.



H A R L E Y.

A N

An EPISTLE from a Clergyman in *Essex*
to his Friend in *London*. 1722.

F A I N would I, Sir, what you advis'd fulfil;
But find my Strength unequal to my Will.

Fain would I Godlike HARLEY's Worth rehearse,
(Heroic Vertue in Heroic Verse.)

A Constellation of Perfections met

In one great Man which few could singly get.

The Scholar, Churchman, Patriot, Husband, Son,
Each shining in his Sphere, and *All in One*.

But choak'd with Phlegm, I strive to raise in vain
My feeble Voice to such a lofty strain.

In vain invoke the God of *Vers*e and *Day*,

Where daily Fogs obstruct his Heav'nly Ray.

In vain the *tuneful Sisters* Aid implore,

Now PRIOR's gone, they'll visit us no more.

In short; from Scholars, Books, and all remote,

That might improve or raise a lively Thought,

I, like my *Fellow-labourer* within,
 The *Spider*, from myself, my Web must spin,
 A homely Web which could not, were it made,
 Become a *Lord* but in a *Masquerade*.

I might as well with *Laths* and sorry *Loam*
 Attempt to raise my *Lord* a lofty *Dome*;
 As out of my poor Stock of Wit to frame
 A Poem worth his Reading or his Name.
 A Plowman's Journey or a Milkmaid's Fate,
 I may perhaps in Doggrel Rhimes relate,
 Describe a Rooding-Road, an *Essex-Fen*;
 But noble Themes require a noble Pen,
 A well-read Scholar both in Books and Men.
 One whose rich Vein with bright Ideas flows,
 And, how to use them all with Judgment knows,
 Whose polish'd Lines, in nicest Order plac'd,
 Tho' often read ne'er cloy the nicest Taste.

But my poor scanty Genius can't afford
 A proper Entertainment for my *Lord*.
 A small Collection gather'd round the Fields
 Of simple Images, is all it yields;
 Which shou'd I dress with utmost Skill and Care,
 I shou'd but treat my *Lord* with *Farmer's Fare*.
 My Muse to *Grubstreet* Dawbing is confin'd
 For want of Colours of a better kind;
 And shou'd I paint with these, I should disgrace,
 But not describe Great HARLEY's Godlike Face.

Let POPE's harmonious Pen, that lately drew
 So well the *Father* *, in the Son pursue

The

* See the *Dedication to Parnel's Poem*.

The noble Subject. Each deserves his Lays,
 And each affords an endless Theme of Praile,
 He need not search the Monuments of *Greece*
 For Tales of Antient Heroes, when he sees
 Two living Heroes worth them All in These.
 But my poor feeble Muse must lowly fly,
 And leave sublimer Poets Tracks so high.

Besides, whate'er my Genius once cou'd boast,
 Ere it was shipwreck'd on this barren Coast,
 When in my younger Years I did pursue
 Some little Traffic with the World and You.
 'Tis lost and gone: and rustic Prose and Phrase
 Have long ago usurp'd the Muses Place.
 Long have I liv'd in this forlorn Abode,
 An Exile from the learned World abroad,
 A Pris'ner in a *Country-Cure* immur'd
 The Term of Years the Siege of *Troy* endur'd;
 And in these Years my Loss amounts to more
 Than what I gain'd as many Years before.
 So that at best I can but now produce
 The sapless Product of a blasted Muse.
 Exert the vain Efforts of Nature curst,
 And stunted in the Growth, tho' weak at first.
 A Fetter'd-wretch may Jingle in his Chain,
 And so may I, but Jingle Both in vain.

But what is worse. In *Essex* watry Plains
 The God of *Dulness*, mopish *Hippo* reigns:
 Where Fogs exhal'd from Fens and Moats support
 In gloomy Columns his *Fantastic Court*.
 He seems a stupid Image made of Clay;
 And talks by Starts, as Persons dreaming may,

He walks as if his Limbs were made of Lead,
 And Vapours form a Circle round his Head.
 A Circle somewhat like, you often saw
 About the Sun, or Moon, before a Thaw.
 A Tyrant *He* ; devoid of Sense or Shame,
 Who Chains and Tortures *those* he cannot blame;
 And rules with such an Arbitrary Sway,
 That all we have, but Life, is swept away.

His heavy Chains for several Years I bore,
 And all his fancied Tortures o'er and o'er.
He seiz'd on all the little Stock I brought,
 And left me scarce behind one sprightly Thought.
 The Hand is manacled that guides my Pen,
 As by the Slips you easily may ken.
 And you may soon perceive by what is writ,
 How poor I am, and destitute of Wit,
 But shou'd I now thus destitute proceed
 To sing Great HARLEY's Praise, I must be *happ'd* indeed.

Tho' shou'd MINERVA still some Pity show
 Or HARLEY, her Lord-Treasurer below, —
 To whom she now the Care of All enjoins,
 Her *Grecian*, *Latin*, and her *Modern* Coins.
 From ev'ry Nation her Revenues come
 To *Wimpole-Library*, an endless Sum.
 Shou'd they redeem me from the Tyrant's Hand,
 Like *Slaves* from *Turkey* to some *Christian Land*,
 Where once again my Long-imprison'd Mind
 Might labour for its Living unconfin'd.
 Where my starv'd *Muse* might feed on better Fare,
 And find Digestion in a purer Air:
 Then would *She* spread her Wings, and strain a Flight,
 To reach, if possible, great HARLEY's Height.

The

The bright Expansion of his Praise I'd try,
 Altho' like ICARUS, by soaring high,
 My Pinions dropt me headlong from the Sky.

}



ON THE
 DOUBLE BIRTH-DAY
 OF THE

Countess of Oxford, and her Daughter,
 now Duchefs of Portland, Feb. 11.

By the Hon. Mr HARLEY, now Earl of Oxford.

I.

I WHO on rude, unpolish'd Reed,
 Whilom untaught an Uncouth lay,
 And strove with weak, but zealous Speed,
 To celebrate the sacred Day.

II.

Now more adventurous grown perfume,
 To quit the Sound of Infant Chimes,
 And on a bold high-soaring Plume,
 Dare bring the gen'rous Dame my Rhimes.

III.

What tho' no double-Feast requir'd,
 I shou'd the hallow'd Time rehearse ?
 Yet oft' hath Gratitude inspir'd,
 Where Nature hath deny'd a Verse.

IV.

Yes—on the gentle *Isis*' Banks,
 When e'er I to the MUSES came,
 The wounded Barks confest my Thanks,
 And shew my Patroness's Name.

V.

This spreading Beach, Her Lineage bears,
 That, tells Her gen'rous virtuous Breast,
 This chearful Oak inscrib'd, declares
 The Day She made Her HARLEY blest.

VI.

Where'er I meet a softer Bark,
 My PEGGY I do ne'er neglect,
 The tender Plants proud of the Mark,
 Grow equal with my just Respect.

VII.

But wou'd the *Fates* propitious prove,
 And once more hear our constant Pray'r ;
 O cou'd They add One Pledge of Love,
 And Crown all Blessings with an Heir ;

VIII.

Then I again wou'd take the Lyre,
 And boldly strike the speaking String,
 I'd tune my Numbers to the SIRE,
 And HARLEY's self shou'd hear ME Sing.

IX.

IX.

Or rather him, great Bard, I'd raise
 Poetic-Prince, Hoary in Fame,
 He, PRIOR Hight to endless Days,
 He shou'd tran'sfix the *Infant's* Name.

X.

He, he, shou'd tune the well-strung Lyre,
 And Honey from his Lips diffuse,
 Another HENRY might inspire,
 Another EMMA be his Muse.

XI.

He should the *Babe*, the *Youth*, the *Man*,
 By just degrees form to a GOD,
 And tell *Him* ——— There the lov'd *Sire* ran,
 And there th' immortal *Grandfire* trod.



P R O L O G U E

F O R

D E L I A's P L A Y,

L A D I E S, to You with Pleasure we submit.

This early Offspring of a VIRGIN-WIT.

From your good Nature naught our AUTHRESS fears,

Sure you'll indulge, if not her MUSE, her YEARS,

Freely the Praise she may deserve bestow,

Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;

Smile on the Work, be to her Merits kind,
And to her Faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let Critics follow RULES, she boldly writes
What NATURE dictates, and what LOVE indites,
By no dull forms her QUEEN and LADIES move,
But court their HEROES, and agnize their Love.
Poor MAID ! she'd have (what e'en no WIFE would crave)
A HUSBAND love his SPOUSE beyond the Grave:
And from a second Marriage to deter,
Shews you what Horrid things STEPMOTHERS are.
Howe'er, to CONSTANCY the PRIZE she gives,
And tho' the SISTER dies the BROTHER lives.
Blest with Success, at last, he mounts a Throne,
Enjoys at once his MISTRESS and a CROWN.
Learn, LADIES, then from LINDARAXA's Fate,
What great Rewards on virtuous Lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heav'n and Fate should adverse prove,
(For Fate and Heav'n don't always smile on Love)
Learn with ZELINDA to be still the same,
Nor quit your FIRST for any SECOND Flame,
Whatever Fate, or Death, or Life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven. *

* This PROLOGUE was for a TRAGEDY written by Mrs MANLEY, (Author of the ATALANTIS) when she was but eighteen Years of Age, in which Mr BETTERTON and Mrs BARRY played the HERO and HEROINE.

Before this PLAY, intituled The ROYAL MISCHIEF, there is an excellent Copy of Verses, to the Author, written by the Right Honourable JOHN, Marquis of Normanby, Duke of Buckinghamshire, which, being omitted in his Lordship's Works, I shall here give the Reader, as a truly valuable Curiosity.



T O

D E L I A

On Her P L A Y.

WHAT! all OUR SEX in one sad hour undone?
 Lost are our Arts, our Learning, our Renown,
 Since Nature's Tide of Wit came rolling down.
 Keen were your Eyes we knew, and sure their Darts,
 Fire to our Souls they send, and Passion to our Hearts!
 Needless was an Addition to such Arms,
 When all Mankind were Vassals to your Charms:
 That Hand but seen gives Wonder and Desire,
 Snow to the Sight, but with its Touches Fire!
 Who sees the YIELDING QUEEN and would not be,
 Or any Terms, the Blest, the Happy HE?
 Intranc'd we Fancy all His Extacy.

Quote OVID now no more ye Am'rous Swains,
 DELIA than OVID has more moving Strains,
 Nature in Her alone exceeds all Art,
 And Nature sure does nearest touch the Heart.
 O! might I call the Bright DISCOV'ERER mine,
 The whole FAIR SEX unenvy'd I'd resign:

Give

DEDICATION.

As I was desired to be the Editor of the REMAINS of this Inimitable Poet, I could not help thinking that I should be guilty of Injustice to his Memory, if they were adorned with any other than Your GRACE's Illustrious Name.

SOME of the following *Pieces* were published by Mr PRIOR himself, after the Folio-Edition of his Works. The rest were communicated by his Executor and other Friends, to whom he had presented them.

As to the Productions which are Mr PRIOR's, I am persuaded they will be received with Your GRACE's peculiar Candour: But, I fear I have been guilty of too much Temerity in mixing any of my slight *Performances* with his *Immortal Muse*.

DEDICATION.

Muse. I can only say in my Defense, that I was tempted to perpetuate them by an Opportunity so very favourable; and the Event will be equal to my utmost Wishes, should Your GRACE do me the Honour to think them not altogether unworthy of the Situation in which I have presumed to place them.

THE other *Pieces* which compose this *Miscellany*, were kindly received at their first Publication, and it is the Opinion of good Judges, that they make no disagreeable Appearance in the Rank to which they are now assigned.

THE *LIFE* of Mr PRIOR is compiled out of the most authentic Particulars that could be obtained either from his Friends, or found among his Own Pa-

DEDICATION.

pers ; but of all the various Circumstances that compose it, none can be so advantageous to his Memory as the Intimacy and Friendship with which he was honoured by Your GRACE's most noble Father.

I WILL not presume to detain your GRACE any longer, than while I beg Your Permission to lay this Collection at Your GRACE's Feet with all the Humility and Veneration with which I have the Honour to be,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's

Most Obedient,

Hampstead,

Feb. 26, 1733.

And most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Samuel Humphreys.

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S O M E

ACCOUNT of the AUTHOR.



Matthew Prior Esq; was the Son of Mr *George Prior*, Joiner and Citizen of London, where he was Born, 21st July, 1664. His Father, tho' very industrious in his Business, was far from being fortunate in his Circumstances; and dying when his Son was Young, he left him to the Care of an Uncle, who discharg'd the Trust reposed in him, with a Tenderness truly paternal, as Mr *Prior* constantly acknowledged with all the Gratitude of a generous Mind.

He received part of his Education at *Westminster* School, where, as Bishop *Sprat* relates to Mr *Cowley*, he early obtained and increased the noble Genius peculiar to that Place. It was there that he began to disclose the amiable Talents he possess'd, and so bright was the Dawn in which they first appeared, that it was natural to foresee their Meridian would render him an Honour to his Country, and endear him to the greatest of his Contemporaries.

When he was very young he distinguished himself by several happy Flights in Poetry, which contributed not a little to his Reputation; particularly the fine Ode in his printed Poems. which he was obliged to write in 1688, as an Exercise for neglecting to be present one Morning at the Chapel-Service; and he acquitted himself so well on this Occasion, that the World would hardly have been angry with him had he been guilty of more Transgressions of the same Nature, and atoned for them by so polite and amiable a Penance.

As

As he had an uncommon Propensity to Learning, and began to be intimate with the Ancients at an Age when few are acquainted with much more than their Names, it was with great Reluctance that he found himself obliged to leave a School, to whose Institutions he was hastening to give so much Reputation; but at the same time, he thought it his Duty to conform himself to the Inclinations of an Uncle who had treated him with so much Humanity, and who, as he was a Vintner, imagined Mr PRIOR might be useful to him in his House and Trade. His Nephew accordingly consented to live with him, and by his Diligence, in a Calling very foreign to so extraordinary a Genius, endeavoured to make the best Returns he was then able to his kind Relation and Benefactor.

ti Mr PRIOR, tho' he found sufficient Employment in this Situation, did not neglect to improve every vacant Hour he could enjoy, in entertaining himself with his favourite Classics, especially the Poets. Of these, *Horace* was his greatest Darling, and without doubt he was sensible of some Similitude of Genius between that admirable Writer and himself, which prompted him to form his Taste for the Muses by such a compleat Model; and so indefagably did he pursue his Studies in all Intermissions of his Uncle's Business, that the polite Part of the Company who resorted to the House were in a little time sensible that he deserved to shine in a better Sphere than that in which he appeared.

It happened, fortunately for Mr PRIOR, that the late Earl of *Dorset*, that Podigy of polite Wit and Generosity, frequently passed some agreeable Hours with his Friends at this Tavern; and being one Day there with several Gentlemen of Rank, the Discourse turned upon one of the Odes of *Horace*; and the Company being divided in their Sentiments of a Passage in that elegant Poet, one of the Gentlemen was pleased to say, *I find we are not like to agree in our Criticisms; but if I am not mistaken there is a young Fellow in the House who is able to set us all right*; upon which he named Mr PRIOR, who was immediately sent for and desired to give his Opinion of *Horace's*

Horace's Meaning in the Ode under Debate. Mr PRIOR very genteely intreated them to let his Incapacity be his Excuse for not presuming to offer any imperfect Thoughts on what they did him the Honour to propose to him; but that not availing, he at last, with an engaging Modesty, gave such an Explanation of the Passage in Dispute as was very agreeable to his polite Audience; and the Earl of Dorset from that Moment determined Mr PRIOR should pass from the Station he was then in, to one more suitable to his promising Abilities.

To accomplish such a generous Intention this Noble Lord sent him as a Gentleman-Commoner to St John's College in Cambridge, where he made such a Progress in his Studies, that he soon rose to a Fellowship, which he enjoyed till his Death, and gave his illustrious Benefactor the Pleasure of seeing his Generosity succeed to his Desire.

Mr PRIOR had enriched himself at the University with such a Variety of Learning, and improved his natural Accomplishments with so much Success, that at his Return to Town, his Intimacy was courted by Persons of the greatest Rank. It was a Happiness then, to have Merit; Great Talents were the best Introduction to Esteem and Popularity, and therefore it was impossible for Mr PRIOR to be disregarded at a Time when the greatest Wits were the noblest Patrons.

In the Reign of King Charles the Second he was intimately honoured with the Friendship of Charles Montague, Esq; late Earl of Halifax, who was a perfect Master of polite Literature himself, and delighted to make that Accomplishment fortunate to others who possessed it. 1668-85

The first Opportunity given Mr PRIOR of displaying his excellent Talents, was, on the following Occasion, viz.

Soon after the Accession of King James the Second to the Throne he flung off the Veil, and not only professed Himself a Papist, but took Persons of the same Profession into the Ministry and Army; dispensing with the Penal Laws, contrary to the Foundation of the Government, 1685-88

vernment, and trying many Experiments invasive of the Rights of the *Church of England*, and the Privileges and Communties of such as were the true Sons of it.

And, in order to turn the *Doctrines* of our *Established Church* into *Ridicule*, Mr *Dryden*, who had turned *Papist*, to ingratiate himself at Court, was from thence directed to write, and did accordingly Publish, in 1686, a most virulent Satire, intitl'd, *The HIND and the PANTHER, a POEM*. The *HIND* was made a strong Advocate for the *Church of Rome*, and the *PANTHER*, a weak Defender of the *Church of England*. Mr *Dryden* thought his Casuistry unanswerable, by fixing the *dernier Resort* of *Church Authority* and the *Rule of Faith* in the Papal See. But the Honourable *Charles Montague Esq;* and Mr *PRIOR*, then Fellow of *St John's College, Cambridge*, soon turned the Poetical Casuist on his Back, and fairly shewed the Difference between smooth Numbers and sound Arguments. In short, to heighten the Ridicule, these Gentlemen turned Mr *Dryden's* two mighty *Beasts of Prey* into two diminutive voracious *Vermin*, and transversed the *Hind* and *Panther*, to the *STORY* of the *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*, under which Title they published their Critique, 1687.

The beautiful *Parody*, of turning Mr *Dryden's* Raillery upon himself, the just Reasoning, and inimitable Turns of Wit which it contains, render it Standard: fully verifying the Earl of *Roscommon's* true Assertion, that,

The weighty Bullion of one Sterling Line,

Drawn to French-Wire, will thro' whole Pages shine.

Eff. on Tran. Verse.

Mr *PRIOR's* second Production, was, as before-mentioned, an Ode: Written the Year following, as an Exercise at *St John's College, Cambridge*, on these Words, *I AM THAT I AM, Exod. iii. 14.*

Upon the *Revolution*, Mr *PRIOR* was brought to Court by his great Patron, the Earl of *Dorset*. As that Noble Lord had entertained a very favourable Opinion of this Gentleman in his Infancy, so he continued to distinguish him by his Friendship and Recommendation; His Patronage

tronage introduced him into the Scene of public Employment, and by the generous Influence of this Great Peer, Mr PRIOR was made Secretary to their Majesties King *William* and Queen *Mary* at the Congress at the *Hague* in 1690, the Earl of *Berkely* being Plenipotentiary at that Negotiation.

Mr PRIOR had the good Fortune to acquit himself so well in this Situation, that he was afterwards appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the Earls of *Pembroke*, *Jersey*, and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, who were appointed Embassadors at the Treaty of Peace at *Reswick*, 1697; during the Transactions of which, several Memorials relating to that Treaty were drawn up by him; he was likewise Secretary to the succeeding Embassies of the Earls of *Portland* and *Jersey*, in *France*.

After this he was advanced to the Post of Secretary of State in *Ireland*. He was next constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in the Year 1700, and by Her Majesty Queen *Anne* made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in 1711: and Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-Minister in *France* the same Year.

As he was thus initiated into public Business very young, and continued to transact the same for seven and twenty Years; it must appear not a little surprising that he should find sufficient Opportunities to cultivate his poetical Talents to the Height he raised them; and indeed to use his own Words, (in the Preface to his Poems); 'Poetry was only the Product of his leisure Hours, who had commonly Business enough upon his Hands;' and as he modestly adds, 'was only a Poet by Accident.' But we must take the Liberty of differing from him in the last Particular, in order to agree with all Mankind, that Mr PRIOR received from the Muses at his Nativity all the Graces they could well bestow on their greatest Favourite.

We must not omit one Particular in Mr PRIOR's Conduct, which will appear very remarkable. He was chosen a Member of that Parliament which impeached the Partition Treaty, to which he himself had been Secretary, and tho' he had such a considerable Share in that Transaction,

faction, the Conviction he was under of the exceptionable Measures that attended it, made him join in the Impeachment. A rare Instance of a generous Mind, who scorned to persist in a Vindication of any Proceedings that his riper Judgment convinced him were unjustifiable.

The Lord BOLINBROKE, who, whatever Exceptions may have been made to his Sentiments in some other Instances, must be allowed an excellent Judge of fine Talents, entertained a particular Esteem for Mr PRIOR, on the account of his great Abilities; and makes him an extraordinary Compliment in a Letter which he wrote to him, during the Time of his being Q. ANNE's Minister and Plenipotentiary at the Court of *France*. This Letter is dated *Sept. 10, 1712: O. S. ** And among other Particulars has this remarkable Passage: — ‘ For God’s Sake, Dear MATT, hide the *Nakedness* of thy Country, and give the best Turn thy fertile Brain will furnish thee with to the Blunders of thy Countrymen, who are not much better *Politicians* than the *French* are *Poets*.’ And thus the Peer concludes his Epistle: — ‘ It is now three o’Clock in the Morning, I have been hard at Work all Day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much Fatigue; excuse therefore the Confusedness of this Scroll, which is only from HARRY to MATT, and not from the *Secretary* to the *Minister*. — — — Adieu, my Pen is ready to drop out of my Hand, it being near three o’Clock in the Morning; believe that no Man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours,

BOLINBROKE.

And in another Letter from Lord BOLINBROKE, we find the following Advices were conveyed to Mr PRIOR, *Sept. 25, 1713 † O. S.* — ‘ There is a Person here, of whom we have never taken the least Notice, as a public Man, but who however is an Agent from the CATALANS. By what we observe in him, it is pretty plain, that a reasonable Accommodation might be made with that turbulent People. What is the Sense of the *French* Court on this Matter? How far will they concur with the

* *Vid. The Report from Committee of Secrecy. Ann. 1715. Fol. Appendix, p. 40.* † *Ibid. pag. 86.*

‘ the Queen in advising *Philip* to make an End of the
 ‘ War?’

Upon Mr PRIOR's Representation of this Affair to the Court of *France*, he received the following Letter from Monsieur *de Torcy*, * dated Nov. 13, 1713, N. S. —

‘ You received, Sir, some Time since, Orders from the
 ‘ Queen of *Great Britain* to use her good Offices with the
 ‘ King in Favour of the *Catalans*, who have rebelled
 ‘ against the King of *Spain*, and of the Inhabitants of *Bar-*
 ‘ *celona*. You acquainted me, that Her *Britannic* Ma-
 ‘ jesty was sure they would submit to the King their
 ‘ Master, if that Prince would grant them a general Am-
 ‘ nesty; the Restitution and Enjoyment of all their Estates,
 ‘ and in short the same Conditions which he had caused
 ‘ to be offered them, and which they did not accept,
 ‘ without mentioning their ancient Privileges any more.’

‘ The *Answer* which the King just now receives from
 ‘ the Catholic King upon this Article, is, That he is still
 ‘ willing to grant the same Conditions to the rebellious
 ‘ *Catalans*, notwithstanding they rendered themselves un-
 ‘ worthy of his Favours, by slighting them, and altho’
 ‘ he is now in a Condition to reduce them by Force: He
 ‘ desires the King to impart his *Answer* to the Queen of
 ‘ *Great Britain*, my Lord *Lexington* having had no Or-
 ‘ ders to speak about this Affair.’

TORCY.

Soon after the Accession of King *GEORGE* the First to the Throne, *October* 23, 1714 Mr PRIOR presented a *Memorial* at the Court of *France*, requiring that the *Canal* and the new Works at *Mardyke* should be demolished.

In the Year 1715 Mr PRIOR was recalled from *France*, and, upon his Arrival, was taken up by a Warrant from the *House of Commons*; shortly after which he underwent a very strict Examination by a Committee of the *Privy-Council*.

His most loving, political Friend, the Viscount *Bolingbroke*, foreseeing a Storm, ran away to *France*, and secured *HARRY*, but left poor *MATT* in the Lurch.

On

* Vid. Report, *Ibib.* p. 87.

On the 10th of June, Robert Walpole, Esq; moved the House for an Impeachment against Him, and on the 17th Mr PRIOR was ordered into close Custody, and that no Person should be admitted to see him, without Leave from the Speaker.

The following Compliment was paid Mr PRIOR, when under Confinement, viz.

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

*Cur pendet tacitâ Fistula cum Lyrâ,
Parcentes ego dexteras*

*Odi: sparge rosas, audiat invidus
Dementem stripitum Lycus.*

I.

COULD I, great Bard, O! could I share
Thy Genius, as thy Grief,
My healing Verse should sooth thy Care,
And timely give Relief.

II.

But vain are my Essays to sing,
And impotent my Strains,
The Cordials from yourself must spring,
That can allay your Pains.

III.

On your firm Heart and honest Breast,
Bend your reflecting Eyes;
For SOCRATES by Faction prest,
To conscious Virtue flies.

Nor

IV.

Nor could *Philosophy* divine,
 Such solid Joys impart.
 As each soft Strain, each magic Line,
 Of your diviner Art.

V.

Then string again your slackned Lyre,*
 To peaceful *ANN*'s Praise;
 What would not *Innocence* inspire,
 And *ANN*'s Glory raise?

VI.

Tho' *Faction* all its Rage oppose,
 The pleasing Theme pursue:
 They only, who were *ANN*'s Foes,
 Are *Enemies* to you.

An *Act* of *Grace* passed in 1717, and Mr PRIOR was one of the Persons, among others, who was *excepted out* of it. But, at the Close of this Year, he was discharged from his Confinement, and retired to spend the Residue of his Days at *Down Hall* in *Essex*.

In the 1720, the Earl of *Dorset* being created a Duke; Mr PRIOR drew up the following Preamble to his Patent, *viz.*

“ Cum

* Alluding to his *Motto*, under the Frontispiece to the *Folio* Edition of his Poems, *viz.*

*Nunc Arma defunctumque Bello
 Barbiton hic paries habebit.*

“ Cum Sackvillorum Gentem recolimus, qui Guliel-
 “ mum Conquestorem in Angliam comitati, magnam
 “ etiam eo tempore inter Normannos suos a generis an-
 “ tiquitate, majorem verò a virtutibus vendicaverant
 “ Gloriam; cumque Horum posterì, serie perpetuâ egre-
 “ gia Majorum facta suis illustraverint, & Regiis nostris
 “ Antecessoribus merito & apprimè chari, summâ cum
 “ laude, summa regni munera expleverint, ideoque ex
 “ hoc sanguine oriundus, Unus à Richardo primo Ba-
 “ ronis titulum accepit, postea vero Alter longo anno-
 “ rum intervallo à Reginâ Elizabethâ, cui erat etiam
 “ consanguineus, Baro de Buckhurst creatus est, vel potius
 “ in pristinum honorem revocatus, idemque post paulo
 “ Dorsettiæ Comes factus est; Huic etiam Familiæ, satis
 “ Jam suo splendore illustri, novi ex matrimonio tituli,
 “ Baro scilicet de Cranfield & Comes Middlesexia, ac-
 “ cesserunt; Hi omnes tot tantique tituli in Carolo nu-
 “ pero Dorsettiæ comite collecti fulserunt; & cum hi
 “ omnes jam ad illum Virum à Patre derivati fuerint,
 “ qui eos non modò dignè sustinuit, sed suis etiam Vir-
 “ tutibus ampliavit, ipsum ob multa in nos præstita Of-
 “ ficia, Periscelidis honore dudum ornavimus; eundem-
 “ que quem inter Comites penè primum invenimus ad
 “ superiorem Nobilitatis gradum hodiè evehimus, ne
 “ alius olim ad summum hunc Ordinem promovendo
 “ illius & locum meritum oblivisci videamur, & illam
 “ dignitatem quam suo quasi jure petere potuerit, etiam
 “ non petenti ultro concedimus. Sciatis, &c,

“ *Whereas we have traced the Original of the SACK-*
 “ *VILLE Family, who coming into England with William*
 “ *the Conqueror, did, even in those Days, justly claim not*
 “ *only great Renown for their long Race in the Norman*
 “ *Country, but still greater for their Virtues; and whereas*
 “ *their Descendants in a continued Series have illustrated*
 “ *the glorious Deeds of their Progenitors by their own,*
 “ *and have by the high Esteem which they deservedly ob-*
 “ *tain'd of our Royal Predecessors, fill'd the highest Offices*
 “ *of the Kingdom with the greatest Honour; (one of them*
 “ *having receiv'd the Degree of Peerage from Richard*
 “ *the First, and after a long Series of Years, another of*
 “ *the*

“ the same Lineage created by Queen Elizabeth Baron of
 “ Buckhurst, [or rather, restored to the Honour enjoy’d
 “ by his Ancestors] and shortly after Earl of DORSET)
 “ this Family also, now sufficiently illustrious in itself,
 “ having been still more Honour’d with fresh Titles by
 “ Marriage; (All which high Degrees shone conspicuous
 “ in Charles late Earl of DORSET) and whereas the
 “ same have been derived from him to the present Earl,
 “ who has not only deservedly held them, but even added
 “ his own Virtues thereto, we have, for his great Attach-
 “ ment and Fidelity to us, not only lately created him a
 “ Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; but
 “ also do this Day call him whom we found almost first
 “ in the Rank of Earls, to the highest Degree of Nobil-
 “ lity (that we may not, by having heretofore promoted
 “ others to this high Rank, seem to be forgetful of his
 “ Family and Merit) thereby granting him of our own
 “ Accord, that Dignity which of Right he might have
 “ sought to us for. Know, &c.

In July 1721, within two Months of his Death,
 Mr PRIOR printed that beautiful little Tale on the *Fals-
 hood of Mankind*, intituled the *Conversation*, and applied
 it to the Truth, Honour, and Justice of his Grace the
 Duke of DORSET.

About this Time likewise Mr Dennis published, *A Col-
 lection of Letters Familiar, Moral and Critical*; wherein
 one, upon the *Roman Satirists* is addressed to Mr PRIOR,
 which we shall transcribe, as the Subject appears ent-
 r-
 taining, and as it is likewise an Instance of the great De-
 ference paid to Mr PRIOR’s Judgment by Mr Dennis,
 who was seldom known to praise any Person, who did
 not well deserve his Commendations.

TO MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

S I R,

WHEN you seem’d to approve of the Translation
 of the *seventh Satire* of the *second Book* of *Ho-
 race*, which was translated by one of my Friends, that
 Approbation was the more pleasing to me, because it con-

confirmed me in my own Opinion of it, and obliged me to acquiesce, in the Judgments which some of my Friends have given of it, whom I have always chiefly consulted in my Doubts about poetical Matters. And now, Sir, I come according to my Promise to consult you about the *Preference* which several Partizans of the *Roman* Satirists have given to their respective Favourite Authors, and to know from you *which* of them are in the *right*, or rather whether they are not *all* in the *wrong*. You know very well, Sir, that *Rigaltius*, *Scaliger* the Elder, *Lipsius* and *Holiday*, prefer *Juvenal* to *Horace* and *Persius*; that *Dacier*, *Heinsius*, *Monsieur de la Bruyere*, and several others, prefer *Horace* to *Persius* and *Juvenal*; that Mr *Dryden* endeavours to divide the Palm between *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and to prefer *Horace* for *Instruction*, and *Juvenal* for *Delight*; that he gives *Horace* the *Preference* for *Instruction*, because, says he, *He is the more general Instructor*; but that he gives the *Priority* to *Juvenal* for *Delight*, because he is most delighted with him, and so makes his own Taste the Argument for preferring him. But tho' we should grant, Sir, that the Generality of Readers are more *delighted* with *Juvenal*, than they are with *Horace*, because *Dryden* is more delighted with him; yet it is not very much to be questioned, whether the Author who gives the most *general* Delight is the *most* delightful Author? Now, Sir, your old Friend Monsieur *Despreaux*, tho' it is evident that he was more pleased with *Horace* than he was with *Juvenal*, because he has imitated him more, yet he had more Judgment than expressly to prefer the one to the other, because he knew very well that there can be no true Preference where there can be no just Comparison, and that there can be no just Comparison between Authors whose Works are not *ejusdem generis*, and that the Works of those two Satirists are not *ejusdem generis*. For do not you believe, Sir, that Mr *Dryden* is in the Wrong, where he affirms that the *Roman* Satire had its Accomplishment in *Juvenal*? For is there not Reason to believe that the true *Roman* Satire is, of the Comic Kind, and was an Imitation of the old *Athenian* Comedies, in which *Lucilius* first signalized himself,

self, and which was afterwards perfected by *Horace*, and that *Juvenal* afterwards started a new Satire which was of the Tragic Kind? *Horace*, who wrote as *Lucilius* had done before him, in Imitation of the old Comedy, endeavours to correct the Follies and Errors, and epidemic Vices of his Readers, which is the Business of Comedy. *Juvenal* attacks the pernicious outrageous Passions, and the abominable monstrous Crimes of several of his Contemporaries, or of those who lived in the Age before him, which is the Business of Tragedy, at least of imperfect Tragedy. *Horace* argues, insinuates, engages, rallies, smiles; *Juvenal* exclaims, apostrophizes, exaggerates, lashes, stabs. There is in *Horace*, almost every where, an agreeable Mixture of good Sense, and of true Pleasantry, so that he has every where the principal Qualities, of an excellent Comic Poet. And there is almost every where in *Juvenal*, Anger, Indignation, Rage, Disdain, and the violent Emotions and vehement Style of Tragedy. Can there then be a just Comparison made between these two Satyrists, any more than there can be between a Tragic and a Comic Poet? If Mr *Dryden* were now living, would he compare *Nat Lee* with *Etherege*, the former of which never touched upon Comedy, and the other never attempted Tragedy? Would he prefer *Nat Lee* to *Etherege*, as he does *Juvenal* to *Horace*, because the Thoughts of *Lee* are more elevated than those of *Etherege*, his Expressions more noble and more sonorous, his Verse more numerous, and his Words more sublime and lofty? Would he not have believed, that if *Etherege* had written *Sir Fopling* in the same Style that *Nat Lee* wrote *Alexander*, he would have been as merry a Person as *Penkithman* was when he acted *Alexander*? Would he not in all probability have judged that *Lee* is more delightful to those who are more pleased with Tragedy than they are with Comedy, and that *Etherege* is more delightful to those who are better entertained with Comedy than they are with Tragedy? Now, Sir, ought not we to make the same Judgment of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, and to affirm *Horace* to be more delightful to those who are more pleased with Comedy than they are with Tragedy, and that *Juvenal*

is more delightful to those who are better entertained with Tragedy, than they are with Comedy? And that perhaps for that very Reason he was more pleasing than *Horace* to Mr *Dryden*? Will not the Tragic Satire, which like Tragedy fetches its Notions from Philosophy and from common Sense, be in all probability more acceptable to Universities and Cloisters, and all those Recluse and Contemplative Men, who pass most of their Time in their Closets, all which Persons are supposed to have Philosophy from Study, and common Sense from Nature? And will not the Comic Satyrift, who owes no small Part of his Excellence to his Experience, that is, to the Knowledge of the Conversation and Manners of the Men of the World, be in all likelihood more agreeable to the discerning Part of a Court, and a great Capital, where they are qualified to taste and discern his Beauties, by the same Experience which enabled their Authors to produce Them? And above all Things, must it not be most agreeable to a Polite Court, where that dextrous Insinuation, that fine good Sense, and that true Pleasantry, which are united in the *Horatian* Satire, are the only shining Qualities which make the Courtier valuable and agreeable? And will he not take more Delight in the *Horatian* Satire than in the Tragic Eloquence of *Juvenal*, not only because he is qualified by Nature and Experience to relish the Beauties of it, but because the Pleasure which he receives from it, is subservient to his Interest, which is always his main Design, and Improves and Cultivates those Talents which are chiefly to recommend him to those who are to advance him?

It will be needless, *Sir*, to detain you any longer, by enquiring into the Preference which *Casaubon* has so injudiciously given to *Persius* above *Horace* and *Juvenal*, or into the Preference which he particularly gives to the *Fifth Satire* of *Persius* before this of *Horace*, the Translation of which has occasioned the Trouble which I now give you, and which, you know, *Sir*, is writ upon the same Subject. Your Friend, Monsieur *Dacier*, tells us, that *Casaubon* by this Opinion prefers the University to the Court. I appeal to you, *Sir*, if the *Satire* of *Horace*,
the

the Translation of which comes after this Letter, does not speak for itself, and justify the Assertion of Monsieur Dacier.

I am, SIR,

Yours, &c.

J. DENNIS.

H O R A C E,

SATIRE VII. BOOK VII.

DAVUS and HORACE*.

I'VE listen'd long, and now wou'd Silence break,
If your poor tim'rous Slave had Leave to speak.
What, Davus, is it thou? The very same;
And, if the truest Services may claim
The just Return of a kind Master's Care,
Methinks that I of yours deserve a Share.

*Why then, since ancient Custom has ordain'd
The Tongue at this Time should be unrestrain'd,
Of this Saturnian Feast th' Advantage take,
And what thou would'st deliver, freely speak.*

a 2

D.

* *Jamdudum ausculto, & cupiens dicere serous
Pauca, reformido. Davusne? ita Davus, amicum
Mancipium Domino, & frugi, quod sit satis: hoc est,
Ut vitale putes. Age, libertate Decembri,
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra, &c.*

D. Part of Mankind on Vice are truly bent,
 Their constant Pleasure and their sole Intent;
 While a large Part are fluctuating still,
 And now inclin'd to Good, and now inclin'd to Ill.

For such Inconstancy was *Priscus* known,
 Twice in an Hour he chang'd his dangling Gown,
 To-day three Rings he wears, To-morrow none;
 From his own pompous Palace oft he stole,
 And to some lurking Place so vile wou'd strole,
 Ev'n cleanly Slaves wou'd scorn the nasty Hole.
 One Day, he wishes it may be his Doom,
 To pass his Life in Lewdness and in *Rome*;
 The next, that *Athens*, Virtue's learned Seat,
 May prove his Quiet and his last Retreat:
 From Object thus to Object, would he range,
 As if possess'd by all the Gods of Change.

Volnerius, justly lam'd in both his Hands,
 Keeps one in Play, that at his Elbow stands,
 Merely to throw the gouty Gamester's Dice;
 So persevering is he in his Vice.
 Less wretched thus, in constantly pursuing
 An obvious, certain, but a pleasing Ruin,
 Than t'other struggling with strong Inclination,
 And sure to shock his Reason or his Passion.

H. Sirrah, What's all this Stuff? to what Intent?
 And what's by all these musty Morals meant?

D. As musty, Sir, as your are pleas'd to find 'em,
 Ev'n for your Worship's Service I design'd 'em.

H. How so you Dog? D. Our Ancients, Sir, you praise,
 Their temperate Life, their plain, their frugal ways;
 When in an Instant, shou'd some Pow'r Divine
 Pronounce aloud, That Antique Life be thine,
 You wou'd refuse the Grant, nor have the Heart
 From your dear darling Vices e'er to part;
 Either because you feel not what you speak,
 Or else your Mind's inconstant still, and weak:
 Thus while one Foot you labour to retire,
 Your other plunges deeper in the Mire.

When you're in *Rome*, you're all on fire to prove
 The Solitary Pleasures of your Grove;
 But scarce you're to your Country Seat got down,
 When to the Skies Y'extol the absent Town.

If uninvited and at home you eat,
 How quiet is the Morsel, and how sweet!
 And you so pleas'd, that one wou'd surely think,
 Abroad unwillingly you eat or drink;
 But let *Mæcenas* send for you next Day,
 How eager You the Summons to obey!
 Who's there? who waits? where are my Rascals all?
 What ho! my Essence: frantickly you hawl;
 When with light Bellies and with heavy Heart
 Your spunging Scoundrels, cursing you depart.

I grant that I my Belly love full well;
 That each good Dish allures me by the Smell;
 That indolent and idle, and a Sot,
 I'm hardly driven to forsake my Pot;
 But yet that You who still are worse sometimes,
 Tho' specious Words may colour o'er your Crimes,

That You should reprimand me ev'ry Hour,
 Only because you have me in your Pow'r,
 When this poor Slave, whom for ten Pounds you bought
 Better and wiser too perhaps is thought —

Nay, against all Resentment I declare;
 Both Frowns and Blows and angry Words I bear;
 While what I learnt from my Converse of late
 With *Crispin's* Porter, I shall now relate.

No less, forsooth, than some fine marry'd Dame
 Can raise your Fancy and provoke your Flame?
 While honest *Davus*, humble as he's poor,
 Pretends no higher than his little Whore.
 If then the Case stands thus between us two,
 Am I the geater Criminal or You?

When Nature keen, incites Love's fierce Desires,
 To some convenient Place to quench those Fires,
 Forthwith, defying Scandal, I repair,
 And some kind she, whom Lust has painted fair,
 I take, and in her loose, commodious Dress,
 The willing, wanton Baggage I caress;
 But after having well my self diverted,
 I'm in no Pain, for being soon deserted,
 Nor care if, when my present Pastime's over,
 Her next a finer be, or richer Lover.

When you aside your Marks of Honour fling,
 Your *Roman* Robe, and your *Equestrian* Ring;
 When you, whom *Cæsar* made a Judge so grave,
 Skulk, in the filthy Habit of a Slave,
 To blind some Cuckold, and his Wife t'obtain;
 Are you not really what you think you feign?

Trembling you're introduc'd, tho' all on Fire,
 Fear in your Breast conflicting with Desire;
 What Gladiator, hack'd and hew'd all o'er
 For wretched Sustenance, can suffer more?
 Witness, when Neck and Heels together prest,
 You're cram'd for Refuge in some nasty Chest.

Is not Revenge the Injur'd Husband's Due,
 Both on the Wife and her Corrupter too?
 What Favour can the latter hope or claim,
 Industrious to offend — Not so the Dame.
 She ne'er steals out to meet you in Disguise
 Nor to your active Ardor e'er replies,
 But dully passive in your Arms she lies.
 Not but she'd meet you with an equal Gust,
 If to your amorous Vows she dar'd to trust,
 Nor fear'd you'd scorn her for her rampant Lust.
 Yet on to Bondage willingly you go,
 Round your own Neck the galling Yoke you throw,
 While to your Cuckold, in his raging Fit,
 Your Honour, Life and Fortune you commit.
 Have you escap'd? 'Tis hop'd, that Danger past,
 May teach you Caution and more Wit at last,
 No — still you long your former Risques to run,
 And fresh Occasions seek to be undone.
 O! Slave confirm'd! who can so often fall
 Into repeated Bonds, and willing Thrall
 What Beast's so stupid, when he breaks his Chain,
 As ever to return to it again?

You're no Adulterer — Right — No Thief am I,
 Your Plate I pass with vast Discretion by,
 But set the legal Penalties aside,
 And Nature breaks thro' all Restraints beside.

You I can justly then my Master call,
 You, whom so many Lusts and Men enthrall,
 Whom shou'd the Prætor's Wand strike thrice, or more,
 Your native Freedom it cou'd ne'er restore,
 And ne'er expel the Fear that tyranniz'd before?

As one, who to Commands Obedience pays,
 Which some superior Slave upon him lays,
 (For such a Custom here I find you have)
 Calls that Superior still his Fellow Slave;
 So since you still unactive are alone,
 And move by Springs, like Puppets, not your own,
 Since your mad Passions rule both you and me,
 Pray what but wretched Fellow-Slaves are we?
At this Rate who is free? The wise Man's free?
 That Sovereign of his Mind, 'tis only he
 Who can be said t'enjoy true Liberty;
 Who spite of Death, of Poverty and Chains,
 And Pleasures, o'er himself serenely reigns;
 Who stands collected in himself, and whole,
 A Match for all the Tyrants of the Soul;
 Who scorning Titles, of himself is great,
 Of Fortune independant and of Fate.

This is the Picture of the Man that's free;
 Now here what Feature of your own d'ye see?
 Your costly Punk, who has your Weakness found,
 Presses and plagues you for a thousand Pound:
 Refus'd, in Rage she turns you out of Doors,
 And a salt Show'r upon your Head she pours.
 Yet when she calls again, you're at her beck——
 From this vile Yoke, for Shame, withdraw you Neck;
 Come, say *I'm Free*—Alas! you have no Pow'r
 To quit the Tyrant Passion, that each Hour

Sub-

Subjects your Mind, and will no Mercy show,
But spurs you tir'd and jaded as you go.

Or when in foolish Rapture long you stand,
Admiring some fam'd Piece of *Pausin's* Hand,
How is your Conduct less a Fault than mine
When gaping at some brawny Fencer's Sign,
Bungled in Chalk or Coal, I think it fine?
And lag a while to view the painted Show,
And how they seem to give and ward the Blow.

Davus however is the loit'ring Ass,
While for a plaguy Judge of Art you pass.
If I'm provok'd by a hot smoking Pye
To Demolition, what a Rogue am I?
While you, the Man of Virtue and high Mind,
Disdain the Dishes of the nicest kind.

For my good Cheer you'll say I dearly pay,
Since with my Back my Belly I defray.
But can you draw a just Conclusion hence,
That you're luxurious at a less Expence?
When choicest Viands in Excesses cloy,
And endlessly debauching, you destroy,
That Strength, that should your faltring Limbs supply,
Which now to bear your pamper'd Corps deny.

If the young liquorish Rogue, who trucks for Trash
The Toys he stole, most justly feels the Lash;
Shall he escape the Scourge, who, to supply
His Luxury, makes Lands and Lordships fly.

Now add to what I've said, you want the Power
T'endure yourself alone one single Hour,

You want the Pow'r your Leisure to enjoy,
 But ev'ry precious Moment misemploy,
 Still from yourself a Fugitive you run,
 And seek by Wine and Sleep your Care to shun,
 Care on its dusky Wings pursues its Prey,
 Or lies in Ambuscade upon your way,
 Haunts you by Night, and ruffles you by Day.

H. *O! that a Stone—O! that a Dart I had;*
 The Man is raving sure or rhiming mad.
Sirrah, this Moment vanish from my Sight.
For if thou dost not urge thy speedy Flight,
To my Plantation, Wretch, thou goest once more,
T' increase the Number I've sent there before.

Mr PRIOR, after the Fatigues of a Length of Years passed in various Scenes of Action, was desirous of spending the Remainder of his Days in a rural Tranquillity, which the greatest Men in all Ages have been fond of enjoying; he was so happy as to succeed in his Wish, living a very retired and contemplative Life at DOWN-HALL in *Essex*, and found a more solid and innocent Satisfaction among Woods and Meadows than he had enjoyed in the Hurry and Tumults of the World, the Courts of Princes, or the conducting Foreign Negotiations. And where, as he most melodiously sings,

The Remnant of his Days He safely past;
 Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
 He made his Wish with his Estate comply,
 Joyful to Live, yet not afraid to Die*

This truly Great Man died on the 18th Day of September 1721, not at his own little *Villa*, but at *Wimpole* in *Cambridgeshire*, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Oxford*, with whose generous Friendship, he had been honoured some Years.

* See Henry and Emma.

The Death of so extraordinary a Person was justly esteemed an irreparable Loss to the polite World, and his Memory will be ever dear those who have any Relish for the Muses in their softest Charms.

Some of the latter part of his Life was employed in collecting Materials for an *History of the Transactions of his own Times*; but his Death unfortunately deprived the World of a Performance which the Touches of so masterly a Hand would have made exceeding valuable. *

About five Weeks before his Decease, he drew up his last Will and Testament himself, in a Strain very different from the formal Jargon of Law-terms; and as an Air of Politeness and Humanity, peculiar to Mr PRIOR, runs thro' the whole, we were of Opinion it would be no disagreeable Entertainment to the Reader. A true Copy thereof follows, *viz.*

IT has pleased Almighty God, for some Years past, to bless me, his most unworthy Creature, with a greater Share of Health than I could have expected from the Tenderness of my native Constitution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of Life, which I have undergone! for this and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his Name, for ever and ever. Let Men and Angels repeat the Sound, Hallowed be his Name! Now before Sickness of Body, or Infirmary of Age prevent, or diminish, the Force of my Understanding, or Memory, I make and declare this my last *Will and Testament*.

I MATTHEW PRIOR, of the Parish of St Margaret, Westminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord Harley for his eminent and continual Friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same Concern for my Memory after Death, as he had for my Honour whilst Alive; and that he will take the same Care of my surviving Friends, hereafter mentioned in this my *Will*, as he did of my own proper Interest; and having for many Years experienced the Faith, Honesty, and Ability

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of

* But as this Work was left, the Public art now presented with it. It is printed in 2 Volumes, *Octavo*, Price 12s.

of Mr *Adrian Drift*, my Secretary whilst I was in *Public Employments*, and my Friend and Companion in Private Life; I intreat the said Lord *Harley*, and ordain the said *Adrian Drift* to be the Executors of this my Will. And I thus give and bequeath unto *Edward Lord Harley*, and *Adrian Drift*, all my Goods and Chattles, Plate, Jewels, Medals and Debts, and all other my Personal Estate; to them, I say, their Heirs, Executors and Assigns, in Trust only, and for the Uses hereafter specified, and the Benefit of the Persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my *Will*, that I be buried privately in *Westminster Abbey*, and that after my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid, a Monument be erected to my Memory, whereon may be expressed the *Public Employments* I have born; the Inscription, I desire may be made by Dr *Robert Friend*, and the Busto expressed in Marble by *Coriveaux*, placed on the Monument: For this last Piece of *human Vanity*, I *Will*, that the Sum of five Hundred Pounds be set aside.

To the College of *St John the Evangelist* in *Cambridge* I leave such, and so many, of my Books, as shall be judged, to amount to the Value of Two hundred Pounds: These Books, with my own Poems in the greatest Paper, to be kept in the Library, together with the Books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own Picture, painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my Friend and Patron *Edward Earl of Jersey*, by *Rigault*.

I leave to my Lord *Harley*, the Busto of *Flora*, made by *Girardon*, and six Pictures out of my Collection, such as he shall chuse: the rest of my *Pictures*, *Medals*, *Drawings*, *Stamps*, and *Maps*, to be appraised by two Persons who may be thought to understand their Value, and my Lord *Harley* to have the Preference, in case he pleases to purchase any Part, or Parcel thereof; and after his Pleasure therein specified, I *Will*, that the Residue be sold.

The *Picture* of *Q. Elizabeth*, by *Portus*, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady *Harriette Harley*, and my own *Picture* in Enamel, to her dear Daughter *Margarette*.

All my *Manuscripts*, *Negotiations*, *Commissions*, and all *Papers* whatsoever, whether of my *public Employments*,
or

or *private Studies*, I leave to my Lord *Harley*, and Mr *Adrian Drift*, my Executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future Inspection.

Whereas, the Estate of *Down-Hall*, in *Essex*, of which I am, and stand at present possessed, is at my Death, to revert to my Lord *Harley*, and to his Heirs, according to the Purport and Intent of certain Writings drawn up by Mr *Oliver Martin*, of the *Middle-Temple*, I Declare, that the said Estate does, and ought accordingly, to revert to my Lord *Harley*, and to his Heirs; lest from any Want of Words in those Writings, or from any Failure, or Expressions omitted in the Form of the Writings, the least Doubt or Inquietude may arise to my Lord *Harley*. I mention this, tho' at the same time I believe it to be superfluous.

I *Will and Desire*, that the Sum of One Thousand Pounds be set apart, in Favour, and to the Use of Mrs *Elizabeth Cox*, and that an Annuity, or Rent Charge be purchased with the said Sum, to be paid by half-yearly Payments to the said *Elizabeth Cox*, during her natural Life; but I would have the said Thousand Pounds, *i. e.* the Annuity to be purchased with that Sum, to be paid solely to her Order, in half yearly Payments as aforeaid, and not to be in the Disposal, or at the Power of any Husband which she may marry: And as my Lord *Harley* will be juster towards all with whom he deals, and kinder to my Friends, than any Man whom I leave behind me in the World, I beg, that he will be pleased to grant to the said *Elizabeth Cox* such Annuity, leaving the Sum to be determined by his Appointment and Pleasure.

I leave to Mr *Adrian Drift*, the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, to be employed and disposed of at his Discretion, hoping that his Industry and Management will be such that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs *Anne Durham*, the Sum of Three hundred Pounds, to be paid within one Year of my Decease, and, by her, to be employed for the Enlargement of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade and Calling wherein

MATTHEUS PRIOR Armiger,

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos
Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis Laude
Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ,
Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit,
Juvenem in Collegio Sti. *Joannis*

Cantabrigiæ optimis Scientiis instruxit ;

Virum deniq; auxit ; & perfecit

Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo ;

Ita Natus, ita Institutus,

A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed solebat sæpe rerum Civilum gravitatem
Amœniorum Leterarum Studiis condire :

Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus

Haud infeliciter tentaret,

Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis

Mirus Artifex

Neminem habuit parem.

Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta ;

Quam nullo Illi labore constiterint,

Facile iis perspexere, quibus usus est Amici ;

Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus,

Cum ad rem, quæcunq; fortè inciderit,

Aptè, variè copiosèq; alluderet,

Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum

Videbatur

Sed omnia ultro effluere,

Et quasi jugi è fonte afflatim exuberare,

Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,

Effetne in Scriptis, Poeta Elegantior,

An in Convictu, Comes Jucundior.

*The foregoing INSCRIPTION
attempted in ENGLISH.*

Whilst he was Writing
The *History of his Own Time*,
A lingering Fever
Snapt the Thread of his Work and his Life together,
On the 7th Day of *Sept.* 1721.
In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies interred
That excellent Man.
He was Secretary to their most Serene Majesties
King WILLIAM and Queen MARY,
At the Congress of the *Allies* held at the *Hague*, 1690.

He was thence
Appointed Secretary
To those Ambassadors of *Great Britain*
Who concluded the Peace of *Reswick*, 1697.

He was likewise Secretary
To the Two succeeding Embassies in *France*.
And also in the Year 1697,
Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

In the Year 1700,
He was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners
Of *Trade and Plantations*.

And in the Year 1711,
Made one of the Commissioners of the *Customs*;

And lastly,
Sent by Her Majesty Queen ANNE,
(Of blessed Memory)

In the Year 1711.
Plenipotentiary-Minister to LEWIS XIV, King of *France*,
With the fullest Powers to establish the *Peace*.

(A *Peace* to this Day *Lasting*,

And which,

That it may long *Last*.

Is the Wish of all good Men.)

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

Surpassed all the Characters
With which he was invested,
By the Force of his Genius,
And the Politeness of his Erudition;
At whose Birth the gentle Muses
Smiled propitious.

The *Literature* of this *Royal Foundation*
Trained up, and embellished him while a Boy;
St JOHN'S College in *Cambridge*
Endowed and furnished his *ripening Years*
With its brightest Sciences;
And at last,

A long and intimate Conversation
With the most illustrious Persons
Improved and finished the *Man*.

Thus Born, thus Educated,
He could never be withdrawn
From the *Choir* of the *Muses*;

But was often accustomed

To alleviate and sweeten

The Fatigue of his *public Employments*

By a Retreat to Studies

More inviting and delightful:

And after performing almost

Every *Species* of *Poetry* with Success:

In the agreeable and happy Manner

Of contriving and delivering *his Tales*,

This *wonderful Artist* found no Equal.

The unlaboured Delicacy,

With which he toyed in these Amusements,

Was easily observed by all

Whom he received into his Friendship:

In whose Company
 If any Subject of Humour casually occurred
 He would treat it,
 Being full of Wit and Pleasantry,
 With the most Copious, Suitable, Sprightly,
 And Beautiful Turns,
 Nothing appearing to be either studied or forced,
 But all freely rising from his Invention,
 And flowing, as from an inexhaustible Fountain:
 So, that among his Acquaintance,
 It is a Matter of Doubt,
 Whether in his *Writings*,
 He was the more elegant *Poet*:
 Or, in his *Conversation*,
 The more facetious *Companion*.



T H R E N U S :

O R,

STANZAS on the Death of Mr PRIOR:

By ROBERT INGRAM, *Esq*;

I.

M A T P R I O R ! — (and we must submit)
 Is at his Journey's End :

In whom the *World* has lost a *Wit* ;

And *I*, what's more, a *Friend*, *

II. Who

* Mr *Ingram* and Mr *Prior* were Chums at St *John's*
 College *Cambridge*.

II.

Who vainly hopes long here to Stay,
 May see with weeping Eyes ;
 Not only *Nature* posts away,
 But e'en *Good-Nature* dies !

III.

Shou'd grave *Ones* count these Praises light,
 To such it may be said ;
 A *Man* in this lamented *Wight*,
 Of *Business* too is dead.

IV.

From Ancestors, as might a Fool !
 He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem* ;
 But gloriously revers'd the Rule,
 By *Dignifying them*.

V.

O! gentle *Cambridge* ! sadly say,
 Why *Fates* are so unkind ?
 To snatch thy *Giant-Sons* away,
 Whilst *Pygmies* stay behind.

VI.

Horace and *He* were call'd in haste,
 From this vile *Earth* to *Heaven* ;
 The cruel *Year* not fully past,
Ætatis, FIFTY-SEVEN.

VII.

So on the *Tops* of *Lebanon*,
 Tall *Cedars* felt the *Sword* ;
 To grace by *Care* of *Solomon*,
 The *Temple* of the *Lord*.

VIII. A

VIII.

A Tomb, amidst the Learned, may
 The Western Abbey give!
 Like Theirs, his Ashes must decay;
 Like Theirs, his Fame shall live.

IX.

Close, Carver, by some well-cut Books,
 Let a *thin* BUSTO tell;
 In spite of plump and pamper'd Looks,
 How *scantly* Sense can dwell!

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length,
 Shou'd over-charge the Stone:
 Since *loftiest Verse* wou'd lose its Strength,
 In mentioning *his Own*.

XI.

At once! and not Verbosely tame,
 Some brave *Laconic* Pen
 Shou'd smartly touch his ample Name;
 In form of _____ O RARE BEN!



On the Publication of some Posthumous
 PIECES of Mr PRIOR.

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,
 For see! Our *easy* PRIOR live again
 These genuine Lines the *gentle* Bard reveal,
 And paint that *Nature* he alone cou'd feel,

With

With tender Accents touch the softning Soul,
Or gaily Mock the *Philosophic-Fool*.

When *TURTURELLA* tells her piteous Moan,
Who does not make the *Mourner's* Grief his own?
How ravishingly sweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love!
Such sympathizing *Tenderness* impart,
They melt the *Reader's* to a *Lover's* Heart.

But while th' inimitable Bard displays
The wanton *SPARROW* in gallanter Lays,
The *Marriage-State* is Imag'd to the Life,
The *Careless* Husband and the *Peevish* Wife;
The Troubles of the *Fetlock'd-Couple* shew,
And either Sex is open'd to the View.

Next, in *Down-Hall* we find his Hum'rous Vein.
(Tho' *Essex* marshy Hundreds are the Scene)
A Place unheard of, 'till by *PRIOR* nam'd,
Now *MORLEY* and *Down-Hall* alike are fam'd.

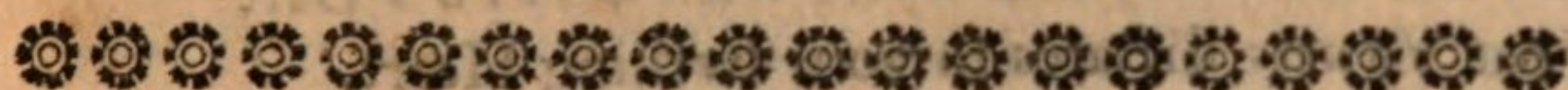
Thus Sung delightful *MAT*— but Sings no more,
Long Since lamented on the lonesome Shore;
Pensive for Him in vain my Voice essays,
To court *THALIA* to her *Poet's* praise:
Like *TURTURELLA* she neglects her Charms,
Despairing of another *PRIOR's* Arms:
Alike their *Tenderness*, alike their Woe,
For what *COLUMBO* was, is *PRIOR* now:
Time's Period past—He shall for Ever live,
And like these Labours by his Death revive.

London, *July* 14, 1725.

W. PATTISON.



VERSES to the AUTHOR.



O N

Mr PRIOR's

COLLECTION OF POEMS, 1709.

LET *Britain* now at last no more complain
 Of Muses flagging in an humble Strain,
 Nor say the Soul of Poetry's retir'd,
 And none since *VIRGIL* ought to be admir'd.
 Critics may doubt, as Stoics do of Pain,
 But let them read Thy Verse, and doubt again;
 Nature and Sense will force th' unwilling Sound,
 No Stoic doubted, when he felt the Wound.

In Thee old *HORACE* we again admire,
 His easy Softness, and his rapid Fire,
 His sounding Trumpet, and complaining Lyre.

}
 Thy

Thy CHLOE does more bright than his appear,
Juster her Features, more divine her Air,
And longer shall endure the matchless Fair.
HOWARD escap'd while he her Picture drew,
But all are wounded as she's drawn by you;
E'en the cold Breasts, which no Impression take,
Must love the Picture for the Painter's Sake.
Others mere Poets, paint a distant Fight,
Their Strokes are sometimes wrong, and sometimes right;
You feel the War, and write with CUPID's Dart
What VENUS dictates to your swelling Heart.
Who can thy HENRY, and thy EMMA read,
Nor at the Lover's moving Conflict bleed?
Three hundred Years the Story liv'd before,
Your noble Dress shall still increase the Store,
And make it live above three hundred more.
Rough was the Language, and uncouth the Stile,
You smooth the Numbers, and the Roughness file:
Finish'd and touch'd by your refining Hands,
The NUTBROWN MAID in double Lustre stands.
So an old Piece o'erspread with eating Rust,
Buried in Ashes and polluting Dust,
In some dark Hole for many Ages lies
Unseen, or seen contemn'd by vulgar Eyes,
Till some great Artist wipes the Cloud away,
Brightens the Piece with a diviner Ray,
The Face and Form restor'd, improv'd the Lines,
Admir'd in Courts and Palaces it shines.

O wond'rous Bard! thou dost my Fancy raise,
I love each Verse, and I each Verse would praise;
Thou great VERTUMNUS, who dost Nature range,
Changing thy Shape, still pleasing in the Change;

Here

Here, dress'd in shining Armour you appear,
And there, a filken flowing Mantle wear;
Here, thy own PHOEBUS on OLYMPUS crown'd,
And there, a Shepherd in ADMETUS' Ground,
So like, the Gods and Goddeffes might make,
As in thy CHLOE, so in THEE mistake.
O wond'rous Bard! in whom collected shine
The scatter'd Graces of the tuneful NINE,
So oft we view in One diviner Face
The diff'rent Beauties of a lovely Race.
One Poet has One Subject handled well,
But who before in All Things could excel?
Where did such Humour, Wit, and Mirth prevail
In the smooth Tattle of a merry TALE?
HORACE this Fancy first in Numbers deckt,
And made his MICE of EPICURUS' Sect,
Not with the like Success in all He drew,
But left Perfection to be reach'd by You.

But nobler Objects entertain my View,
I see the Tracts where THEBAN-PINDAR flew,
The LATIN Bard beholds th'ambitious Height,
Changes his Form, and wings him for the Flight,
Undamp'd by earthly Steam, or cloudy Show'r,
To Heav'n the noble Pair sublimely tow'r.
But who is He? What Third of BRITISH-Clime
Before in Genius, as behind in Time.

Whose Pinion's stretch a more than equal Length,
Of greater Swiftnefs, and of greater Strength?
The mighty PRIOR, He.— But I offend—
Swiftly my Muse the Precipice descend,
Nor tell how WILLIAM's, and how MARLBRO's Name
Excel or THERON's, or AUGUSTUS' Fame;

Dare not those Acts by thy low Verse profane,
 Sacred alone to His immortal Strain.
 Enough for Thee with Pardon to retire,
 And Bard and Heroes equally admire.

G. SEWELL. *

* This ingenious Poet and Phyfician, was educated at *Eton*, and went from thence to St PETER's College in *Cambridge*. He was the Author of several excellent Pieces in Verse and Profe; and of the Tragedy of Sir WALTER RALEGH. He practised at *Hampstead*, where he died in the Year 1726, and lies there interred without any Memorial.



To Mr P R I O R

On His *Carmen Sæculare*.

By JAMES MARSHALL, Esq;

THE first great Man, who made the World his own,
 Enjoy'd it's Treasures; mounted ev'ry Throne;
 He for a HOMER would have giv'n it All:
 And, without Him, contemn'd the conquer'd Ball:
 Envy'd ACHILLES, as the Happier Man,
 Whose noble Praise in HOMER's Numbers ran.

The mighty Hero whom You Celebrate,
 WILLIAM, the Wise, the Bold, the Fortunate,
 Does old and modern Demi-Gods out-do,
 He rules the World, and has a HOMER too.

Rules

Rules it, but not by Violence, nor Force;
 Chains, howsoever Gilded, are a Curse :
 His Pow'rful Empire on Mens Minds is lay'd ;
 By Force of Reason is his Scepter sway'd :
 All Nations have for their own Sakes obey'd.
 On his great Soul depended Mankind's Doom :
 He first Resolv'd, then knew what was to come.
 His rising Beams rejoic'd the trembling Sight :
 His Noon restor'd an Universal Light.
 Empires and States ador'd the Mounting Star,
 His Motion bold, but sure and regular ;
 Directed still by an Ascendant Sense,
 Which, sure, comes nearest to Omniscience.
 E'en They who did His mighty Course oppose,
 Were Conscious that in vain they were His Foes :
 His Pow'rful Genius o'er their Counsels reign'd ;
 And even the very hostile Gods were gain'd.

The World submits ; He's Arbiter of All :
 The Universe is One States-General ;
 Where He, the Guardian of their Liberties,
 The Soul of All, still governs the Decrees.
 From Pole to Pole his Counsels pass for Laws ;
 And Mankind trust him with their Common Cause :
 Thus He, and He alone, has let Us see
 A real Universal Monarchy ;
 Alone He moves all Sublunary Things ;
 Is God's Vicegerent, as the King of Kings ;
 A Theme Becoming your Immortal Strings.

In all you sung before, the Tuneful Strains
 Were eccho'd thro' the pleas'd admiring Plains :
 Sessions of Poets did approve your Lays ;
 Contending Wits united in your Praise :

But here, Inspir'd with a more Noble Flame ;
 Full of the God, and of your greater Theme ;
 At once you give and get Immortal Fame.
 Here, Floods of Sense from the whole Mountain run :
 Here you have PINDAR, here yourself out-done.
 To the nice Height the noble Work you raise ;
 And, without Fiction, give the greatest Praise :
 Surprise, yet softly charm, by every Part,
 And give new Rules in HORACE's great Art :
 A Model, to adjust poetic Rage ;
 Correct the former, teach the coming Age.
 Here's no rude Ore ; no Fi s of Heat and Cold :
 Here all is Nature, yet all's beaten Gold.
 No forc'd, mysterious Soarings in the Clouds :
 No Mud, no Foam, no Noise, in your deep Floods.
 With such true Spirit your great numbers run,
 As Light'ning Bold, but Equal as the Sun ;
 Gentle, tho' strong ; and high, yet still in Sight ,
 Rapid, yet pure, and easy as the Light :
 Heav'n has reserv'd for You and WILLIAM's Time,
 The divine Secret of the true *Sublime*.

Go on great Herald of the greatest King :
 To Him, and to yourself, new Glories bring ;
 New with each Day of the new Age You sing.
 And as You serve the State and Him so well,
 With Spotless Honour, and with Wisest Zeal ;
 Still show the World that those a Prince's Name
 Who best can serve, are fittest to proclaim ;
 Thus Love like Your's, and Love so greatly plac'd,
 Is more than PHOEBUS in the swelling Breast ;
 And that in some the bounteous Gods unite
 The greatest Merit, and the greatest Wit.

How

How I Rejoice to see Your swelling Name!
 And that for ever you're secure of Fame;
 So that hereafter even shou'd there be
 Spots in your Numbers, the World wou'd not see.
 Love and Esteem have laid th' Immortal Plan;
 All Praise the Poet, where all love the Man.
 And sure, as long as Faithful Virtue draws
 The Public Voice, and Merit brings Applause,
 While all that's kind or just deserves our Love
 Your sacred Name will everlasting prove.

O Gods! that so refin'd a Soul as this
 Dwells in so nice and thin a Shell as His!
 If Heav'n to ardent Wishes wou'd be kind,
 If Zeal, and Gratitude, and Love combin'd,
 Cou'd move the FATES; and if my Sacrifice,
 And Thousands more, cou'd be a proper Price
 For Health and Years to This beloved Man,
 No Patriarch-Life so many Ages ran:
 At least Mankind shou'd him possess so long
 Till he had strung another Age's Song,





On the same OCCASION,

By Mr *A. T.* of *St John's College, Cambridge.*

I.

WHEN PRIOR's Muse prepares to sing
 Some God, or Godlike Hero's Praise,
 She soars aloft, and on her airy Wing,
 High as their High Deserts their Fame doth raise.

II.

Thus WILLIAM's Glory scales the Sky,
 Thro' rolling Ages to remain;
 Rais'd thus above the Reach of Vulgar Destiny,
 Which neither, Brass nor Marble can obtain.

III.

Whither would the Muse aspire?
 Unable thou to soar his Muses Flight. —
 Better on Earth sit Humble and Admire,
 Tho' high she keeps within the ken of Sight.

IV.

How justly due to WILLIAM's Name
 Is all the Glory of the *Roman* Pride!
 Greater than theirs how great his Fame,
 When his no sullen Spots can hide!

Forgetful

V.

Forgetful now of Humbler Themes she flies
 Above the *Roman* Eagle's tow'ring height,
 Pursuing WILLIAM's Glory thro' the Skies:
 And nought escapes her sharper Sight.

VI.

She sees what Godlike Pow'rs combine
 To make her Hero's Birth Divine
 Sees one Unhappy of the STUART Race,
 Laments his Faults, and covers his Disgrace.

VII.

And when on *England's* Grief she casts her Eye
 The Pious Muse mourns Inwardly:
 Then WILLIAM sees in all his Turns and Cares,
 Happy in Peace, and Brave in WARS:

VIII.

Good to his own, to other Nations Just,
 Whom all Religions court, all Factions trust:
 Sees him 'twixt different Nations hold the Scales,
 And as he wills the juster Side prevails,
 Whate'er she sees in lofty Strains doth sing,
 And leaves the Hero perfect in the King.

IX.

Much we commend the Poet's Skill,
 That so exalted sings a Theme sublime;
 But more his Art to cover fatal Ill——
 Such Shades make WILLIAM's Glory brighter shine.

X.

O! long as Breath inspires this fleeting Frame,
 Be my Example PRIOR's grateful Name:
 Tho' not a DORSET shed his Rays on me,
 Happy am I, if but inspir'd by Thee.



IV

On the Same OCCASION

AS Bards of old in nobler Lays cou'd sing,
 Refresh'd with Streams from *Heliconia's* Spring
 So my Ignobler Muse attempts to speak,
 But finds Her Fancy flag, Her Flights too weak:
 At length with longing Haste she doth repair,
 To bright *Parnassus'*-Hill to breathe that Air.
 Where ev'ry Strain is sweet, and ev'ry Thought is clear.
 Lo! there **APOLLO** sits in awful State,
 Around His Throne the humble Muses wait,
 Attentive to receive his sage Command,
 Behind the God I saw another Band,
 The Looks of some bespoke their Eloquence,
 Of others, Penury, and Want of Sense,
 I chose the Middle-place, and blest my Fate,
 To be a Guest at such a grand Debate.
 After our Homage paid, **APOLLO** rose,
 And did in Godlike Terms his Mind disclose,
 Ye tuneful Nine, in pleasing Songs no more.
 Me as Your Master, nor Your God adore,
 For loftier Strains prepare the Golden Lyre,
 Prepare a greater Patron to admire,
 A Patron truly wise, and justly great,
 Friend to the Muses, and Support to State,

Thus

Thus spoke APOLLO; when the Trembling Nine
 In mournful Accents their sad loss repine,
 The Poets sigh'd, the Poetasters griev'd,
 These were with Gold, and those with Sense reliev'd.
 When the resigning Oracle withdrew,
 A brighter Object soon approach'd our View,
 APOLLO's Crown adorn'd His learned Head,
 Around His Brows the Graceful Bays were spread,
 His Mien confirm'd all that the God had said.
 But as He speaks the Muses all rejoice,
 To hear APOLLO's Sense in PRIOR's Voice;
 This glorious Change gave Life to ev'ry Bard,
 And only PRIOR's worthier Name was heard;
 While the Resigning God shares equal Praise
 Who proves His Wisdom, when He yields the Bays.
 Go on, Bright PHOEBUS, let Thy nobler Muse
 In ev'ry Bard more Glorious Thoughts infuse,
 Let Zephyr bear Thy Fame with winged Speed,
 Where'er MINERVA rears Her awful Head.
 The Verdant Bays shall flourish on Thy Brow
 And ev'ry Poet justly stoop to You,
 Envy shall kneel at Your refulgent Throne,
 Review Your Actions, and Your Learning own,
 Like MARS You vanquish, with Poetic Arm,
 Your Wisdom, like APOLLO's, is a Charm.
 Great PRIOR's Thought each Subject still refines,
 And ANNA's Dust smells sweeter from his Lines,
 Lines which improve HORACE's noble Theme,
 The Poet lives in You, and You in Him.
 Your Muse can melt the most obdurate Hearts,
 And in the Lover's Breast new Flames impart,
 You are a just Exception to our Fate,
 A Poet wealthy, eminent, and great.
 And You, great Sir, who far above the rest,
 With Riches, Wisdom, are so amply blest,

How can my Muse Her juſter Tribute pay,
 Than where the Patron bears ſuch mighty Sway?
 The Off'ring's double do not both reſuſe,
 Accept the Pauper, tho' you ſcorn the Muſe.

Cecini humillimeque obtuli,

GEO. WALDRON,

Olim. Coll. Reg. Oxon.



AN EPISTLE to Mr PRIOR, on the
Folio Edition of his Poems, 1718.

WHILST HARLEY with more near Approaches bleſt,
 Enjoys Thy Genius as He ſhares Thy Breſt,
 Can view Thy Soul when freely breaking forth,
 In all the Changes of it's native Worth,
 Can hear Thy Wit, as from Thy ſelf it flows,
 And ſee the Poet live whoſe Works He knows,
 So that whene'er He reads Thy publick Song,
 His Thoughts with Pleaſure dwell upon Thy Tongue.
 For as Thy Lines do Various Paſſions raiſe,
 Thy vital Image in His Fancy plays,
 He feels a Warmth peculiarly confin'd,
 To thoſe who have acceſs to read Thy Mind,
 When gen'rous Friendſhip does with Mirth conſpire
 To animate Thy Senſe, and light Thy Fire.

I at a distance do Thy Labours scan,
 And only in the Muse conceive the Man;
 I trace the Author in His matchless Lays,
 Those Monuments of everlasting Praise.
 Last His bright Image in a fainter Mold,
 And darkly in that Glass His Face behold,
 Pardon, great PRIOR, if my Artless Draught;
 Reach not Perfection, it is only Thought;
 A Painter oft attempts a Face unseen,
 And strikes the Canvas with a fancy'd Mien,
 The Fame of Beauty makes his Colours flow,
 And I wou'd fain describe That Worth, methinks, I know.

First then Thy easy flowing Measures prove
 A Temper smooth, and sweetly fram'd for Love;
 They shew a tender Heart, and gentle Mind,
 Fill'd with Good-nature, generous and kind:
 Soft as a Feather pluck'd from VENUS' Dove,
 Soft as the Wings that bear the God of Love,
 So well You write Your Wounds from CUPID's Dart,
 In Eloquence of Love so void of Art,
 Your Lines beguile ME, and I lose MY Heart.
 A silent Passion glides into my Breast,
 I make Your Case my own, and think I'm blest;
 O! wou'd the unkind Fair consent to read,
 Wou'd She submit to hear Her Lover plead,
 In Spight of all Her Pride, and all Her Charms,
 She'd bend Her stubborn Neck into Thy Arms.
 CHLOE wou'd soon relent, and tamely chuse,
 To be a Captive to Thy pow'rful Muse,
 Thy Verse a subtil Poison wou'd instil,
 By Art unseen, and unsuspected kill:
 Such soft Attacks Her Weakness wou'd betray,
 And force a Heart of Flint to melt away.

We read how ORPHEUS rouz'd the sleeping Stone,
 Did soften fullen Rocks, and melt them down:
 How wildest Woods did form a comely Train,
 Obey His Pipe, and dance along the Plain:
 How savage Beasts by magic Numbers charm'd
 Of all their native Fierceness were disarm'd:
 The Lion and the Bear at once became
 Forgetful of their Rage, and gentle as the Lamb.
 And what is Music but the Poet's Rhime.
 Wak'd into Tune, and manag'd into Time,
 Verse is but Harmony in Silence bound,
 And Poetry is known to speak in Sound.

Next when I read what You inscribe a Tale,
 There I find pleasing Mirth and Wit prevail,
 The Story runs in such familiar Strains,
 With so much Humour, and so little Pains,
 That I'm inclin'd to think 'tis only Prose,
 And that in tuneful Rhime Thy Language flows:
 Poems, like these, disclose a chearful Mind,
 And mark out One whom Nature hath design'd
 A fine Companion, and delightful Friend. }
 The noblest Lord with Fortune's Smiles carest,
 Who shines in State, and is with Plenty blest,
 Wou'd He improve His Wit, His Taste refine,
 Sweeten His Life, with Pleasure drink His Wine,
 His vacant Hours agreeably beguile,
 And in the Misery of Grandeur smile,
 He'd take Thee to His Breast, and gladly join
 In closest Amity His Soul to Thine.
 Thence by a kind Conveyance He'd receive
 What neither Pomp, nor Wealth, nor Pow'r can give:
 For what is Luxury, and what is Pow'r,
 What are the Blessings, of a Golden-show'r,

Without

Without those purer Blessings, which we find
Rise from Discourse, and entertain the Mind,
The great MÆCENAS, who had all the State
That Rome and princely Favour cou'd create,
Yet often to His HORACE wou'd retire,
Quit CÆSER'S Court to hear the Poet's Lyre.
And if the sage PYTHAGORAS spoke true,
The Soul of FLACCUS transmigrates in You:
HORACE and PRIOR distant Ages knew,
Yet Both One Spirit and One Genius shew.
The Muses sure did o'er Their Birth preside,
And Nature's Hand in Their Production guide,
Did Their first Rudiments of Life inspire,
With equal Sweetness mixt with equal Fire. *

Now I shou'd rise to a more Lofty theme,
From Love and Mirth ascend to the Sublime,
Did not Thy PAULO still retard my Flight,
And make me hover there with fond Delight.
PAULO! a Piece Inimitably fine,
Just is the Thought, and easy is the Line,
Humour and Wit in purest Form appear
At once to mend the Heart and charm the Ear.
Wives are there Taught what does a Wife become,
Not to be chaste abroad and lewd at home,
For Public Virtue is an empty Name,
Unless the Private Conduct be the same.
An outward Form is but a sham Disguise,
To cover hidden Vice from mortal Eyes,
True Modesty is that which is unseen.
A secret Spring of Purity within.
So a false Coiner when his Metal's base
Does on it's Surface Stamp the Royal Face,

Borrows

* HORACE and PRIOR both died at the same Age 57.

Borrows the Image of the currant Coin,
To cheat the World and cover his Design;
A gilded Outside makes the Forgery pass,
And what we take for Gold is only Brass.

Well hast Thou sung Our wise Creator's Praise;
And told His mighty Works in lofty Lays,
There we are Taught to Tremble at His Name,
And to approach with Awe so great a Theme.
Surely Thy Muse has something of Divine
That durst so soon set Bounds to Reason's Line:
That does the proud Philosopher controul,
And check the Scemes of His aspiring Soul:
That cou'd describe with such a Master-skill,
How All Things rose from the Almighty's Will:
How various Worlds may fill the Boundless Space,
Tho' Man cannot define their Form or Place,
How all our Thoughts are impotent and lame,
When we presume to guess at Nature's Frame;
And the same Youth with more consummate Art
Is afterwards pursu'd in ev'ry Part.
When SOLOMON from Holy-writ You bring,
A great Philosopher and Potent King:
One who had All that Nature cou'd bestow,
And All that cou'd from Fortune's Bounty flow.
Of Beauty, Knowledge, and of Empire too.
One who we Read was eminently wise,
And saw beyond the Reach of mortal Eyes;
Whose Wisdom did not from Instruction grow,
Nor did it move as human Learning flow,
But was at once Infus'd into His Soul,
By Beams of heav'nly Light that fill'd the Whole,
And yet when Nature's-Garden You display,
And the vast compass of the World survey,

How

How short is all that Knowledge, and how blind
The vain ambition of a Feeble Mind:
Nor let the daring Libertine confide
In what his boasted Pleasure can Provide,
For SOLOMON can tell that *This is Vain*,
And that the highest Pleasure's gilded Pain.

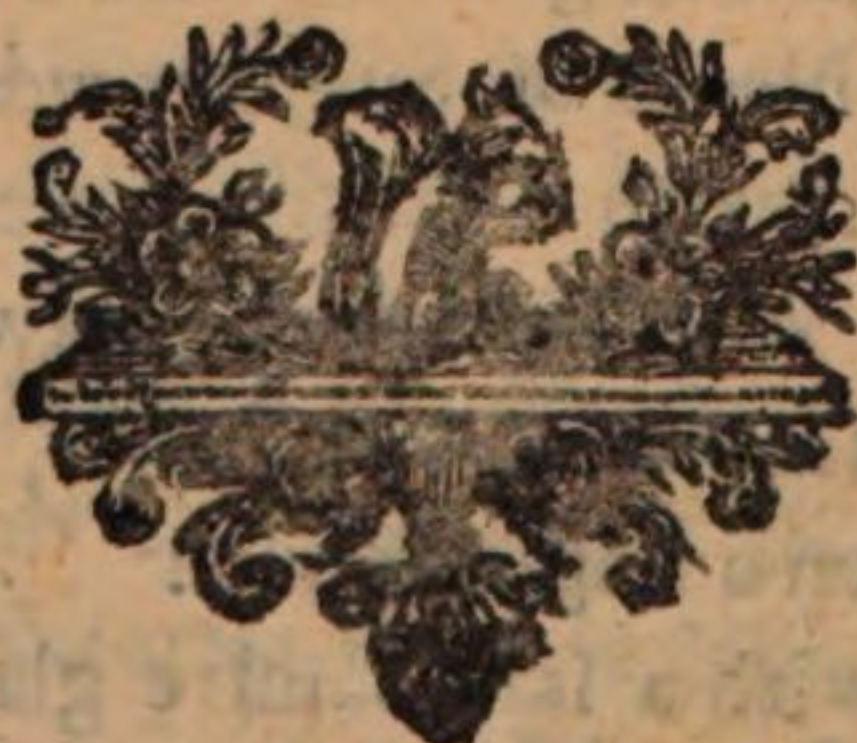
If ABRA, whom the strongest Passion warm'd,
Who was with all the Pow'r of Beauty arm'd,
Who knew to make Address with softest Art,
And with most subtile Skill to touch the Heart,
If This fair Concubine, and Hundreds more
Whom that great Monarch had laid up in Store,
Cou'd not give Quiet to His restless Mind,
Where can the Libertine then Quiet find,
False is that Happiness which springs from Lust,
Various as Wind, and Volatile as Dust.

Call now the Monarchs who divide the Globe,
And are distinguish'd by the Purple Robe,
Bid Them behold Thy SOLOMON, and own,
That Happiness is not the Jewel of a Crown.
Shew Them an Instance there of Sov'raign Sway,
Whom great and mighty Nations did obey:
Who cou'd the wildest Luxury supply,
By pillaging the Earth, the Sea, the Sky.
Who shone in all the glitt'ring Pomp and Pride
Of those who o'er the Necks of Subjects ride,
Saw Millions trembling with a servile Awe,
And tamely from His Will receive the Law ;
He let them see how Impotent was Pow'r,
To shed pure Blessing on a single Hour :
How richest Crowns with a false Lustre glare,
And do not yield us Glory but a Snare :

How

How for the Surface only they're design'd
 To grace the Body, not compose the Mind.
 But I forbear, for why shou'd I abuse
 Thy noble Genius, and deform thy Muse:
 A partial Transcript is a public Fraud,
 It robs true Worth, and sends it poor abroad,
 It does Thy Sense imperfectly convey,
 And only Stammers what it means to Say.
 So a fine Face no Painter can design
 By the rude Traces of a naked Line,
 The Colours only can Perfection give.
 Express the Air, and make the Canvas live.

Go on, great PRIOR, the same Steps pursue,
 Much to Thy self, and to the World is due,
 Resume Thy Pen, and Hang not up Thy Lyre,
 Since Thou hast still the same Poetic Fire:
 For many Subjects still remain unsung
 Among the Great, the Wise, the Fair, the Young,
 Which to Thy Muse peculiarly belong.
 APOLLO freely will Thy Harp restore,
 Write while Love lasts, and we will ask no more.





To Mr PRIOR,

By Mr J. NEWCOME,

Fellow of St John's College Cambridge,

Nov. 14th, 1719. *

RECEIVE, Great BARD, thanks from the
the meanest Muse,

(As Gods accept the Virtues they infuse,)

For HARLEY's Favour, and for HARRIET's Grace,

By THEE become familiar to This Place ;

For such just Honour's here to HARRIET giv'n,

As needs must please ev'n MARGARET in Heav'n.

What learned FISHER was to RICHMOND's Spouse,

Be THOU to HARRIET and Her happy House ;

Direct the Streams of Charity immense,

That MARGARET's Plants may feel it's Influence.

* Five Days before the Date of These Verses, on the 9th of November 1719, Mr PRIOR had complimented Lady HARLEY in a beautiful COPY of VERSES spoken to HER in the LIBRARY of St JOHN's College, Cambridge ; which he published singly that Year.

To Female-Virtue, and to Love-Divine,
St JOHN's stands sacred by the Royal Line.
Thou, in obedience to the Statutes, bow ;
And on so fair Foundations act thy pious Vow.

In Arts and Arms, MINERVA's equal Care,
Thy Muse adorns the Heroes and the Fair.
Once more resume Thy potent Lyre and end
The Wond'rous Scene ! Religion's lasting Friend.
So Thou the Wisest Man may'st imitate,
And build our Temple equal to our State.

Ramparts and Towns AMPHION's Verse could raise,
To build the HOUSE of GOD be PRIOR's Praise.



To Mr P R I O R,

By FRANCIS PECK, M. A. 1720.

OF T have I Thought, Great Bard, in my poor Cell,
(Where I, and Care, and Contemplation dwell)
How vastly far all Preaching is outdone,
(Excepting That of God's Eternal Son)
In this One Sermon of wise SOLOMON !
For whether we His beauteous Method view,
Or Reas'nings, to His Text so close and true ;
Each Verse the Other makes more heav'nly strong,
And gains fresh Wonder as we read along !

So,

So, when I saw your Book—This is not PRIOR
 I ravish'd said, but He, whose Hebrew Lyre
 Before so often set my Soul on Fire!
 Or if it must be His —————
 Among Old Rabbins hitherto conceal'd,
 To him some Friend this Treasure hath reveal'd;
 And He translating what the Preacher taught,
 His own would have the Lovely Matter thought,
 No—there I err—for sure that gentle Swain,
 To purchase Fame, wou'd such mean Arts disdain.
 Chusing His Theme then must the Reason be,
 Why thus he charms, and hence I find that He,
 Who wou'd above himself, like PRIOR sing,
 Must to a sacred Subject tune the String.
 Then o'er the Shell as His quick Finger flies,
 New Graces shall at ev'ry touch surprize,
 And Judgment, grown maturer, greatly rise.



To Mr P R I O R,

On His S O L O M O N.

HAIL honour'd BARD, the Wonder of our Isle,
 On the APOLLO and the Muses smile,
 Confest Their darling, and their Country's Pride,
 By Envy's Self This Truth is not deny'd.
 Thy happy Muse and sweet recording Strings
 Can best resound the Godlike Acts of Kings * :

In

* CARMEN SECULARE, printed in 1700, in Praise of
 King WILLIAM.

In PINDAR's lofty Strains can best declare
 Their Battles, Conquests, Toils, and saving Care,
 In Peace how mild, how terrible in War !
 Thus WILLIAM, mighty WILLIAM, She began,
 Trac'd him from Active Youth, to finish'd Man ;
 She only cou'd ascend the wond'rous Height,
 And set each Action in it's proper Light,
 The *Boyne* and *Namur*'s haughty Towers recite :
 His Glorious Life She made Her swelling Theme,
 And in Immortal Verse preserv'd His endless Fame.

* Again She spreads Her Wings, and takes Her Way
 Tow'ring does ANNA's Glories all display,
 Bright as the Beams which yield the Rising Day :
 In melting Accents does Her Wonders sing,
 How flowing Blessings from each Action spring.
 How just she governs, and how well she reigns,
 And as she dictates still kind Heav'n ordains :
 How great and good, how ready to oppose
 Her glorious Arms against tyrannic Foes,
 And shield the Lab'ring Empire from impending Woes.

Fearless of Earth, of Air, of Seas, or Skies,
 Thy Muse does like the famous *Mantuan*'s † rise,
 Nor stops her Course, but still pursues Her Flight,
 To distant Regions thro' ætherial Light ;
 Descends a while on *Bleinheim*'s hostile Plain,
 Beholds the Battle, Trophies, Numbers slain,
 And upward springs, describes the glitt'ring Scene.
 How LEWIS lost what BOILEAU ne'er can tell,
 How MALBRO' conquer'd, and how TALLARD fell ;

To

* Letter to BOILEAU on the Victory at *Blenheim*.

† VIRGIL.

So grace the Triumphs of the Victor's Cause,
 Who wins our Hearts, and merits out Applause,
 And frees the joyful World from arbitrary Laws,

Now SOLOMON the Wise your Harp has strung,
 In sweeter Sound's sure none e'er better fung,
 Illustrious SOLOMON, great *Israel's* King,
 Inspires Your Muse in heavenly Notes to sing.

In you the tuneful DRYDEN will survive,
 In You the Majesty of Verse shall live,
 And flourish green, nor never shall decay,
 Whilst PHOEBUS rules, and runs his destin'd way.

Take then the Bays from DRYDEN's sacred Tomb,
 And blest the present Age, and that to come :
 With lasting Numbers, never dying Strains,
 Peculiar to Your Self without Extreame,
 Like DENHAM's *Thames*, deep, gentle, clear, and free,
 Rolling in Silver Streams with constant Harmony.

Whate'er you sung before gain'd just Applause,
 And this New Work new Admiration draws,
 Contending Poets all approve Your Lays,
 And all unite in Your deserving Praise.

Matchless Your Genius takes it's Noble Flight,
 And soars sublime perceptible to Sight ;
 Each Word's a Sentence, and each polish'd Line,
 Adorns and makes our *English* Language shine,
 The WISE MAN's Wisdom's nearest to Divine.

Here, noble Monarch, here your self's outdone,
 (He, holy DAVID's ; You, APPOLLO's Son)
 Here we behold Him seated on His Throne,
 With all His Lustre, all His Glory on,
 Admir'd, Rever'd, and mighty in renown.

Master of all indulgent Heav'n cou'd give,
 Blest with whate'er He ask'd, or cou'd receive,
 To make His Glory last, his Name for ever live.

Admidst these Lines with Pleasure we may see
 The Western Queen with splended Majesty,
 Greater than SOLOMON if greater e'er cou'd be,

Here Knowledge shines in a poetic Dress,
 And boundless Pleasure amply You rehearse,
 Great POWER last You copiously define,
 In ev'ry subject Art and Nature join; —
 Concluding with the Preacher, *All is Vain*,
 This Life a Maze of anxious Woes and Pain,
 Where nought but Follies and Vexation reign.
 Unmix'd no Happiness can well be found,
 Altho' with Power, Knowledge, Pleasure crown'd,
 For Intervals of Grief and Joy alternately go round.

O still go on and let Your Muse aspire,
 Full of the God that does Your Breast inspire,
 New Themes explore, and touch the trembling Lyre.
 O charm again the pleas'd and list'ning Throng,
 Who dwell upon the Music of Your Tongue,
 And let unrival'd Numbers still compleat the Song.

Thus passing on the fleeting Hours of Life,
 Secur'd from busy Ills and noisy Strife,
 Retir'd from flatt'ring Courts, and free at ease,
 In Books delighting, and in Friends that please,
 Enjoy the Blessings of a Halcyon Peace.

Pardon, great Sir, the Muse that dare address
 Accept my honest Heart tho' mean my Verse,
 Commending is Her Aim, but She's too weak,
 Yet pleasing Raptures thus from Her will break.

Thus

Thus She attempts Her humble Voice to raise,
To sing the Man She loves, the Man She'd praise :
But O Thy Merits are beyond Her Strain,
Deserve a noble Muse, a loftier Pen.
Had She but Art and Skill to paint like Thee,
Lasting, like Thine, Her Colours then shou'd be,
Each Touch, each Line shou'd ev'ry Vice control,
Delight the Mind and captivate the Soul.
Her Pencil shou'd with pleasing Truth impart
Thy Floods of Fancy, thy transcending Art,
Shou'd all around thy just Desarts proclaim,
In golden Characters record thy Name,
And place Thee foremost in the Rolls of Fame,
Distinguish'd Lawrels shou'd Thy Temples crown,
For ever flourishing as Thy Renown,
Thy innate Virtues She shou'd too display
In all Their Lustre all Their bright Array.
All all Thy Acts of Friendship shou'd appear,
The speaking Canvas shew them fair and clear,
Thy gen'rous Goodness shou'd be still confest,
By Men rever'd, and by kind Heaven blest :
Thus Her unerring Piece She shou'd compleat,
And like Thy Self describe Thee truly Great.
But doom'd to grov'ling Earth She can no more,
Nature is wanting, Artless is Her Pow'r :
Nor dare she rise, too piercing is the Light,
Fearful to perish in a loftier Flight,
And sink like ICARUS in Shades of Night.
Each coming Day shall its New Pleasure bring,
And yield New Matter for Your Muse to sing :
Promulge then, Sir, the product of Your Mind,
With solid Judgment blest and sense refin'd,
So shall Your spightly Wit be ever unconfin'd.
So shall Your Works eternalize Your Fame,
And latest Ages own great PRIOR's Name.

Lady WINCHELSEA to Mr PRIOR

THE NYMPH whose Virgin-heart thy Charms have
 taught
 To cherish Love, with secret Wishes fraught,
 Reserv'd at first, endeavours to conceal
 What She had rather die than not reveal,
 No Fears the Love-sick Maid can long restrain,
 None read Thy verse, or hear Thee speak in vain,
 Thy melting Numbers, and polite Address,
 In ev'ry FAIR raise Passion to excess.
 In either Sex You never fail we find,
 To cultivate the Heart, or charm the Mind,
 In Raptures lost I fear not your Disdain,
 But own I languish to possess your Vein.
 As a fond Bird, pleas'd with the Teacher's Note,
 Expend his Life to raise his mimic Throat,
 His little Art, exerting all he can,
 Charm'd with the tune, to imitate the Man:
 Rudely he chants, yet labours not in vain,
 By wild Essays just so much Song to gain,
 As tempts his Master to renew the Strain.
 Such is my Verse, with equal zeal I burn,
 Too happy, shou'd I meet the same Return,

On seeing Mr PRIOR's Monument.

MEAN Artifice! to gild precarious Fame!
 A PRIOR bears a STATUE in his NAME.
 True Merit does to Heights unlabour'd climb,
 And mocks the Rust of Age and Waste of Time.

Thus did APELLES' Hand *Death's* Razure brave,
 And share the *Immortality* it gave:
 VENUS and AMMON in his Colours shown,
 Transmit the *Painter's* Glory with their Own.

CHA. BECKINGHAM

Vol. II.

B

THE TOWN OF BOSTON



The Turtle and Sparrow G. P. Gucht, del.



P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

T H E T U R T L E *and* S P A R R O W.*



B E H I N D an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Yew* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd *Lover's* Fate.
The Sparrow chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A *Bird* that loves to chirp and talk)
Besure he did the *Turtle* greet ;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles*, by the bye,
Can Think as well as *You* or *I* :

* This Piece was written upon the sincere Affection shewn by her most sacred Majesty Queen ANNE for the Loss of her Royal Consort Prince GEORGE, 1708, who is figured under Columbo, the faithful Mate of Turtarella.

But how they did their Thoughts express,
The Margin shews by T and S.

T. My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Dasies* on his Tomb:
Sing, *Philomel*, his Fun'ral Verse,
Ye pious *Redbreasts*, deck his Hearse:
Fair *Swans*, extend your Dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play;
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That Beauty and those Joys are flown!

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods;
The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,
And say, *Columbo* is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes moan
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

The *Dryads* all forsook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me stood,
The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
All conscious of our mutual Flame,
To sigh for him, with me to moan
My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

VENUS disdain'd not to appear,
 'To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear;
 But what avails her Kindness now?
 She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow*:
 The *Loves*, that round their Mother flew,
 Did in her Face her Sorrows view;
 Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,
 Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung;
 They heard attentive what I said,
 And wept, with me, *Columbo* dead:
 For Him I sob, for Him I moan,
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

'Tis our's to Weep, great VENUS said,
 'Tis JOVE's alone to be Obey'd:
 Nor Birds nor Goddesses can move
 The just Behests of Fatal JOVE:
 I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,
 And curs'd the Fowler's cruel Net:
 Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
 Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well!
 I saw him bleeding on the Ground,
 The Sight tore up my ancient Wound;
 And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,
 COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
 I mourn *Columbo*, dead and gone;
 Still let my tender Grief complain,
 Nor Day nor Night that Grief restrain,
 I said, and VENUS still reply'd,
 COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

But once is sure, and Death is Common
 To *Bird* and *Man*, including *Woman*,
 From the Spread-*Eagle* to the *Wren*,
 Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
 All that wear Feathers first or last
 Must one Day perch on CHARON'S Mast;
 Must lie beneath the *Cypress* Shade,
 Where STRADA'S *Nightingale* was laid;
 Those Fowl who seem Alive to sit,
 Assembled by DAN CHAUCER'S Wit,
 In Prose have slept Three Hundred Years,
 Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
 And, laid in State upon their Hearse,
 Are truly but embalm'd in Verse;
 As sure as LESBIA'S *Sparrow* I,
 Thou, sure as PRIOR'S *Dove*, must Die:
 And ne'er again from *Lethe's* Streams
 Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
 My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled;
I therefore must for ever moan
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

S. *Columbo* never sees your Tears,
 Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
 A Wall of *Brass*, and one of *Lead*,
 Divide the Living from the Dead.
 Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
 Of Tears beats back to Earth again;
 In t'other the Collected Sound
 Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
 'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
 What Time itself can ne'er retrieve.

By

By Nature soft, I know a *Dove*
 Can never live without her *Love*;
 Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a Brother.

T. What, *I* to make a *second Choice*!
 In other Nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my Bird?—

T. ——— No, *Sparrow*, no,
 Let me indulge my pleasing *Woe*:
 Thus sighing, cooing, ease my Pain,
 But never wish, nor love, again:
 Distress'd for ever, let me moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone.

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
 Contemn thy mad Excess of Love:
 I tell thee, *Dame*, the other Day
 I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
 Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,
And wept Columbo, dead and gone.

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,
 My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled;
 And I for ever must deplore
Columbo dead and gone.—— S. *Encore!*
 For Shame forsake this *B I O N*-stile,
 We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
 Does it with Sense or Health agree,
 To sit thus moping on a Tree?
 To throw away a Widow's Life,
 When you again may be a Wife?

8 POEMS on several Occasions.

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours ;
Who knows but they may infl'ence your's ;
Example draws, when *Precept* fails,
And *Sermons* are less read than *Tales*.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As such will hear thee : I descend ;
Hop on and talk ; but, honest Bird,
Take care that no immodest Word
May venture to offend my Ear.

S. Too Saint-like Turtle, never fear ;
By Method Things are best discuss'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the first :
A handsome, senseless, auk'ard Fool,
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule :
Her Actions did her Charms disgrace,
And still her Tongue talk'd off her Face :
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had she,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Those Wills were chang'd with every Wind :
She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L'Assemblée, her supreme Delight ;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen ;
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great Care set all amiss ;
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now fign, now pout, All God knows why :
Short was her Reign, she Cough'd and Dy'd.
Proceed we to my *Second* Bride ;
Well born she was, genteelly Bred,
And buxom both at Board and Bed ;

Glad

Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
 And, as TOM SOUTHERN wisely says,
No other Fault had she in Life,
*But only that she was my WIFE.**
 O *Widow-Turtle!* ev'ry She,
 (So *Nature's* Pleasure does decree)
 Appears a Goddess 'till enjoy'd;
 But *Birds*, and *Men*, and *Gods* are cloy'd.
 Was *HERCULES* One Woman's *Man*?
 Or *Jove* for ever *LÆDA's Swan*?
 Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,
 Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow-Bacon*,
 Variety alone gives Joy,
 The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:
 What *Sparrow*, Dame? what *Dove* alive,
 Tho' *VENUS* shou'd the Char'ot drive,
 But wou'd accuse the Harnefs Weight,
 If always Coupled to *One Mate*;
 And often with the Fetter broke?
 'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious, to wish to Wed again,
 'E're Death dissolv'd the former Chain!

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest;
 She brought me Sons, but, *Jove* be blest,
 She dy'd in Child-bed on the Nest.
 Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:
 But must I therefore lie alone?
 What, am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
 Must I not Live, because she Dy'd?

* See The Wife's Excuse: *A Comedy.*

And

And thus I *Logically* said,
 ('Tis good to have a Reas'ning Head)
 Is this my WIFE? *Probatum*, not;
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot:
 She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
 But, is a Piece of *Clay* a WIFE?
 Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye see,
 Why then no Kin at all to me:
 And he who gen'ral Tears can shed
 For Folks that happen to be Dead,
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn
 For those who never yet were Born.

T. Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,
 But *Logic* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were just pen-feather'd:
 Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
 And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,
 So left that Brood to get another:
 And, as old HARRY whilome said,
 Reflecting on ANNE BOLEYN Dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do stand
 The jolly'st Batchelor i' th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
 My *first*, my *only Love* is Dead:
 With endless Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loss: —————

S. ——— Let me go on.
 As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
 I woo'd my Cousin *Philly Sparrow*,
 O'th' Elder House of *Chirping-End*,
 From whence the younger Branch descend;

Well

Well feated in a Field of *Pease*
 She liv'd, extremely at her Ease ;
 But when the *Honey-Moon* was past,
 The foll'wing Nights were soon o'ercaft ;
 She kept her own, could plead the *Law*,
 And Quarrel for a *Barley-Straw* :
 Both, you may judge, became less kind,
 As more we knew each other's Mind :
 She soon grew *sullen* ; I, *hardhearted* ;
 We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
 To *L O N D O N*, blessed Town, I went,
 She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent* :
 A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
 And kindly told me she was Dead :
 I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
 And set my Heart again to Sale.

My *Fourth*, a mere Coquet, or such
 I thought her, nor avails it much,
 If true or false ; our Troubles spring
 More from the Fancy than the Thing.
 Two staring Horns, I often said,
 But ill become a *Sparrow's* Head ;
 But then to set that Ballance even,
 Your Cuckold *Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
 The Thing you fear, suppose it done,
 If you inquire, you make it known.
 Whilst at the Root your Horns are fore,
 The more you scratch, they ach the more.
 But turn the Tables and reflect,
 All may not be, that you suspect :
 By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean
 Are only in Ideas seen ;

'Tis

'Tis from the Inside o' the Head
 Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread ;
 Fruitful Suspicions often bear 'em,
 You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that Echo'd Word,
 Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird ;
 But those of finer Taste have found
 There's nothing in't beside the Sound.
 Preferment always waits on Horns,
 And Household Peace the Gift adorns :
 This Way, or that, let Factions tend,
 The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend ;
 This Way, or that, let Madam roam,
 Well pleas'd and quiet *she* comes home.
 Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,
 The *plus* and *minus*, Loss and Gain,
 And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,
 Is serious Truth, in such a Case ;
Who flights the Evil, finds it least ;
And who does Nothing, does the best.
 I never strove to rule the Roast,
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast :
 In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,
 I seem'd obliging, *she* discreet ;
 We neither much carefs'd nor strove,
 But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of *Light* our Eye may know,
 'Tis only *Light* itself can show :
 Whate'er of *Love* our Heart can feel,
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, foolish Bird,
 A Moment's Patience ; in one Word,

The

The *Three kind Sisters* broke the Chain,
She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster Grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more;
Let me with constant Tears bewail —

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.
My *Fifth*, she prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord shield us all from such a Life!
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas *This*, To-day; To-morrow, *That*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the Brook
I kept a *Miss*; an honest *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it *those*, who told it *her*.

One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me strolling in the Dark;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober Fowl,
Wou'd on their Corp'ral Oath alledge
I kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our Grief)
As once she watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her Hip,
The *Fever* came, and then the *Pip*:
Death did the only Cure apply;
She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd *Love* unmov'd these Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys, are true.

S. My

S. My Dearest *Dove*, One wise Man says,
 Alluding to our present Case,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow:
 Then what avails superfl'ous Sorrow!
 Another full as wise as he,
 Adds; that a *Marry'd Man* may see
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
 The *First* and *Last*, perhaps you'll say:
 'Tis true, when blythe she goes to Bed,
 And when she peaceably *lies Dead*;
Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,
Be they of Holland, or of Lead.

Now cur'd of HYMEN's Hopes and Fears,
 And sliding down the Vale of Years,
 I hope'd to fix my future Rest,
 And took a *Widow* to my Nest.
 Ah *Turtle!* had she been like Thee,
 Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;
 But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
 A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
 JOVE in PANDORA's *Box* confin'd
 A *Hundred Ills* to vex Mankind;
 To vex one Bird, in her *Bandore*
 He hid at least a *Hundred* more.
 And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,
 The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew;
 Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
 And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye;
 Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
 And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
 We, *Young* or *Old*, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
 All liv'd in ÆOLUS's Den;

The

The nearest her, the more accurst,
 Ill fare'd her Friends, her Husband worst.
 But *JOVE* amidst his Anger spares,
 Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
 In short, she die'd. Why then she's dead,
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
 Wou'd Heav'n this Mourning Year were past,
 One may have better Luck at last.
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,
 The *DEVIL's Wife* was but a Fiend.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,
 Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,
 Dare'st thou defile these sacred Groves,
 These silent Seats of faithful Loves;
 Be gone, with flagging Wings sit down
 On some old *Pent-house* near the Town;
 In *Brewers Stables* peck thy Grain,
 Then wash it down with puddled Rain;
 And hear thy dirty Offspring squall
 From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
 Where thou hast been, return again,
 Vile *Bird!* thou hast convers'd with *Men*;
 Notions like these from *Men* are given,
 Those vilest Creatures under Heaven.

To *Cities* and to *Courts* repair,
 Flatt'ry and *Falshood* flourish there;
 There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
 Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy*;
 Where *Passions* do with *Int'rest* barter,
 And *HYMEN* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter;
 Where *Truth* by *Point of Law* is parry'd,
 And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are Six times marry'd.

APPLICATION.

O Dearest Daughter of two dearest Friends,*
 To thee my Muse this little Tale commends;
 Loving and lov'd, regard thy future Mate,
 Long love his Person, tho' deplore his Fate;
 Seem young when old in thy dear Husband's Arms,
 For constant Virtue has immortal Charms;
 And when I lie low sepulchred in Earth,
 And the glad Year returns thy Day of Birth,
 Vouchsafe to say, 'E're I could write or spell,
 The Bard, who from my Cradle wish'd me well,
 Told me I shou'd the prating SPARROW blame,
 And bid me imitate the TURTLE's Flame.

* The present Duchess of Portland, Daughter of Edward
 late Earl of Oxford, &c.





DOWN · HALL

G. P. Gault. fecit



DOWN-HALL:

A

BALLAD.

*To the Tune of King JOHN and the Abbot
of CANTERBURY.*

Written in the Year MDCCXV.

I.



SING not Old JASON, who Travel'd thro'
Greece,

To kiss the fair *Maids*, and possess the
rich *Fleece*;

Nor sing I ÆNEAS, who, led by his Mother,
Got rid of *One WIFE*, and went far for *Another*,

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor

II.

Nor him who through *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,
 ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
 But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,
 Than return to his Farms, and converse with old PEN'.

III.

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL; their Meaning to seek,
 A Man must have poke'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
 Those who love their own Tongue we have Reason to hope
 Have read them Translated by DRYDEN and POPE.

IV.

But I sing Exploits that have lately been done
 By Two *British* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN :*
 And how they rid friendly from fine *London* Town,
 Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call DOWN.

V.

Now 'e're they went out, you may rightly suppose
 How much they discours'd both in *Prudence* and *Prose*;
 For, before this great Journey was throughly concerted,
 Full often they met; and as often they parted.

VI.

And thus *Matthew* said, Look you here, my Friend *John*,
 I fairly have travel'd Years thirty and one;
 And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's* Warrants,
 I only have gone upon other *Folk's* Errands.

VII.

And now in this Journey of Life I wou'd have
 A Place where to Bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Grave*;
 Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die——
 Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

* Matthew Prior, Esq; and John Morley of Halstead in Essex, Esq; bred a Butcher (but was accounted one of the greatest Land-Jobbers in England) and in Honour of his Profession annually killed a Hog, in the Publick Market, and took a Groat for it. He died 1732.

There

VIII.

There are Gardens so stately, and Arbours so thick,
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabric* of Brick :
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r ;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be paid in an Hour.

IX.

For Things in this World must by Law be made certain,
We both must repair unto OLIVER MARTIN ;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring You to see, he must fix you at D O W N.

X.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*
You've Sold all our Premises over and over :
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

XI.

But a Word to the Purpose ; To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
And if with a Garden and House I am blest,
Let the *Devil* and *Coningsby** go with the rest.

XII.

Then answer'd 'Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calash*,
That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash ;
I love Dirt and Dust ; and 'tis always my Pleasure
To take with me much of the Soil that I measure.

XIII.

But *Matthew* thought better: For *Matthew* thought right,
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,
That Extremes both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass :
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the other was *Glass*.

* *Lord Coningsby, with whom he had differ'd.*

XXVI.

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon ?
 Why, of *Spots* in the *Sun*, and the *Man* in the *Moon* ;
 Of the *CZAR*'s gentle *Temper*, the *Stocks* in the *City*,
 The wise *Men* of *Greece*, and the *Secret-Committee*.

XXVII.

So to *HARLOW* they came ; and Hey, where are You all ?
 Shew Us into the *Parlour*, and mind when I call :
 Why, your *Maids* have no *Motion*, your *Men* have no *Life* ;
 Well, *Master*, I hear you have bury'd your *Wife*.

XXVIII.

Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, *Sugar*, and *Toast*, and a *Horse*, and a *Guide* ;
 Are the *Harrisons* here, both the *Old* and the *Young* ?
 And where stands fair *Down*, the *Delight* of my *Song* ?

XXIX.

O 'Squire, to the *Grief* of my *Heart* I may say,
 I have bury'd *Two Wives* since you travel'd this *Way* ;
 And the *Harrisons* both may be presently here ;
 And *DOWN* stands, I think, where it stood the last *Year*.

XXX.

Then *JOAN* brought the *Tea-pot*, and *CALEB* the *Toast* ;
 And the *Wine* was froth'd out by the *Hand* of mine *Host* :
 But we clear'd our *Extempore* *Banquet* so fast,
 That the *Harrisons* both were forgot in the *Haste*.

XXXI.

Now hey for *Down-Hall* ; for the *Guide* he was got ;
 The *Chariot* was mounted ; the *Horses* did trot ;
 The *Guide* he did bring us a dozen *Mile* round ;
 But Oh ! all in vain ; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

XXXII.

O thou *Popish* Guide, thou hast led us astray.
Says he, How the Devil shou'd I know the Way?
I never yet travel'd this Road in my Life:
But *Down* lies on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

XXXIII.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd MATTHEW, when she went abroad,
Ne'er told Thee of half the Bye-ways she had trod:
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to thy House,
But Thou shalt go home without ever a Soufe.

XXXIV.

What is this Thing, MORLEY, and how can you mean it?
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.
Have Patience, soft, MORLEY in Anger reply'd:
To find out our Way, let us send off our Guide.

XXXV.

O here I spy *Down*, cast your Eye to the *West*,
Where a *Wind-mill* so stately stands plainly confest.
On the *West*, reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find:
As well Thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-Wind*.

XXXVI.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I spy,
But faithful ACHATES, no House is there nigh.
Look again, says mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
'The *Mill* stands before; and the House lies behind.

XXXVII.

O now a low ruin'd white *Shed* I discern,
Untile'd and unglaze'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*.
A *Barn*! why you rave: 'Tis a *House* for a 'Squire,
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

XXXVIII.

A House shou'd be built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
 Why, 'tis *Plaister* and *Lath*; and, I think, that's all one.
 And such as it is, it has stood with great Fame,
 Been called a *HALL*, and has given its Name
 To *DOWN*, down, hey derry down.

XXXIX.

O *MORLEY*, O *MORLEY*, if that be a *Hall*;
 The Fame with the Building will suddenly fall——
 With your Friend *JEMMY GIBBS* about Buildings agree,
 My Business is Land; and it matters not me.

XL.

I wish you could tell what a Duce your Head ails:
 I shew'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Versailles*?
 Then take House and Farm, as *JOHN BALLETT* will let you;
 For Better, for Worse, as I took my Dame *BETTY*.

XLI.

And now, Sir, a Word to the Wife is enough;
 You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
 And to build at your Age, by my Troth you grow simple;
 Are you Young and Rich, like the *Master of Wimpole*? *

XLII.

If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
 From twice fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthings:
 And in your's I shall find the true Gentleman's Fate;
 'E're you finish your House you'll have spent your Estate.

XLIII.

Now let us touch Thumbs, and be Friends 'e're we part.
 Here, *JOHN*, is my Thumb; and here, *MAT*, is my Heart:
 To *Halfstead* I speed; and You go back to Town.
 Thus ends the *First Part* of the *Ballad of DOWN*.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

* Edward late Earl of Oxford.



A N
E P I S T L E

T O

Fleetwood Shephard, Esq; 1689.

WHEN crouding Folk, with strange ill Faces,
 Were making Legs and begging Places,
 And some with *Patents*, some with *Merit*,
 Tire'd out my good Lord *Dorset's* Spirit:
 Sneaking I stood, amongst the Crew,
 Desiring much to speak with you.
 I waited while the Clock struck *Thrice*,
 And *Footman* brought out fifty Lyes;
 'Till, *Patience* vext, and *Legs* grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry:
 But did opine, it might be better
 By Penny-Post to send a Letter:
 Now, if you miss of this *Epistle*,
 I'm balk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place;
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.

Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted ;
 I always beg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle :
 Ask'd for me, *from my Lord*,* things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting,
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,
 As *Sunderland* has left *Mun Stephens*.

No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
 When he's grown up to Dog's Estate :
 Nor Parish, if they once adopt
 The spurious Brats by Strolers dropt,
 Leave 'em, when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows :
 No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
 Than if they'd throttled 'em at Nurse.

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when living,
 Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving ;†
 Taught me with *Cider* to replenish
 My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rhenish*.
 So when for *Hock* I drew prickt *White-wine*,
 Swear 't had the Flavour, and was right *Wine* ;
 Or sent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*
val's Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney ;
 Where now, by forging Deeds, and cheating,
 I'd found some handsome ways of getting.

* *Earl of Dorset.*

† *His Uncle was a Vintner.*

All this You made me quit, to follow
 That sneaking Whey-face'd God *Apollo*;
 Sent me among a Fiddling Crew
 Of Folks, I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
 To add no more Invectives to it,
 You spoil'd a Youth to make a Poet.
 In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
 That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
 Among all honest Christian People,
 Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
 Is, that you'd put me in some Way,
 And your *Petitioner* shall pray —————

There's One thing more, I had almost slipt,
 But that may do as well in *Postscript*;
 My Friend *Charles Montague*'s prefer'd,
 Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
 That *One Mouse* eats, while t'*OTHER*'s starv'd.*

* *Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, gained so much Reputation by Transversing Mr. Dryden's HIND and PANTHER, to the Story of the City Mouse and Country Mouse, that he was called MOUSE Montague. But here Mr. Prior claims an equal Share in the Performance.*



A N

O D E,

In Imitation of the *Second* O D E of the
Third Book of H O R A C E.

Written Anno 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt thou lie*
 In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,
 By which thy close, thy constant Enemy
 Has softly lull'd thee to thy Woes?
 Or wake, degen'rate Isle, or cease to own
 What thy old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;
 The Spoils they brought thee back, the Crowns they won:
WILLIAM (so Fate requires) again is arm'd;
 Thy Father to the Field is gone:
 Again *MARIA* weeps her absent Lord
 For thy Repose content to rule alone.
 Are thy Enervate Sons not yet alarm'd?
 When *WILLIAM* fights, dare they look tamely on,
 So slow to get their Ancient Fame restor'd,
 As nor to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's
 Sword?

* *Angustam, amici, Pauperiem pati*
Robustus acri Militia Puer
Condiscat; & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuentus hasta.

See

II.

See the repenting Isle awakes,
 Her vicious Chains the gen'rous Goddess breaks :
 The Fogs around her Temples are dispell'd ;
 Abroad She looks, and sees arm'd *Belgia* stand
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command ;
 Her Lions roaring by her Side, her Arrows in her Hand ;
 And blushing to have been so long with-held ;
 Weeps off her Crime, and hastens to the Field :
 * Henceforth her Youth shall be inur'd to bear
 Hazardous Toil and active War :
 To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,
 Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat ;
 And only grieve in Winter Camps to find
 Its Days too short for Labours they design'd :
 All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to watch ;
 All Day to mount the Trench, to storm the Breach,
 And all the rugged Paths to tread,
 Where *WILLIAM* and his Virtue lead.

III.

‡ Silence is the Soul of War ;
 Delib'rate Counsel must prepare
 The mighty Work, which Valour must complete :
 Thus *WILLIAM* rescues, thus preserves the State ;
 Thus teaches Us to think and dare ;
 As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to breathe
 Avenging Anger, and swift Death ;

* *Vitamque sub dio, & trepidis agat
 In rebus.*

‡ *Est & fideli tuta silentio
 Merces ; &c.*

In

In the try'd Metal the close Dangers glow,
 And now, too late, the dying Foe
 Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow ;
 So whilst in *WILLIAM*'s Breast ripe Counfels lie,
 Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
 No more of his Design appears,
 Than what awakens *Gallia*'s Fears ;
 And (though Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)
 Distracted *Lewis* can descry
 Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coasts, and Banks of frighted *Seine*,
 Lo! the impending Storms begin :
Britannia safely through her Master's Sea
 Ploughs up her victorious Way.
 'The *French* *SALMONEUS* throws his Bolts in vain,
 Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main :
 'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
 Swift Victory in 'vengeful Flames
 Burns down the Pride of their presumptuous Names :
 They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,
 And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast
 Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost :
 All this the mild, the beauteous *Queen* has done,
 And *WILLIAM*'s softer-Half shakes *Lewis*' Throne.
MARIA does the Sea command,
 Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arm by Land.
 So, the *Sun* absent, with full Sway the *Moon*
 Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone ;
 So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
Io *Britannia* ! loose thy Ocean's Chains,
 Whilst *Russel* strikes the Blow thy *Queen* ordains :

Thus

Thus rescu'd, thus rever'd, for ever stand,
And blefs the Counfel, and reward the Hand,
Ió Britannia! thy *MARIA* reigns.

V.

From *MARY*'s Conquests, and the rescu'd Main,*
Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,
And boast her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.
He lives, let *France* confefs, the Victor lives:
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And spoke her Terror of his Life too plain.
The mighty Years begin, the Day draws nigh,
In which that ONE ‡ of *Lewis*' MANY Wives,
Who, by the baleful Force of guilty Charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high
Cast around her mournful Eye,

And with prophetick Sorrow cry:
Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his Flight?
Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lion's gen'rous Rage;
The rav'nous Vulture, and the Bird of Night,
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's Flight,

* ——— *Illum ex mænibus hosticis.*

Matrona bellantis tyranni

Prospiciens, & adulta virgo,

Suspiret: Eheu! ne rudis agminum

Sponsus laceffat regius asperum

Tactu leonem, quem cruenta

Per medias rapit Ira Cædes.

‡ *Madam Maintenon.*

As

As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
 Yon' *Hero*, crown'd with blooming Victory,
 Just triumphing o'er Rebel-Rage restrain'd,
 And yet unbreath'd from Battles gain'd.
 See! all yon' dusty Field's quite cover'd o'er
 With hostile Troops, and *ORANGE* at their Head;
ORANGE, destin'd to complete
 The great Designs of labouring Fate;
ORANGE, the Name that Tyrants dread:
 He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more;
 Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,
Darius flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battle's mingled Heat,
 Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing,*
 Impatient to secure a base Retreat:
 Let the pale Coward leave his wounded King,
 For the vile Privilege to breathe,
 To live with Shame in Dread of glorious Death!
 In vain: for Fate has swifter Wings than Fear;
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the Rear;
 Dying and mad the Traitor bites the Ground,
 His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound;
 Whilst through the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,
 Virtue carries on Success;
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguish'd Brave,
 And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

* *Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.*
Mors & fugacem persequitur Virum,
Nec parcat imbellis juventa
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

Virtue

VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives,
Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives;
Aeneas suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
The *Hero's* Acts enlarg'd the *Poet's* Thought,
Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage

Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age;
Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terror drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds;
Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,
From Danger as from Honour far,
He bribes close Murder against open War.

In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive;
Your mould'ring Monuments in vain you raise
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise:
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are profane,
'Tis Incense to an Idol given,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus's* Man
That had no Soul from Heav'n.

Against his Will you chain your frightened King
On rapid *Rhine's* divided Bed;
And mock your *Hero*, whilst ye sing
The Wounds for which he never bled;
Falshood does Poison on your Praise diffuse,
And *Lewis's* Fear gives Death to *Boileau's* Muse.

VIII.

On its own Worth true Majesty is rear'd,*
 And Virtue is her own Reward,
 With solid Beams and native Glory bright,
 She neither Darkneſs dreads, nor covets Light;
 True to Herſelf, and fix'd to in-born Laws,
 Nor ſunk by Spite, nor lifted by Applauſe,
 She from her ſettled Orb looks calmly down
 On Life or Death, a Priſon or a Crown.
 When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay,
 To foreign Arms and inward Strife a Prey.
 Whiſt one good Man buoy'd up her ſinking State,
 A Virtue labour'd againſt Fate;
 When Fortune baſely with Ambition join'd,
 And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's Mind;
 When Storms let looſe, and raging Seas,
 Juſt ready the torn Veſſel to o'erwhelm,
 Force'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,
 Nor all the *Siren* Songs of future Peace,
 And dazzling Proſpect of a promis'd Crown,
 Could lure his ſtubborn Virtue down;
 But againſt Charms, and Threats, and Hell, he ſtood,
 To that which was ſeverely good;
 Then, had no Trophies juſtify'd his Fame,
 No Poet bleſs'd his Song with *NASSAU*'s Name,
 Virtue alone did all that Honour bring,
 And Heav'n as plainly pointed out *The KING*,

* *Virtus, repulſæ nescia ſordidæ,
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
 Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

As when he at the Altar stood
In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,
Whilst at his Feet religious *Britain* bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful *Maeze*, and *Boyne*'s victorious Flood,
(For each has mix'd his Waves with Royal Blood)
When *WILLIAM*'s Armies past, did he retire,
Or view from far the Battle's distant Fire?
Cou'd he believe his Person was too dear?
Or use his Greatness to conceal his Fear?
Cou'd Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntless *Hero* move?
Arm'd with Heav'n's Justice and his People's Love,
Thro' the first Waves he wing'd his vent'rous Way,
And on the adverse Shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)
Like the great Ruler of the Day,
With Strength and Swiftnefs mounting from the Sea;
Like Him all Day he toil'd, but long in Night
The God has eas'd his weary'd Light,
'E're Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,
Or *WILLIAM*'s Labours found Repose;
When his 'Troops falter'd, stept not He between?
Restor'd the dubious Fight again;
Mark'd out the Coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory?
Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful Course, and brought her bleeding back?
By his keen Sword did not the Boldest fall?
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All——
His Dangers such as with becoming Dread
His Subjects yet unborn shall weep to read;

And

And were not those the only Days that e'er
 The pious Prince refus'd to hear
 His Friends Advices, or his Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
 Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns ;
 To *Belgia's* save'd Dominions, and the Sea,
 Whose righted Waves rejoice in *WILLIAM's* Sway,
 Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,
 Here *Holland* Prosper'd, for Here *ORANGE* Fought ;
 Through rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,
 Here rush'd the Prince, Here made whole *France* retire--
 By diff'rent Nations be his Valour blest,
 In diff'rent Languages confest,

And then let *Shannon* speak the rest :
 Let *Shannon* speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
 When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
 And only ask'd some Lives to bribe her o'er ;
 The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
 With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait :
 And scorning Glory at a Price too great,
 With so much Pow'r such Piety did join,
 As made a perfect Virtue soar

A Pitch unknown to Man before,
 And lifted *Shannon's* Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share
 The prosp'rous Fruits of his indulgent Reign ;
 His Enemies approve the pious War,
 Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain :

More

More than his Sword his Goodness strikes his Foes ;
 They bless his Arms, and sigh they must oppose.
 Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,
 And 'tis for Man's Delight that he is Great :
 Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,
 If he were more a Victor or a Friend :
 So much his Courage and his Mercy strive,
 He Wounds to Cure, and Conquers to Forgive.

XII.

Ye *Heroes*, who have fought your Country's Cause,
 Redress'd her Injuries, or form'd her Laws,
 To my advent'rous Song just Witnesses bear,
 Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
 That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
 But solid Story, and severest Truth,
 That *WILLIAM* treasures up a greater Name,
 Than any Country, any Age can boast :

* And all that Ancient Stock of Fame

He did from his Fore-fathers take,
 He has improv'd, and gives with Int'rest back ;
 And in his Constellation does unite
 Their scatter'd Rays of fainter Light :
 Above or Envy's Lash or Fortune's Wheel,
 That settled Glory shall for ever dwell
 Above the rolling Orbs and common Sky,
 Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

* *Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
 Cælum, negata tentat iter via ;
 Cætusque vulgares & udam
 Spernit humum, fugiente penna.*

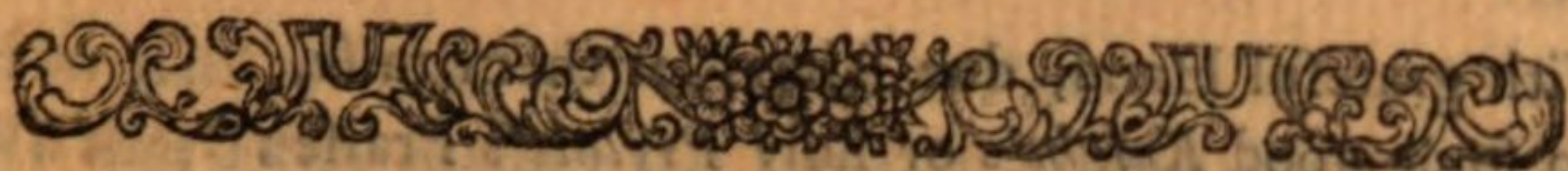
Where

XIII.

Where roves the Muse? where, thoughtless to return,
 Is her short-life'd Vessel borne,
 By potent Winds too subject to be tost,
 And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praises lost?
 Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore
 Where our abandon'd Youth she sees
 Shipwreck'd in Luxury, and lost in Ease;
 Whom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,
 Nor *WILLIAM*'s exemplary Virtue warm:
 Tell 'em, howe'er, the *King* can yet forgive
 Their guilty Sloth, their Homage yet receive,
 And let their wounded Honour live:
 But sure and sudden be their just Remorse;
 Swift be their Virtue's Rise, and strong its Course; *
 For though for certain Years and destin'd Times
 Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;
 Though *Jove* seem'd negligent of human Cares,
 Nor scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
 His Justice now demands the equal Scales,
 Sedition is suppress'd, and Truth prevails:
 Fate its great End by slow Degrees attains,
 And *Europe* is Redeem'd, and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

* ----- *Sæpe Diespiter*
Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum.
Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pæna claudo.





VERSES Spoke to the LADY
Henrietta-Cavendish-Holles Harley,

COUNTESS of OXFORD,

In the Library of *St. John's College, Cambridge,*

November IX, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE ANNA visited the Muses-Seat,
 (Around her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
 Hail THOU, the Brightest of thy Sex, and Best,
 Most gracious Neighbour, * and most welcome Guest.
 Not HARLEY'S Self, to *Cam* and *Isis* dear,
 In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD'S Heir,
 Not HE such present Honours shall receive,
 As to his CONSORT We aspire to give.

Writings of *Men* our Thoughts to-day neglects,
 To pay due Homage to the *Softer-Sex*:
Plato and *Tully* we forbear to read,
 And their great Foll'wers whom this House has bred,
 To study Lessons from Thy Morals given,
 And shining Characters, impress'd by Heaven.
 Science in Books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's Self in HARRIET'S Face we view;
 For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
 We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

Their pious Incense let our Neighbours bring,
 To the kind Mem'ry of some bounteous King.

* The Seat of this noble Family was then at Wimpole in
 Cambridgeshire.

With

No Matter where the Scene is fixt :
 The Persons were but odly mixt ;
 When Sober DAMON thus began :
 (And DAMON is a clever Man)
 I now grow Old ; but still, from Youth,
 Have held for *Modesty* and *Truth*.
 The Men, who by these Sea-marks steer,
 In Life's great Voyage never err :
 Upon this Point I dare defy
 The World : I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant,
 Said One who sat a little distant :
Truth decks our *Speeches* and our *Books* ;
 And *Modesty* adorns our *Looks* :
 But farther Progress we must take ;
 Not only born to *Look* and *Speak*,
 The Man must *Act*. The STAGYRITE
 Says thus, and says extremely right :
 Strict Justice is the Sov'reign Guide,
 That o'er our Actions shou'd preside :
 This Queen of Virtues is confest
 To regulate and bind the rest.
 Thrice happy, if you can but find
 Her equal Balance poise your Mind :
 All diff'rent Graces soon will enter,
 Like Lines concurrent to their Centre.

'Twas thus, in short, these *Two* went on,
 With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*,
 Thro' many Points divinely dark,
 And WATERLAND assaulting CLARKE ;

'Till

'Till, in Theology half lost,
DAMON took up The *Evening-Post* ;
Confounded SPAIN, compose'd the NORTH,
And deep in Politicks held forth.

Methinks we're in the like Condition,
As at the TREATY of PARTITION :
That Stroke, for all King WILLIAM's Care,
Begot another tedious War.
MATTHEW, who knew the *whole Intrigue*,
Ne'er much approve'd that *Mystic League* :
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
Poor Man he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply ;
But down-right Dunstable was I,
And told him *where* they were *mistaken*,
And counsel'd him to *save his Bacon* :
But (pass his *Politicks* and *Prose*)
I never herded with his Foes ;
Nay, in his *Verses*, as a Friend,
I still found Something to commend :
Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID ;
Whate'er severer Criticks said :
Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd :
The Women All were on my Side.
For ALMA I return'd him Thanks ;
I like'd her with her little Pranks :
Indeed, poor SOLOMON in Rhime
Was much too Grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transition,
So on he ran a new Division ;
'Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit :
(Chance often helps us more than Wit)

T'other that lucky Moment took,
Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old TULLY's Word)
The greatest is a Friend; whose Love
Knows how to Praise, and when Reprove:
From such a Treasure never part,
But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
And, pray, Sir (it delights me) tell;
You know this Author mighty well——
Know him! d'ye question it? Ods fish!
Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish?
I love'd him, as I told you, I
*Advise'd him——*Here a Stander-by
Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloke,
And thus, unwilling, Silence broke;
DAMON, 'tis time we shou'd retire:
The Man you talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth my Friend,
DORSET, to Thee, this Fable let me send:
With DAMON's Lightness weigh thy solid Worth:
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS live.





COLIN's Mistakes.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

*Me ludit Amabilis
Infania.*

Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred :
 (Ye Nymphs for ever guard that sacred Stream ;)
 To *Wimpole's* woody Shade his Way he sped :
 (Flourish those Woods, the *Muses* endless Theme.)
 As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read,
 Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearse ;
 And much he love'd, and much by Heart he said,
 What Father *Spenser* sung in *British* Verse.
 Who reads that Bard, desires like him to write ;
 Still fearful of Success, still tempted by Delight.

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
 And Light discover'd Nature's chearful Face,
 The sounding Clarion and the sprightly Horn
 Call'd the blythe Huntsman to the distant Chace.
 Eftsoons they issue forth, a goodly Band ;
 The deep-mouth'd *Hounds* with Thunder rend the Air,
 The fiery *Courfers* strike the rising Sand ;
 Far thro' the Thicket flies the frightened *Deer* ;
Harley the Honour of the Day supports ;
 His Presence glads the Woods, his Orders guide the Sports.

III.

On a fair *Palfrey* well equip'd did sit
 An *Amazonian* Dame ; a scarlet Vest,
 For active Horsemanship adaptly fit,
 Inclos'd her dainty Limbs ; a plumed Crest
 Wave'd o'er her Head ; obedient by her Side
 Her Friends and Servants rode ; with artful Hand
 Full well knew she the *Steed* to turn and guide :
 The willing *Steed* receiv'd her soft Command :
 Courage and Sweetness on her Face were seated ;
 On her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wishes waited.

IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake :
 For alltydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,
 Ah me too nigh ! Or, *Clio*, I mistake,
 Or that bright Form that pleaseth so mine Eye,
 Is *Jove's* fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
 Of lib'ral Arts ; with Wonder and Delight
 In *Homer's* Verse we read her ; well I ween,
 That em'lous of his *Grecian* Master's Flight,
 Dan *Spenser* makes the fav'rite Goddess known,
 When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is shown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Castle came,
 Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepare'd the Feast ;
 Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
 The Lord's Delight, the Wonder of the Guest ;
 With Pearl and Jewels was she sumptuous deckt,
 As well became her Dignity and Place ;
 But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,
 To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
 Serene with Glory, and with Softness bright :
 O Beauty sent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight !

VI.

Lib'ral *Munificence* behind her stood ;
 And decent State obey'd her high Command ;
 And *Charity* diffuse of native Good
 At once portrays her Mind, and guides her Hand.
 As to each Guest some Fruits she deign'd to list,
 And Silence with obliging Parley broke,
 How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted Gift !
 But how more gracious what the Giver spoke !
 Such Ease, such Freedom did her Deed attend,
 That ev'ry Guest rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin* ; *Clio*, if my feeble Sense
 Can well distinguish yon illustrious Dame,
 Who nobly doth such gentle Gifts dispense,
 In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name ;
 Great Goddess, who, with Peace and Plenty crown'd,
 To all that under Sky breathe vital Air
 Diffuseth Bliss, and through the World around
 Pours wealthy Ease, and scatters joyous Chear ;
 Certes of her in semblant Guise I read,
 Where *Spenser* decks his Lays with *Gloriana's* Deed.

VIII.

As *Colin* muse'd at Ev'ning near the Wood,
 A Nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by him past ;
 Down to her Feet her filken Garment flow'd,
 A Ribbon bound and shape'd her slender Waist ;
 A Veil, dependent from her comely Head,
 And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,
 O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,
 Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.
 The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers :
 They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to others.

IX.

Daifies and Violets rose where'er she trod,
 As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sorted :
 And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's mystic God,
 Ten Thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.
 Quoth *Colin* ; Now I ken the Goddess bright,
 Whom Poets sing : All human Hearts enthrall'd
 Obey her Pow'r ; her Kindness the Delight
 Of Gods and Men ; great *Venus* she is call'd,
 When *Mantuan VIRGIL* doth her Charms rehearse ;
Belphebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X.

Heard this the *Muse*, and with a Smile reply'd,
 Which shew'd soft Anger mix'd with friendly Love :
 Twin Sisters still were Ignorance and Pride ;
 Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove ?
 But, *Colin*, well I wist, will never learn ;
 Who flights his Guide shall deviate from his Way :
 Me to have ask'd what thou cou'dst not discern,
 To Thee pertain'd ; to Me the Thing to say.
 What Heav'nly Will from Human Eye conceals,
 How can the Bard aread, unless the *Muse* reveals ?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* Thou, nor *Britomart* hast seen ;
 When soon at Morn the flying Deer was chace'd :
 Nor *Jove's* great Wife, nor *Spenser's* Fairy Queen,
 At Noontide dealt the Honours of the Feast :
 Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* didst thou spy,
 The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
 Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,
 That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
 Bright *Ca'ndish-Holles-Harley* stood confest,
 As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit drest.



T O T H E

Right Honourable the

C O U N T E S S Dowager of *Devonshire* ;On a Piece of *WIESSEN*'s, whereon were all her
G R A N D S O N S Painted.

W *I E S S E N* and *Nature* held a long Contest,
If *She* created, or *He* painted best ;
With pleasing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew ;
She, still form'd fairer ; *He*, still liker drew.

In these *Sev'n* Brethren, they contended last,
With Art increas'd, their utmost Skill they try'd,
And *Both* well pleas'd, they had *Themselves* surpass'd,
'The Goddess triumph'd, and the Painter dy'd.
That *Both*, their Skill to this vast Height did raise,
Be *Our's* the Wonder, and be *Your's* the Praise :
For here, as in some Glass, is well descry'd
Only *your self* thus often multiply'd.
When *Heav'n* had *You* and Gracious *Anna** made,
What more exalted Beauty cou'd it add ?
Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to these, nor cou'd do more
Than copy well what it had frame'd before.
If in dear *Burghley's* gen'rous Face we see
Obliging Truth, and handsome Honesty :
With all that World of Charms, which soon will move
Rev'rence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love :

* *Eldest Daughter of the C O U N T E S S.*

IV.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,
 And visit with her Cousins?
 At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,
 And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has she *Better*, pray, than I?
 What *hidden Charms* to boast,
 That all Mankind for her shou'd die,
 Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

VI.

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
 I'll have my *Earl* as well as *She*,†
 Or know the Reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,
 Make all her Lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not *loos'd* before;
She, I was *loos'd* at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
 And set the World on Fire.

† The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane, who died in France, 1723.



T H E

Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHEN *Kneller's* Works of various Grace
 Were to fair VENUS shown,
 The Goddess spy'd in ev'ry Face
 Some Features of her own.

II.

Just so, (and pointing with her Hand)
 So shone, says she, my Eyes,*
 When from *Two Goddesses* I gain'd
 An *Apple* for a Prize.

III.

When in the Glass, and River too,
 My Face I lately view'd;
 Such was I, if the Glass be true,
 If true the Crystal Flood.

IV.

In Colours of this glorious kind †
Apelles painted me;
 My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,
 Sprung from my *Native Sea*.

* *Lady Ranelagh.*† *Lady Salisbury.*

V.

Like this disorder'd, wild, forlorn,*

Big with ten thousand Fears,
Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in Tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* place'd apart,

I fear, says she, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey's* Art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

VII.

Or I, a Goddess of the Skies,

By *Myra* am undone,
And must resign to her the Prize,
The *Apple*, which I won.

VIII.

But soon as she had *Myra* seen

Majestically Fair,
The sparkling Eye, the Look serene,
The gay and easy Air,

IX.

With fiery Emulation fill'd,

The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,
Apelles must to *Kneller* yield,
Or *Venus* must to *HYDE*.

* Lady Jane Douglas, Sister to the Duke of Douglas.



To CHLOE.

I.
WHILST *I* am scorch'd with *Hot* Desire,
 In vain *Cold* Friendship *you* return;
 Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
 Alas! but make it *fiercer* burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the *Flame* supprest
 That *kills* the Heart it *beats* too fast,
 Take *half* my Passion to your *Breast*,
 The *rest* in *mine* shall *ever* last.

EPI TAPH Extempore.

NOBLES and HERALDS, by your Leave,
 Here lies,* what once was, MATTHEW PRIOR;
 The Son of ADAM and of EVE,
 Can STUART or NASSAU claim higher?

* Alluding to Westminster Abbey.



DAPHNE and APOLLO:

Imitated, from the first Book of OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.

Nympha, precor, PENEI mane.—

OVID. Met. Lib. I.

APOLLO.

ABATE, fair Fugitive, abate thy Speed,
Dismiss thy Fears, and turn thy beauteous Head ;
With kind Regard a panting Lover view ;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue ;
Pathless, alas ! and rugged is the Ground,
Some Stone may hurt thee, or some Thorn may wound.

DAPHNE (*aside.*)

This Care is for himself, as sure as Death,
One Mile has put the Fellow out of Breath ;
He'll never do, I'll lead him t'other Round ;
Washy he is, perhaps not over-sound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas ! not knowing who you fly ;
Nor ill bred Swain, nor rusty Clown am I :

I Claros

I *Claros* Isle and *Tenedos* command ———

DAPHNE.

Thank ye, I wou'd n't leave my native Land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain Arts I know:

DAPHNE.

Pish, *Partridge* has as fair Pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the Beauties of my Locks. (DAPH.) A Fig-
That may be counterfeit, a *Spanish* Wig;
Who cares for all that Bush of curling Hair,
Whilst your smooth Chin is so extremely bare!

APOLLO.

I sing. (DAPH.) That never shall be *Daphne's* Choice,
Syphacio had an admirable Voice.

APOLLO.

Of ev'ry Herb I tell the mystic Pow'r,
To certain Health the Patient I restore,
Sent for, caress'd ---- (DAPH.) Our's is a wholsom Air,
You 'ad better go to Town and practise there;
For me, I've no Obstructions to remove,
I'm pretty well, I thank your Father *Jove*,
And Phyfic is a weak Ally to Love.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

For Learning fame'd fine Verses I compose.

DAPHNE.

So do your Brother Quacks and Brother Beaus,
Memorials only, and Reviews write Prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent Yew I send the pointed Reed,
Sure of its Aim, and fatal in its Speed. —

DAPHNE.

Then leaving me, whom sure you wou'd n't kill,
In yonder Thicket exercise your Skill,
Shoot there at Beasts ; but for the human Heart
Your Cousin *Cupid* has the only Dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous Maid, yet deign to hear
A love-sick Deity's impetuous Pray'r ;
O let me woo thee as thou wou'd'st be woo'd.

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, don't be so extremely rude ;
Do n't tear the Hedges down, and tread the Clover,
Like an Hobgoblin rather than a Lover :
Next to my Father's Grotto sometimes come,
At Ebbing-tide he always is at home.
Read the *Courant* with him, and let him know
A little Politics, how Matters go
Upon his Brother-Rivers *Rhine* or *Po*.

As any Maid or Footman comes or goes,
 Pull off your Hat, and ask how *Daphne* does :
 These sort of Folks will to each other tell
 That you respect me ; That, you know, looks well :
 Then if you are, as you pretend, the God
 That rules the Day, and much upon the Road,
 You'll find a hundred Trifles in your Way,
 That you may bring one home from *Africa* ;
 Some little Rarity, some Bird, or Beast,
 And now and then a Jewel from the East ;
 A lacquer'd Cabinet, some China-ware,
 You have 'em mighty cheap at *Pekin* Fair.
 Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
 Nor take Example by your Father *Jove*.
 Last, for the Ease and Comfort of my Life,
 Make me your (lord ! what startles you ?) your Wife :—
 I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more,
 We Mortals seldom live above fourscore :
 Fourscore ; you're good at Numbers, let us see,
 Seventeen suppose, remaining sixty-three ;
 Aye, in that Span of Time, you'll bury me.
 Mean time if you have Tumult, Noise, and Strife,
 (Things not abhorrent to a marry'd Life)
 They'll quickly end you see ; what signify
 A few odd Years to you that never die ?
 And after all you're half your Time away,
 You know your Bus'ness takes you up all Day ;
 And coming late to Bed you need not fear,
 Whatever Noise I make, you'll sleep, my Dear :
 Or if a Winter-Evening shou'd be long,
 E'en read your Phyfic Book, or make a Song.
 Your Steeds, your Wife, Diachalon, and Rime,
 May take up any honest Godhead's Time.

Thus

Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another *Daphne* have her Reign.

Now love, or leave, my Dear ; retreat, or follow :
I *Daphne* (this premis'd) take thee *Apollo* ;
And may I split into ten thousand Trees,
If I give up, on other Terms than these.

She said ; but what the am'rous God reply'd,
So Fate ordain'd, is to our Search deny'd ;
By Rats, alas ! the Manuscript is eat,
O cruel Banquet which we all regret :
Bavius, thy Labours must this Work restore ;
May thy Good-will be equal to thy Pow'r.

CONSIDERATIONS

On Part of the LXXXVIIIth Psalm.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

I.

HEavy, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lie ;
Accurst I am, while God rejects my Cry.
O'erwhelm'd in Darkness and Despair I groan,
And ev'ry Place is Hell, for God is gone.
O Lord, arise, and let thy Beams controul
Those horrid Clouds that press my frightened Soul :
Save the poor Wand'rer from eternal Night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

Downward

II.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd Place ;
 There none obtain thy Aid, or sing thy Praise.
 Soon shall I lie in Death's deep Ocean drown'd :
 Is Mercy there, or sweet Forgiveness found ?
 O save me yet, whilst on the Brink I stand ;
 Rebuke the Storm, and waft my Soul to Land.
 O let her rest beneath thy Wing secure,
 Thou that art the God of Pow'r.

III.

Behold the *Prodigal* ! to thee I come,
 To hail my Father, and to seek my Home.
 Nor Refuge cou'd I find, nor Friend abroad,
 Straying in Vice, and destitute of God.
 O let thy Terrors and my Anguish end !
 Be thou my Refuge, and be thou my Friend :
 Receive the Son thou did'st so long reprove,
 Thou that art the God of Love.

ON THE

Taking of NAMUR, 1695.

THE Town which Lewis bought, *Namur* reclains,
 And brings instead of *Bribes* avenging *Plains*.
 Now *LEWIS* take thy *Titles* from *Above*,
BOILEAU shall sing, and we'll believe thee *Jove*.
JOVE gain'd his Mistress with allying *Cold*,
 But *JOVE*, like *THEA*, was impotent and old.
 Active and young he did like *Wasson* stand,
 And smu'd the *Dance*, his *Tarver* in his hand.



PROLOGUE Spoken by Lord
Buckhurst, in *Westminster-School*,
 at *Christmas*, 1695, in the Cha-
 racter of CLEONIDAS, in Mr.
Dryden's CLEOMENES.

PISH, Lord, I wish this PROLOGUE was but *Greek*,
 Then young *Cleonidas* wou'd boldly speak :
 But can Lord *Buckhurst* in poor *English* say,
 " Gentle Spectators pray excuse the Play ?" *
 No, witness all ye Gods of ancient *Greece*,
 Rather than condescend to Terms like these,
 I'd go to School six Hours on CHRISTMAS-DAY,
 Or construe *Persius* while my Comrades play.
 Such Work by hireling Actors shou'd be done,
 Who tremble when they see a Critick frown.
 Poor Rogues, that smart like Fencers for their Bread,
 And if they are not wounded, are not fed.
 But, Sirs, our Labour has more noble Ends,
 We act our TRAGEDY to see our FRIENDS :
 Our gen'rous Scenes are for pure Love repeated,
 And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
 The Candles and the Cloaths ourselves we bought,
 Our Tops neglected, and our BALLS forgot.

* Mr. Prior made use of a few Lines in this Prologue,
 in One made for Lord Duplin, who acted the Page in the
 ORPHAN, 1720.

To learn our Parts we left our Midnight Bed,
 Most of you snor'd whilst CLEOMENES read:
 Not that from this Confession we would sue
 Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you:
 Resolv'd to stand or perish by our Cause,
 We neither Censure fear, or beg Applause,
 For these are WESTMINSTER and SPARTA'S Laws.
 Yet if we see some Judgment well inclin'd,
 To young Desert and growing Virtue kind,
 That Critick by ten Thousand Marks should know,
 That greatest Souls to Goodness only bow;
 And that your little HERO does inherit
 Not CLEOMENES more than DORSET'S Spirit.

The SECRETARY.

Written at the HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with Labour assid'ous due Pleasure I mix,
 And in one Day atone for the Bus'ness of Six,
 In a little *Dutch* Chaise on a *Saturday* Night,
 On my Left-hand my *Horace*, a *W***** on my Right;
 No Memoir to compose, and no Post-Boy to move,
 That on *Sunday* may hinder the Softness of Love;
 For her, neither Visits, nor Parties at Tea,
 Nor the long-winded Cant of a dull *Refugée*.
 This Night and the next shall be her's, shall be mine,
 To good or ill Fortune the third we resign:
 Thus scorning the World, and superior to Fate,
 I drive on my Car in processional State;

So

VII.

For as our diff'rent Ages move,
 'Tis so ordain'd, wou'd Fate but mend it,
 That I shall be past making Love
 When she begins to comprehend it.

Upon this Passage in SCALIGERIANA.

*Les Allemans ne ce soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pourceu
 que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourceu que ce
 soit Latin.*

WHEN you with *High-Dutch* HEEREN dine,
 Expect false *Latin*, and stum'd Wine;
 They never Taste who always Drink,
 They always Talk who never Think.

P A R T I A L F A M E.

I.

THE sturdy MAN, if he in Love obtains,
 In open Pomp and Triumph reigns;
 The subtil WOMAN, if she should succeed,
 Disowns the Honour of the Deed.

II.

Tho' HE for all his boast is forc'd to yield,
 Tho' SHE can always keep the Field,
 He vaunts His *Conquests*, She conceals Her *Shame*;
 How PARTIAL is the Voice of FAME!



The M I C E.

To Mr. *ADRIAN DRIFT*.

TWO MICE (dear Boy) of genteel Fashion,
 And (what is more) good Education,
 Frolick and gay, in Infant Years,
 Equally share'd their Parents Cares.
 The Sire of these two Babes (poor Creature)
 Paid his last Debt to human Nature;
 A wealthy Widow left behind,
 Four Babes, three Male, one Female kind.
 The Sire being under ground, and bury'd,
 'Twas thought his Spouse wou'd soon have marry'd;
 Matches propose'd, and num'rous Suitors,
 Most tender Husbands, careful Tutors,
 She modestly refuse'd; and show'd
 She'd be a Mother to her Brood.

Mother, dear Mother, that endearing Thought,
 Has thousand, and ten Thousand, Fancies brought;
 Tell me, Oh! tell me (thou art now above)
 How to describe thy true maternal Love,
 Thy early Pangs, thy growing anxious Cares,
 Thy flatt'ring Hopes, thy fervent pious Pray'rs,
 Thy doleful Days, and melancholy Nights,
 Cloyster'd from common Joys and just Delights:
 How didst thou constantly in private mourn,
 And wash with daily Tears thy Spouse's Urn!

How it employ'd your Thoughts, and lucid Time,
 That your young Offspring might to Honour climb ;
 How your first Care, by num'rous Grievs oppress'd,
 Under the Burden sunk, and went to rest ;
 How your dear Darling, by Consumption's Waste,
 Breathe'd her last Piety into your Breast ;
 How you, alas ! tir'd with your Pilgrimage,
 Bow'd down your Head, and dy'd in good old Age.
 Tho' not inspir'd, Oh ! may I never be
 Forgetful of my Pedigree, or thee ;
 Ungrateful howsoe'er, mayn't I forget
 To pay this small yet tributary Debt ;
 And when we meet at God's Tribunal Throne,
 Own me, I pray thee, for a pious Son.

But why all this ? is this your Fable ?
 Believe me, MATT, it seems a Babble ;
 If you will let me know th' Intent on't,
 Go to your MICE, and make an End on't.

Well then, dear Brother, ———
 As sure as HUDI's * Sword cou'd fwaddle,
 Two MICE were brought up in one Cradle ;
 Well bred, I think, of equal Port,
 One for the Gown, one for the Court :
 They parted, (did they so an't please you)
 Yes, that they did (dear Sir) to ease you ;
 One went to *Holland*, where they huff folk,
 T'other to vent his Wares in *Suffolk*.
 (That MICE have travel'd in old Times,
 HORACE and PRIOR tell in Rimes,
 Those two great Wonders of their Ages,
 Superior far to all the Sages.)

* HUDIBRAS.

Many

Many Days past, and many a Night,
 'E're they cou'd gain each other's Sight;
 At last in Weather cold, not sultry,
 They met at the Three-Cranes in Poultry.
 After much Buss, and great Grimace,
 (Usual you know in such a Case)
 Much Chat arose, what had been done,
 What might before next Summer's Sun;
 Much said of *France*, of *Suffolk's* Goodness,
 The Gentry's Loyalty, Mob's Rudeness.
 That ended; o'er a charming Bottle
 They enter'd on this Tittle Tattle.

Quoth *Suffolk*, by Preheminance
 In Years, tho' (God knows) not in Sense;
 All's gone, dear Brother, only we
 Remain to raise Posterity;
 Marry you, Brother; I'll go down,
 Sell Nouns and Verbs, and lie alone.
 May you ne'er meet with Feuds or Babble,
 May Olive-Branches crown your Table:
 Somewhat I'll save, and for this End,
 To prove a Brother and a Friend.
 What I propose is just, I swear it,
 Or may I perish by this Claret.
 The Dice are thrown, chuse this or that,
 (Tis all alike to honest MATT)
 I'll take then the contrary Part,
 And propagate with all my Heart.
 After some Thought, some *Portuguese*,*
 Some Wine, the younger thus replies:

Fair are your Words, as fair your Carriage,
 Let me be free, drudge you in Marriage;

Get me a Boy call'd ADRIAN,
 Trust me, I'll do for 't what I can.
 Home went well pleas'd the *Suffolk* Tony,
 Heart free from Care, as Purse from Money;
 Resolving full to please his Taudy,
 He got a Spouse and jerk'd her Body;
 At last when teeming Time was come,
 Out came her Burthen from her Womb;
 It prov'd a lusty squalling Boy,
 (Doubtless the Dad's and Mammy's Joy.)
 In short, to make Things square and even,
 ADRIAN he name'd was by DICK STEPHENS.
 MATT's Debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
 And sends you in a Bill of Charges,
 A Cradle, Brother, and a Basket,
 (Granted as soon as e'er I ask'd it)
 A Coat not of the smallest Scantling,
 Frocks, Stockings, Shoes, to grace the Bantling,
 These too were sent, (or I'm no Drubber)
 Nay, add to these the fine Gum-rubber;
 Yet these wo'nt do, send t' other Coat,
 For, Faith, the first is n't worth a Groat,
 Dismally shrunk, as Herrings shotten,
 Suppos'd originally rotten.
 Pray let the next be each Way longer,
 Of Stuff more durable, and stronger;
 Send it next Week, if you are able,
 By this Time, Sir, you know the Fable;
 From this, and Letters of the same Make,
 You'll find what 'tis to have a Name-Sake.

Cold and hard Times, Sir, here, (believe it)
 I've lost my Curate too, and grieve it;

At *Easter*, for what I can see,
 (A Time of Ease and Vacancy)
 If Things but alter, and not undone,
 I'll kiss your Hands, and visit *London* :
 MOLLY sends greeting, so do I, Sir,
 Send a good Coat, that's all, good b'ye, Sir.

Feb. 16, 1708-9.

Your's entirely,

MATTHEW.

TWO RIDDLES, 1710.

SPHINX was a Monster that wou'd eat
 Whatever Stranger she could get ;
 Unless his ready Wit disclos'd
 The subtle Riddle she propos'd.

OEDIPUS was resolv'd to go,
 And try what Strength of Parts wou'd do :
 Says *Sphinx*, on this depends your Fate ;
 Tell me what Animal is that
 Which has four Feet at Morning bright,
 Has two at Noon, and three at Night.
 'Tis MAN, said he, who, weak by Nature,
 At first creeps, like his Fellow-Creature,
 Upon all four ; as Years accrue,
 With sturdy Steps he walks on two ;
 In Age, at length, grows weak and sick,
 For his third Leg adopts the Stick.

Now in your Turn, 'tis just methinks,
 You should resolve me, Madam *Sphinx*,
 What greater Stranger yet is he,
 Who has four Legs, then two, then three;
 Then loses one, then gets two more,
 And runs away at last on four.

A F A B L E.

*Personam Tragicam forte vulpes viderat,
 O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!*

PHÆDR.

THE Fox an Actor's Vizard found,
 And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round:
 Then threw it in Contempt away,
 And thus old *Phædrus* heard him say:
*What noble Part ca'st thou sustain,
 Thou specious Head without a Brain?**

* Author of the Medley, 1710.





T H E

V I C E R O Y.

A

B A L L A D.

To the Tune of The Lady ISABELLA's Tragedy: Or, The Step-Mother's Cruelty.

I.

O F N E R O,* Tyrant, petty King,
 Who heretofore did reign
 In fame'd *Hibernia*, I will sing,
 And in a Ditty plain.

* *This Satire was justly levelled at Lord Coningsby for his Mal-Administration, when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.*

II.

He hated was by Rich and Poor,
 For Reasons you shall hear;
 So ill he exercis'd his Pow'r,
 That he himself did fear.

III.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
 And covetous withall;
 The Guilty he would still set free,
 But guiltless Men enthrall.

IV.

He with a haughty impious Nod
 Would curse and dogmatize,
 Not fearing either Man or God,
 Gold he did idolize.

V.

A Patriot* of high Degree,
 Who could no longer bear
 This upstart VICEROY's Tyranny,
 Against him did declare.

VI.

And arm'd with Truth impeach'd the Don
 Of his enormous Crimes,
 Which I'll unfold to you anon,
 In low but faithful Rimes.

* The Earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby of High-Treason in the English Parliament.

VII.

The Articles* recorded stand,
 Against this peerless Peer,
 Search but the Archives of the Land,
 You'll find them written there.

VIII.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
 His Treasons to you all,
 The Heads set in their native Light,
 (And sigh poor *Gaphny's* Fall,

IX.

That trait'rously he did abuse
 The Pow'r in him repos'd,
 And wickedly the same did use,
 On all Mankind impos'd.

X.

That he, contrary to all Law,
 An Oath did frame and make,
 Compelling the Militia
 Th' illegal Oath to take.

XI.

Free-quarters for the Army too
 He did exact and force,
 On Protestants, his Love to show,
 Than Papists us'd them worse.

* *Sabbati 16 Die Decembris, 5 Gulielmi & Mariae, 1693.*

XXII.

But for this horrid Murder vile
 None did him prosecute;
 His old Friend helpt him o'er the Stile,
 With *Satan* who'd dispute?

XXIII.

With *France*, fair *England's* mortal Foe,
 A Trade he carry'd on;
 Had any other don 't, I trow,
 To *Tripes* he had gone.

XXIV.

That he did likewise trait'rously,
 To bring his Ends to bear,
 Enrich himself most knavishly;
 O Thief without compare!

XXV.

Vast Quantities of Stores did he
 Embezzel and purloin;
 Of the King's Stores he kept a Key,
 Converting them to coin.

XXVI.

The forfeited Estates also,
 Both real and personal,
 Did with the Stores together go,
 Fierce *Cerb'rus* swallow'd all.

XXVII.

Mean while the Soldiers figh'd and fob'd,
 For not one Soufe had they ;
 His EXCELLENCE' had each Man fob'd,
 For he had funk their Pay.

XXVIII.

Nero, without the least Disguife,
 The Papifts at all times
 Still favour'd, and their Robberies
 Look'd on as trivial Crimes.

XXIX.

The Protestants, whom they did rob
 During his Government,
 Were forc'd with Patience, like good *Job*,
 To rest themselves content.

XXX.

For he did basely them refuse
 All legal Remedy ;
 The *Romans* he still well did use,
 Still screen'd their Roguery.

XXXI.

Succinctly thus to you I've told
 How this VICEROY did reign ;
 And other Truths I shall unfold,
 For Truth is always plain.

XXXII.

The best of Queens he hath revile'd,
 Before and since her Death,
 He, cruel and ungrateful, smile'd
 When she resign'd her Breath.

XXXIII.

Forgetful of the Favours kind
 She had on him bestow'd,
 Like *Lucifer*, his ranc'rous Mind,
 He lov'd nor Her nor God.

XXXIV.

But listen, *Nero*, lend thy Ears,
 As still thou hast them on ;
 Hear what *Britannia* says with Tears
 Of *Anna* dead and gone.

XXXV.

“ Oh ! sacred be her Memory,
 “ For ever dear her Name ;
 “ There never was, or e'er can be
 “ A brighter, juster Dame.

XXXVI.

“ Blest be my Sons, and eke all those
 “ Who on her Praises dwell ;
 “ She conquer'd *Britain's* fiercest Foes,
 “ She did all Queens excell.

“ Ah

XXXVII.

- " All Princes, Kings, and Potentates
 " Ambassadors did send;
 " All Nations, Provinces, and States,
 " Sought *Anna* for their Friend.

XXXVIII.

- " In *Anna* they did all confide,
 " For *Anna* they could trust;
 " Her royal Faith they all had try'd,
 " For *Anna* still was just.

XXXIX.

- " Truth, Mercy, Justice did surround
 " Her awful Judgment-seat,
 " In Her the *Graces* all were found,
 " In *Anna* all compleat.

XL.

- " She held the Sword and Ballance right,
 " And fought her People's Good;
 " In Clemency she did delight,
 " Her Reign not stain'd with Blood.

XLI.

- " Her gracious Goodness, Piety
 " In all her Deeds did shine,
 " And bounteous was her Charity;
 " All Attributes divine.

" Consummate

XLII.

- “ Consummate Wisdom, Meekness all,
 “ Adorn’d the Words she spoke,
 “ When they from her fair Lips did fall,
 “ And sweet her lovely Look.

XLIII.

- “ Ten thousand glorious Deeds to crown,
 “ She caus’d dire War to cease;
 “ A greater Empress ne’er was known,
 “ She fix’d the World in Peace.

XLIV.

- “ This last and Godlike Act atchiev’d,
 “ To Heav’n she wing’d her Flight;
 “ Her Loss with Tears all *Europe* griev’d,
 “ Their Strength, and dear Delight.

XLV.

- “ Leave we in Bliss this heav’nly Saint,
 “ Revere, ye Just, her Urn;
 “ Her Virtues high and excellent,
 “ *Astrea* gone we mourn.

XLVI.

- “ Commemorate, my Sons, the Day
 “ Which gave great *Anna* Birth;
 “ Keep it for ever and for aye,
 “ And annual be your Mirth.”

Illustrious

XLVII.

Illustrious *George* now fills the Throne,
Our wise benign good King ;
Who can his wond'rous Deeds make known ?
Or his bright Actions sing ?

XLVIII.

Thee, fav'rite *Nero*, he has deign'd
To raise to high Degree ;
Well thou thy Honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy Ancestry.

XLIX.

But pass——— These Honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white ?
Don't *Gaphny's* Blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty Soul affright ?

L.

Oh ! Is there not, grim Mortal tell,
Places of Bliss and Woe ?
Oh ! Is there not a Heav'n, a Hell ?
But whither wilt thou go ?

LI.

Can nought change thy obdurate Mind ?
Wilt thou for ever rail ?
The Prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy Wit to Sale.

How

LII.

How thou art lost to Sense and Shame,
 Three Countries witness be ;
 Thy Conduct all just Men do blame,
Lib'ra nos Domine.

LIII.

Dame Justice waits thee well I ween,
 Her Sword is brandish'd high ;
 Nought can thee from her Vengeance screen,
 Nor can'st thou from her fly.

LIV.

Heavy her Ire will fall on thee,
 The glitt'ring Steel is sure ;
 Sooner or later, all agree,
 She cuts off the Impure.

LV.

To her I leave thee, gloomy Peer,
 Think on thy Crimes committed ;
 Repent, and be for once sincere,
 Thou ne'er wilt be *De-Witted*.





NELL and JOHN.

I.

WHEN NELL, giv'n o'er by the Doctor, was dying,
 And JOHN at the Chimney stood decently crying,
 'Tis in vain, said the Woman, to make such ado,
 For to our Long-home we must all of us go.

II.

True, NELL, reply'd JOHN, but what yet is the worst,
 For us that remain, the Best always go first;
 Remember, dear Wife, that I said so last Year,
 When you lost your white Heifer, and I my brown Mare.

BIBO and CHARON.

WHEN BIBO thought fit from the World to retreat,
 As full of Champagne as an Egg's full of Meat,
 He wak'd in the Boat, and to CHARON he said,
 He wou'd be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 Trim the Boat, and sit quiet, stern CHARON reply'd,
 You may have forgot, you were drunk when you dy'd.



WIVES by the Dozen.

O DEATH how thou spoil'st the best Project of Life,
Said GABRIEL, who still as he bury'd one Wife,
For the Sake of her Family marry'd her Cousin;
And thus in an honest collateral Line,
He still marry'd on till his Number was Nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his Dozen.

The MODERN SAINT.

HER Time with equal Prudence SILVIA shares,
First writes her *Billet-doux*, then says her Pray'rs;
Her Mass and Toilet; Vespers, and the Play;
Thus GOD and ASHTAROTH divide the Day:
Constant she keeps her *Ember-week* and *Lent*,
At *Easter* calls all *Isr'el* to her Tent:
Loose without Baud, and pious without Zeal,
She still repeats the Sins she wou'd conceal.
Envy herself from SILVIA's Life must grant,
An artful Woman makes a MODERN SAINT.





A SAILOR'S WIFE.

QUOTH RICHARD in Jest, looking wistly at NELLY,
Methinks, Child, you seem something round in
the Belly;

NELL answer'd him snapishly, How can that be,
When my Husband has been more than two Years at Sea?
Thy Husband! quoth Dick, why that Matter was
carry'd

Most secretly, NELL; I ne'er thought thou wer't marry'd.

FATAL LOVE.

POOOR HALL caught his Death, standing under a
Spout,

Expecting till Midnight, when NAN wou'd come out;
But fatal his Patience, as cruel the Dame,

And curst was the Weather that quench'd the Man's
Flame.

Who e'er thou art, that reads these moral Lines,
Make Love at home, and go to Bed betimes.



The P A R A L L E L.

PROMETHEUS forming Mr. DAY,
 Carv'd something like a Man in Clay,
 The Mortal's Work might well miscarry ;
 He that does Heav'n and Earth controul,
 Has only Pow'r to form a Soul,
 His Hand is evident in HARRY.
 Since One is but a moving Clod,
 T'other the lively Form of God,
 'Squire WALLIS, you will scarce be able,
 To prove all Poetry but Fable.

A GREEK EPIGRAM Imitated.

WHEN hungry Wolves had trespass'd on the Fold,
 And the rob'd Shepherd his sad Story told ;
 " Call in ALCIDES, said a crafty Priest,
 " Give him one Half, and he'll secure the rest."
 No, said the Shepherd, if the Fates decree,
 By ravaging my Flock to ruin me ;
 To their Commands I willingly resign,
 Pow'r is their Character, and Patience mine :
 Tho' troth, to me, there seems but little odds,
 Who prove the greatest Robbers, Wolves or Gods.



ON A

FART, let in the House of Commons.

READER, I was born, and cry'd;
 I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
 Like JULIUS CÆSAR's was MY Death,
 Who in the Senate lost his Breath,
 Much alike entomb'd does lie
 The noble ROMULUS and I:
 And when I dy'd, like FLORA fair,
 I left the Common-Wealth my Heir.

 To a FRIEND on his NUPTIALS.

WHEN Jove lay blest in his ALCMÆNA's Charms,
 Three Nights, in One, he prest her in his Arms;
 The Sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
 To shade her GOD, and to prolong his Love.

From that auspicious Night ALCIDES came,
 What less cou'd rise from JOVE, and such a DAME?

May this auspicious Night with that compare,
 Nor less the Joys, nor less the rising Heir,
 He strong as JOVE, She like ALCMÆNA fair.





Husband *and* Wife.

H. **O**H! with what Woes am I oppress'd!

W. Be still you senseless Calf:
What if the Gods should make you blest?

H. Why then I'd *sing* and *laugh*:
But if they won't, I'll *wail* and *cry*.

W. You'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

T O A

YOUNG LADY,

Who was fond of FORTUNE-TELLING.

YOU, MADAM, may with Safety go,
Decrees of Destiny to know;

For at your Birth kind Planets reign'd,

And certain Happiness ordain'd:

Such Charms as your's are only given

To chosen Favourites of Heaven.

But such is my uncertain State,
'Tis dangerous to try my Fate:
For I wou'd only know from Art,
The future Motions of your Heart,

And

And what predestinated Doom
Attends my Love for Years to come ;
No Secrets else, that Mortals learn,
My Cares deserve, or Life concern ;
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark Decree :
For while the smallest Hope remains,
Faint Joys are mingled with my Pains.
Vain distant Views my Fancy please,
And give some intermitting Ease :
But shou'd the Stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless Woe,
No human Force, or Art, could bear
The Torment of my wild Despair.

This Secret then I dare not know,
And other Truths are useless now.
What matters, if unblest in Love,
How long or short my Life will prove ?
To gratify what low Desire,
Shou'd I with needless Haste inquire,
How great, how wealthy, I shall be ?
Oh ! what is Wealth or Pow'r to me !
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from You alone.





CUPID in AMBUSH.

IT oft' to many has successful been
 Upon his Arm to let his Mistress lean,
 Or with her airy Fan to cool her Heat,
 Or gently squeeze her Knees, or press her Feet.
 All public Sports, to favour young Desire,
 With Opportunities like this conspire.
 Ev'n where his Skill the Gladiator shows,
 With human Blood where the *Arena* flows;
 There oftentimes Love's Quiver-bearing Boy
 Prepares his Bow and Arrows to destroy:
 While the Spectator gazes on the Fight,
 And sees 'em wound each other with Delight;
 While he his pretty Mistress entertains,
 And wagers with her who the Conquest gains;
 Slily the God takes Aim and hits his Heart,
 And in the Wounds he sees he bears his Part.





T H E

Wandering Pilgrim.

Humbly address'd to Sir THOMAS FRANKLAND,
Bart. Post-Master, and Pay-Master-General to
Queen A N N E.

I.

WILL PIGGOT* must to *Coxwold* † go,
To live, alas! in Want,
Unless Sir THOMAS say No, no,
Th' Allowance is too scant.

II.

The gracious Knight full well does weet,
Ten Farthings ne'er will do
To keep a Man each Day in Meat,
Some Bread to Meat is due.

III.

A *Rechabite* poor WILL must live,
And drink of ADAM's Ale,
Pure Element, no Life can give,
Or mortal Soul regale.

* *This merry Petition was written by Mr. Prior, for
Will Piggot to obtain the Porter's Place.*

† *Twelve Miles, North, beyond the City of York.*

IV.

Spare Diet, and Spring-water clear,
 Physicians hold are good ;
 Who diets thus need never fear
 A Fever in the Blood.

V.

Gra'mercy, Sirs, y' are in the right,
 Prescriptions All can sell,
 But he that does not eat can't sh * * *
 Or pifs, if good Drink fail.

VI.

But pass——The *Æsculapian* Crew,
 Who eat and quaff the best,
 They seldom miss to bake and brew,
 Or lin to break their Fast.

VII.

Cou'd *Yorkshire-Tyke* but do the same,
 Then He like Them might thrive ;
 But, FORTUNE, FORTUNE, cruel DAME,
 To starve Thou do'st Him drive.

VIII.

In WILL's Old Master's plenteous Days,
 His Mem'ry e'er be blest ;
 What need of speaking in his Praise ?
 His Goodness stands confest.

IX.

At his fame'd Gate stood Charity,
 In lovely sweet Array ;
 CERES, and Hospitality,
 Dwelt there both Night and Day.

X.

But to conclude, and be concise,
 Truth must WILL's Voucher be ;
 Truth never yet went in Disguise,
 For naked still is She.

XI.

There is but One, but One alone,
 Can set the PILGRIM free,
 And make him cease to pine and moan ;
 O FRANKLAND it is THEE.

XII.

Oh ! save him from a dreary Way,
 To *Coxwould* he must hie,
 Bereft of thee he wends astray,
 At *Coxwould* he must die.

XIII.

Oh ! let him in thy Hall but stand,
 And wear a Porter's Gown,
 Duteous to what Thou may'st command,
 Thus WILLIAM's Wishes crown.



VENUS's Advice to the *MUSES*.

THUS to the *MUSES* spoke the *Cyprian-Dame* ;
 Adorn my Altars, and revere my Name.
 My SON shall else assume his potent Darts,
 Twang goes the Bow, my *Girls*, have at your Hearts.
 The *MUSES* answer'd *Venus*, We deride
 The Vagrant's Malice, and his Mother's Pride :
 Send him to *Nymphs* who sleep on *Ida's* Shade,
 To the loose Dance, and wanton Masquerade ;
 Our Thoughts are settled, and intent our Look,
 On the instructive Verse, and moral Book ;
 On Female-Idleness his Pow'r relies,
 But when he finds us studying-hard he flies.

CUPID turned *PLOWMAN*.

From *MOSCHUS*.

HIS Lamp, his Bow, and Quiver, laid aside,
 A rustic Wallet o'er his Shoulders ty'd :
 Sly *Cupid*, always on new Mischief bent,
 To the rich Field and furrow'd Tillage went.
 Like any *Plowman* toil'd the little God,
 His Tune he whistled, and his Wheat he sow'd :
 Then sat and laugh'd, and to the Skies above,
 Raising his Eye, he thus insulted *Jove*.

Lay

Lay by your Hail, your hurtful Storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain.

Else you again beneath my Yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp Goad, and draw the servile Plow ;
What once EUROPA was, NANNETTE is now.

TO FORTUNE.

WHilst I in Prison or in Court look down,
Nor beg thy Favour, nor deserve thy Frown,
In vain, malicious *Fortune*, hast thou try'd,
By taking from my State, to quell my Pride :
Insulting *Girl*, thy present Rage abate ;
And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me *Great*.

Chaste FLORIMEL.

I.

NO — I'll endure ten thousand Deaths,
'E're any farther I'll comply ;
Oh ! Sir, no Man on Earth that breathes
Had ever yet *his Hand so high*.

II.

Oh ! take your Sword and pierce my Heart,
Undaunted see me meet the Wound :
Oh ! will you act a *Tarquin's* Part ?
A second *Lucrece* you have found.

III.

Thus to the pressing *Corydon*,
 Poor *Florimel*, unhappy Maid,
 Fearing by Love to be undone,
 In broken, dying, Accents said.

IV.

Delia, who held the conscious Door,
 Inspire'd by Truth and Brandy smile'd,
 Knowing that, sixteen Months before,
 Our *Lucrece* had her *second* Child.

V.

And, hark ye, Madam, cry'd the Baud,
 None of your Flights, your high-rope Dodging;
 Be civil here, or march abroad;
 Oblige the 'Squire, or quit the Lodging.

VI.

Oh! have I, *Florimel* went on,
 Have I then lost my *Delia's* Aid?
 Where shall forsaken Virtue run,
 If by her Friend she is betray'd?

VII.

Oh! curse on empty Friendship's; Name
 Lord, what is all our future View?
 Then, dear Destroyer of my Fame,
 Let my last Succour be to you.

From

VIII.

From *Delia's* Rage, and Fortune's Frown,
 A wretched love-sick Maid deliver ;
 Oh ! tip me but another Crown,
 Dear Sir, and make me Your's for ever.

NON PAREIL.

I.

LET others from the Town retire,
 And in the Fields seek new Delight ;
 My *Phillis* does such Joys inspire,
 No other Objects please my Sight.

II.

In her alone I find whate'er
 Beauties a Country Landscape grace :
 No Shade so lovely as her Hair,
 Nor Plain so sweet as is her Face.

III.

Lillies and Roses there combine,
 More beauteous than in flow'ry Field ;
 Transparent is her Skin so fine,
 To this each crystal Stream must lead.

IV.

Her Voice more sweet than warbling Sound,
Tho' sung by Nightingale or Lark ;
Her Eyes such Lustre dart around,
Compare'd to them the Sun is dark.

V.

Both Light and vital Heat they give,
Cherish'd by them my Love takes Root,
From her kind Looks does Life receive,
Grows a fair Plant, bears Flow'rs and Fruit.

VI.

Such Fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common Parent of Mankind ;
And made transgress our Mother Eve :
Poison it's Core, tho' fair its Rind.

VII.

Yet so delicious is its Taste,
I cannot from the Bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting Pleasure haste,
Tho' I were sure 't wou'd end in Pain.





Upon HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

HONOUR, I say, or honest FAME,
 I mean the Substance, not the Name;
 (Not that light Heap of taudry Wares,
 Of Ermine, Coronets, and Stars,
 Which often is by Merit sought,
 By Gold and Flatt'ry oftner bought;
 The Shade, for which Ambition looks
 In SELDEN's * or in ASHMOLE's † Books :)
 But the true Glory which proceeds,
 Reflected bright from honest Deeds,
 Which we in our own Breast perceive,
 And Kings can neither take nor give.

The Old Gentry.

L. *Learn to give* *

THAT all from ADAM first began,
 None but ungodly WHISTON doubts,
 And that His Son, and his Son's Son,
 Were all but Plowmen, Clowns, and Louts.

* *Titles of Honour.*

† *Order of the Garter.*

Each

II.

Each when his rustic Pains began,
 To Merit pleaded equal Right ;
 'Twas only who left Off at Noon,
 Or who went On to work till Night.

III.

But Coronets we owe to Crowns,
 And Favour to a Court's Affection ;
 By Nature we are ADAM's Sons,
 And Sons of ANSTIS * by Election.

IV.

KINGSALE ! eight hundred Years have roll'd,
 Since thy Forefathers held the Plow ;
 When this shall be in Story told,
 Add, that My Kindred do so now.

V.

The Man who by his Labour gets
 His Bread, in independent State,
 Who never begs, and seldom eats,
 Himself can fix, or change his Fate.

* Garter King at Arms.





The^{wa} INCURABLE.

PHILLIS, you boast of perfect Health in vain,
 And laugh at those who of their Ills complain:
 That with a frequent Fever **CHLOE** burns,
 And **STELLA**'s Plumpness into Dropsy turns.
 O **PHILLIS**, while the Patients are Nineteen,
 Little, alas! are their Distempers seen.
 But Thou for all Thy seeming Health art ill,
 Beyond thy Lover's Hopes, or **BLACKMORE**'s Skill;
 No Lenitives can thy *Disease* assuage,
 I tell Thee, 'Tis *incurable*——'tis AGE.

The Infatiable Priest.

I.

LUKE *Preach-ill* admires what we Laymen can mean,
 That thus by our Profit and Pleasure are sway'd:
 He has but three Livings, and wou'd be a **DEAN**;
 His Wife dy'd this Year, He has marry'd his Maid.

II.

To suppress all his carnal Desires in their Birth,
 At all Hours a lusty young *Hussy* is near;
 And to take off His Thoughts from the Things of this
 Earth,
 He can be content with Two Thousand a Year.



DOCTORS Differ.

WHEN WILLIS† of *Ephraim* heard ROCHESTER*
preach,

Thus BENTLEY said to him, I pry'thee, dear Brother,
How like'st Thou this Sermon? 'tis out of my Reach.

His is One Way, said WILLIS, and Our's is Another.
I care not for carping, but this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well.

Pontius and Pontia.

I.
PONTIUS (who loves you know a Joke
Much better than he loves his Life)

Chance'd t'other Morning to provoke
The Patience of a well-bred Wife,

II.
Talking of you, said he, my Dear,
Two of the greatest Wits in Town,
One ask'd, If that high Furze of Hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your Own.

† Bishop of Gloucester.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

Her

III.

Her own, most certain, t'other said;
 For NAN, who knows the Thing, will tell ye,
 The Hair was bought, the Money paid,
 And the Receipt was sign'd DUCAILLY.

IV.

PONTIA (that civil prudent She,
 Who values Wit much less than Sense,
 And never darts a Repartee,
 But purely in her own Defence)

V.

Reply'd, These Friends of your's, my Dear,
 Are given extremely much to Satire,
 But pr'ythee, Husband, let one hear
 Sometimes less Wit, and more Good-nature.

VI.

Now I have one unlucky Thought,
 That wou'd have spoil'd your Friend's Conceit;
 Some Hair I have, I'm sure, unbought,
 Pray bring your Brother-Wits to see't.

Cautious ALICE.

SO good a Wife doth LISSY make,
 That from all Company She flieth;
 Such virtuous Courses doth She take,
 That She all evil Tongues defieth;
 And, for her dearest Spouse's Sake,
 She with his Brethren only lieth.



T O A
POET of Quality,

PRAISING THE
Lady *HINCHINBROKE*.

I.

OF thy judicious Muse's Sense
Young *HINCHINBROKE* so very proud is,
That *SACHARISSA*, and *HORTENSE*,
She looks, henceforth, upon as Doudies.

II.

Yet She to One must still submit,
To dear Mamma must pay her Duty,
She wonders, praising *WILMOT*'s Wit,
Thou shou'dst forget his Daughter's Beauty.

The *PEDANT*.

L*YSANDER* talks extremely well;
On any Subject let him dwell,
His Tropes and Figures will content ye:
He shou'd possess to all Degrees
The Art of Talk, he practises
Full fourteen Hours in four and twenty.



E N I G M A.

BY Birth I'm a Slave, yet can give you a Crown,
 I dispose of all Honours, myself having none.
 I'm oblig'd by just Maxims to govern my Life,
 Yet I hang my own Master, and lie with his Wife.
 When Men are a gaming, I cunningly sneak,
 And their Cudgels and Shovels away from them take.
 Fair Maidens and Ladies I by the Hand get,
 And pick off their Diamonds, tho' ne'er so well set.
 For when I have Comrades we rob in whole Bands,
 Then presently take off your Lands from your Hands.
 But this Fury once over, I've such winning Arts,
 That you love me much more than you do your own Hearts.

CUPID turn'd STROLER.

From *ANACREON*.

AT dead of Night when Stars appear,
 And strong *Bootes* turns the *Bear*;
 When Mortals sleep their Cares away,
 Fatigu'd with Labours of the Day,
 CUPID was knocking at my Gate;
 Who's there, says I, who knocks so late?

Disturbs

Disturbs my Dreams, and breaks my Rest?

O fear not me, a harmless Guest,

He said, but open, open pray;

A foolish Child, I've lost my Way,

And wander here this Moon-light Night,

All wet and cold, and wanting Light.

With due Regard his Voice I heard,

Then rose, a ready Lamp prepar'd,

And saw a naked Boy below,

With Wings, a Quiver, and a Bow;

In Haste I ran, unlockt my Gate,

Secure and thoughtless of my Fate;

I set the Child an easy Chair

Against the Fire, and dry'd his Hair;

Brought friendly Cups of chearful Wine,

And warm'd his little Hands with mine;

All this did I with kind Intent;

But he, on wanton Mischief bent,

Said, dearest Friend, this Bow you see,

This pretty Bow belongs to me:

Observe, I pray, if all be right,

I fear the Rain has spoil'd it quite:

He drew it then, and strait I found

Within my Breast a secret Wound.

This done, the Rogue no longer staid,

But leapt away, and laughing said,

Kind Host adieu, we now must part,

Safe is my Bow, but sick thy Heart.



TRUTH told at last.

SAYS PONTIUS in Rage contradicting his Wife,
 “ You never yet told me one Truth in your Life.”
 Vext PONTIA no Way could this Thesis allow,
 “ You’re a Cuckold, says she, do I tell you Truth now ?”

ENIGMA.

FORM’D half beneath, and half above the Earth,
 We Sisters owe to Art our second Birth :
 The Smith’s and Carpenter’s adopted Daughters,
 Made on the Land, to travel on the Waters.
 Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
 Yet neither tread the Air, or Wave, or Ground :
 They serve the Poor for Use, the Rich for Whim,
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

CHANSON.

I.

QU E fais tu Bergere dans ce beau verger
 Tu ne songe gueres à me soulager ?
 Tu connois ma flamme, tu vois ma langueur,
 Prends belle inhumaine pitié de mon cœur.

Dequoy

II.

*Dequoy te plains tu malheureux Berger ?
Que n'ay-je point fait pour te soulager ?
J'ay quitté la plaine, mon troupeau, mon chien,
Prend-on tant de peine quand on n'aime rien.*

I M I T A T E D.

I.

WHY thus from the Plain does my Shepherdess rove,
Forfaking her Swain, and neglecting his Love ?
You have heard all my Grief, you see how I die,
Oh ! give some Relief to the Swain whom you fly.

II.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my Dog lies unfed, and my Sheep run astray ;
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone ?
When I leave all the Plain, you may guess 'tis for One.

A CASE Stated.

I.

NOW how shall I do with my Love and my Pride,
Dear Dick* give me Council if Friendship has any ;
Pr'ythee purge, or let Blood, surly RICHARD reply'd,
And forget the Coquet in the Arms of your NANNY.†

* *His intimate Friend Richard Shelton, Esq;*

† *Mrs. Anne Durham ; both mentioned in Mr. Prior's Will.*

II.

While I pleaded with Passion how much I deserv'd
For the Pains and the Torments for more than a Year;
She look'd in an Almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a Fortnight to *Bart'lmew-Fair*.

III.

My COWLEY and WALLER, how vainly I quote,
While my negligent Judge only hears with her Eye;
In a long Flaxen-Wig, and embroider'd new Coat,
Her Spark saying nothing talks better than I.

On my BIRTH-DAY.

July XXI.

I.

I My Dear, was born to-day,
So all my jolly Comrades say;
They bring me Music, Wreaths, and Mirth,
And ask to celebrate my Birth:
Little, alas! my Comrades know
That I was born to Pain and Woe;
To thy Denial, to thy Scorn:
Better I had ne'er been born.
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
I, my dear, was born to-day.

I, my

VI.

This Verse little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
 Sets neither his Titles nor Merit to View;
 It says that his Relicks collected lie here,
 And no Mortal yet knows if this may be true.

VII.

Fierce Robbers there are that infest the Highway,
 So MATT may be kill'd, and his Bones never found;
 False Witness at Court, and fierce Tempests at Sea,
 So MATT may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

VIII.

If his Bones lie in Earth, roll in Sea, fly in Air,
 To Fate we must yield, and the Thing is the same;
 And if passing thou giv'st him a Smile, or a Tear,
 He cares not——yet pr'ythee be kind to his Fame.

U P O N

Playing at O M B R E

With Two L A D I E S.

I KNOW that FORTUNE long has wanted Sight,
 And therefore pardon'd, when she did not right;
 But yet till then it never did appear,
 That as She wanted Eyes, She cou'd not Hear;
 I beg'd, that She wou'd give me Leave to lose,
 A Thing She does not commonly refuse:

Two Matadores are out against my Game,
 Yet still I play, and still my Luck's the same:
 Unconquer'd in three Suits it does remain,
 Whereas I only ask in One to gain;
 Yet She still contradicting, Gifts imparts,
 And gives Success in ev'ry Suit—but HEARTS.

O D E.

PROMESSE de l'AMOUR.

I.

*H*IER, l'AMOUR touché du Son
 Que rendoit ma Lire qu'il aime,
 Me promet pour une Chanson,
 Deux Baisers de sa Mere mesme.

II.

*N*on, luy dis-je, tu sçais mes Vœux,
 Tu connois quel penchant m'entraîne,
 Au lieu d'un j'en offre deux,
 Pour un seul Baiser de CLIMÈNE.

III.

*I*l me promet ce doux retour,
 Ma Lire en eut plus de Tendresse,
 Mais vous, CLIMÈNE, de l'Amour
 Acquitterez-vous la Promesse?



CUPID's Promise,

PARAPHRASED.

E.

I.

O

SOFT CUPID, wanton, am'rous Boy,
The other Day mov'd with my Lyre,
In flatt'ring Accents spoke his Joy,
And utter'd thus his fond Desire.

II.

Oh! raise thy Voice, One Song I ask,
Touch then th' harmonious String,
To THYRSIS easy is the Task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

III.

Two Kisses from my Mother dear,
THYRSIS, thy due Reward shall be;
None, none, like Beauty's Queen is fair,
PARIS has vouch'd this Truth for me.

IV.

I strait reply'd, Thou know'st alone
That brightest CLOE rules my Breast,
I'll sing thee Two instead of ONE,
If Thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One

V.

One Kiss from CLOE's Lips, no more
 I crave: He promis'd me Success;
 I play'd with all my Skill and Pow'r,
 My glowing Passion to express.

VI.

But Oh! my CLOE, beauteous Maid,
 Wilt thou the wish'd Reward bestow?
 Wilt Thou make good what Love has said,
 And, by Thy Grant, His Power show?

Truth and Falshood.

A T A L E.

ONCE on a Time, in Sun-shine Weather,
 FALSHOOD and TRUTH walk'd out together,
 The neighb'ring Woods and Lawns to view,
 As Opposites will sometimes do.
 Thro' many a blooming Mead They pass,
 And at a Brook arriv'd at last.
 The purling Stream, the Margin green,
 With Flow'rs bedeck'd, a vernal Scene,
 Invited each itin'rant Maid
 To rest a while beneath the Shade;
 Under a spreading Beach they sat,
 And pass'd the Time with Female Chat;
 Whilst each her Character maintain'd;
 ONE spoke her Thoughts, the OTHER feign'd.

At length quoth FALSHOOD, Sister TRUTH,
 For so She call'd her from her Youth,
 What if, to shun yon sultry Beam,
 We bathe in this delightful Stream;
 The Bottom smooth, the Water clear,
 And there's no prying Shepherd near?—
 With all my Heart, the Nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy Robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the Skin,
 And with a Spring leapt headlong in.
 FALSHOOD more leisurely undrest,
 And laying by her taudry Vest,
 Trick'd herself out in TRUTH's Array,
 And cros the Meadows tript away.

From this curst Hour, the FRAUDFUL Dame
 Of sacred TRUTH usurps the Name,
 And with a vile, perfidious Mind,
 Roams far and near to cheat Mankind;
 False Sighs suborns, and artful Tears,
 And starts with vain, pretended Fears;
 In Visits, still appears most wise,
 And rolls at Church her Saint-like Eyes;
 Talks very much, plays idle Tricks,
 While rising Stock * her Conscience pricks;
 When being, poor Thing, extremely gravel'd,
 She Secrets ope'd, and all unravel'd.
 But on She will, and Secrets tell
 Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
 Reviling ev'ry one She knows,
 As Fancy leads, beneath the Rose.

* SOUTH-SEA, 1720.

Her

Her Tongue so voluble and kind,
 It always runs before Her Mind;
 As Times do serve She flily pleads,
 And copious Tears still shew her Needs,
 With Promises as thick as Weeds.——
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wond'rous civil,
 To-day a *Saint*, to-morrow *Devil*.

Poor TRUTH she stript, as has been said,
 And naked left the lovely *Maid*,
 Who scorning from her Cause to wince,
 Has gone stark-naked ever since;
 And ever *Naked* will appear,
 Belov'd by *All* who *Truth* revere.

Engraven on Three-Sides of an *Antique-Lamp*, given by me to Lord HARLEY:
 MAT. PRIOR.

ANTIQUAM hanc Lampadem
 è Museo COLBERTINO allatam,
 Domino HARLEO inter *Κεμήλια* sua
 Reponendam D. D. MATTHÆUS PRIOR.

This Lamp which PRIOR to his HARLEY gave,
 Brought from the Altar of the CYPRIAN-Dame,
 Indulgent Time, thro' future Ages save,
 Before the Muse to burn with purer Flame.

Sperne dilectum Veneris facellum,
 Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
 I fove casto vigil HARLEANAS
 Igne camœnas.



S O N G S

Set to *Musick* by the most eminent MASTERS.

I. Set by Mr. *A B E L*.

READING ends in Melancholy,
 Wine breeds Vices and Diseases,
 Wealth is but Care, and Love but Folly,
 Only Friendship truly pleases :
 My Wealth, my Books, my Flask, my *Molly*,
 Farewel all, if Friendship ceases.

II. Set by Mr. *P U R C E L*.

I.
WHITHER would my Passion run,
 Shall I fly Her, or pursue Her?
 Losing her I am undone,
 Yet would not gain Her to undo Her.

Ye

III.

Ye Tyrants of the human Breast,
Love and Reason! cease your War,
And order Death to give me Rest;
So each will equal Triumph share.

III.

III. Set by Mr. *DEFECH*.

I.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye flie me,
With such Rigour in your Eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your Charms I so much prize.

II.

But I plainly see the Reason,
Why in vain I you pursue'd,
Her to gain 'twas out of Season,
Who before the Chaplain would.

IV.

IV. Set by Mr. *SMITH*.

I.

COME weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty Heart;
Think, *Flavia*, we may meet again,
As well as that we now must part.

II.

You sigh and weep, the Gods neglect
 That precious Dew your Eyes let fall;
 Our Joy and Grief, with like Respect
 They mind, and that is, not at all.

III.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
 As if they did regard our State;
 They hear, and the Return we find
 Is that no Prayers can alter Fate.

IV.

Then clear your Brow and look more gay,
 Do not yourself to Grief resign;
 Who knows but that those Powers may
 The Pair they now have parted join?

V.

But since they have thus cruel been,
 And could such constant Lovers sever;
 I dare not trust, lest, now they're in,
 They should divide us two for ever.

VI.

Then *Flavia* come, and let us grieve,
 Remembring tho' upon what Score;
 This our last parting Look believe,
 Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet

VII.

Yet should our Sun shine out at last,
 And Fortune without more Deceit
 Throw but one reconciling Cast,
 To make two wandering Lovers meet.

VIII.

How great then would our Pleasure be,
 To find Heav'n kinder than believ'd,
 And we, who had no Hopes to see
 Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

IX.

But say, Heav'n should bring no Relief,
 Suppose our Sun should never rise;
 Why then, what's due to such a Grief,
 We've paid already with our Eyes.



V. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

LE T perjur'd, fair *Aminta* know
 What for her Sake I undergo ;
 Tell her, for her, how I sustain
 A ling'ring Fever's wasting Pain ;
 Tell her the Torments I endure,
 Which only, only, She can cure.

II.

But, Oh ! She scorns to hear, or see,
 The Wretch that lies so low as me ;
 Her sudden Greatness turns her Brain,
 And *Strephon* hopes, alas ! in vain :
 For, ne'er 'twas found (tho' often try'd)
 That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

VI. Set by Mr. *S M I T H*.

I.

PHILLIS, since we have both been kind,
 And of each other had our Fill,
 Tell me what Pleasure you can find,
 In forcing Nature 'gainst her Will.

II.

'Tis true, you may with Art and Pain
 Keep in some Glowings of Desire ;
 But still, those Glowings which remain
 Are only Ashes of the Fire.

Then

III.

Then let us free each other's Soul,
 And laugh at the dull constant Fool,
 Who would Love's Liberty controul,
 And teach us how to whine by Rule.

IV.

Let us no Impositions set,
 Or Clogs upon each other's Heart :
 But as for Pleasure first we met,
 So now for Pleasure let us part.

V.

We both have spent our Stock of Love,
 So consequently should be free ;
Thirsis expects you in yon Grove,
 And pretty *Chloris* stays for me.

VII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

PHILLIS this pious talk give o'er,
 And modestly pretend no more,
 It is too plain an Art :
 Surely you take me for a Fool,
 And would by this prove me so dull
 As not to know your Heart.

II.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
 For truly I can ne'er believe
 But this is all a Sham:
 Since any one may plainly see,
 You'd only save yourself with me,
 And with another damn.

VIII. Set by Mr. S M I T H.

I.

STILL, *Dorinda*, I adore;
 Think, I mean not to deceive ye;
 For I lov'd you much before,
 And alas! now love you more,
 Tho' I force myself to leave you.

II.

Staying I my Vows shall fail,
 Virtue yields, as Love grows stronger;
 Fierce Desires will prevail,
 You are fair, and I am frail,
 And dare trust myself no longer.

III.

You, my Love, too nicely coy,
 Left I should have gain'd the Treasure,
 Made my Vows and Oaths destroy
 The pleasing Hopes I did enjoy
 Of all my future Peace and Pleasure.

To

IV.

To my Vows I have been true,
 And in Silence hid my Anguish,
 But I cannot promise too,
 What my Love may make me do,
 While with her, for whom I languish.

V.

For in thee strange Magic lies,
 And my Heart is too, too tender;
 Nothing's Proof against those Eyes,
 Best Resolves and strictest Ties
 To their Force must soon surrender.

VI.

But, *Dorinda*, you're severe,
 I most doating thus to sever;
 Since from all I hold most dear,
 That you may no longer fear,
 I divorce myself for ever.

 IX. Set by Mr. *DEFSCH*.

I.

IS it, O *Love*, thy Want of Eyes,
 Or by the Fates decreed;
 That Hearts so seldom sympathize,
 Or for each other bleed?

If

II.

If thou wouldst make two youthful Hearts
 One am'rous Shaft obey ;
 'Twould save thee the Expence of Darts,
 And more extend thy Sway.

III.

Forbear, alas ! thus to destroy
 Thy self, thy growing Pow'r ;
 For that which would be stretch'd by Joy,
 Despair will soon devour.

IV.

Ah ! wound then my relentless Fair,
 For thy own Sake and mine ;
 That boundless Bliss may be my Share,
 And double Glory thine.

X. Set by Mr. S M I T H.

WHY *Harry*?, what ails you? why look you so sad?
 To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark
 mad.

'Tis the Mistress, the Friend, and the Bottle, old Boy,
 Which create all the Pleasure poor Mortals enjoy :
 But Wine of the three 's the most cordial Brother,
 For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.



XI. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

MORELLA, charming without Art,
And kind without Design,
Can never lose the smallest Part
Of such a Heart as mine.

II.

Oblige'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her Chains;
While Passion, which her Beauties raise,
My Gratitude maintains.

XII. Set by Mr. *SMITH*.

I.

SINCE my Words, tho' ne'er so tender,
With sincerest Truth exprest,
Cannot make your Heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your Breast:

II.

What will move the Springs of Nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious Creature,
Tell poor *Strephon* what will do.

Do

III.

Do not, *Charmion*, rack your Lover

Thus, by seeming not to know

What so plainly all discover,

What his Eyes so plainly show.

IV.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,

'Tis against your Reason's Laws:

Atheist-like (th'Effect perceiving)

Still to disbelieve the Cause.

XIII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

LOVE! inform thy faithful Creature

How to keep his Fair one's Heart;

Must it be by Truth of Nature?

Or by poor dissembling Art?

II.

Tell the Secret, shew the Wonder,

How we both may gain our Ends;

I am lost if we're asunder,

Ever torture'd if we're Friends.

XIV. Set by Mr. *S M I T H*.

I.

ONCE I was unconfin'd and free,
 Would I had been so still!
 Enjoying sweetest Liberty,
 And roving at my Will.

II.

But now, not Master of my Heart,
Cupid does so decide,
 That two She-Tyrants shall it part,
 And so poor Me divide.

III.

Victoria's Will I must obey,
 She acts without Controul ::
Phillis has such a taking Way,
 She charms my very Soul.

IV.

Deceiv'd by *Phillis'* Looks and Smiles,
 Into her Snares I run :
Victoria shews me all her Wiles,
 Which yet I dare not shun.

V.

From one I fancy ev'ry Kiss
Has something in't Divine ;
And, awful, taste the balmy Bliss,
That joins her Lips with mine.

VI.

But, when with t'other I embrace,
Tho' she be not a Queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a Lass
To tumble on the Green.

VII.

Thus here you see a shared Heart,
But I, mean while, the Fool :
Each in it has an equal Part,
But neither yet the whole.

VIII.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield ::
I find the Time approaches fast,
When both must quit the Field.



XV. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

Farewell, *Amynta*, we must part ;
 The Charm has lost its Pow'r,
 Which held so fast my captiv'd Heart
 Until this fatal Hour.

II.

Hadst thou not thus my Love abus'd,
 And use'd me ne'er so ill,
 Thy Cruelty I had excuse'd,
 And I had love'd thee still.

III.

But know, my Soul disdains thy Sway,
 And scorns thy Charms and Thee,
 To which each flutt'ring Coxcomb may
 As welcome be as me.

IV.

Think in what perfect Bliss you reign'd,
 How love'd before thy Fall ;
 And now, alas ! how much disdain'd
 By me, and scorn'd by all.

III.

Yet
 My Vows shall, ending with the Year,
 With it begin anew.

V.

Yet thinking of each happy Hour
Which I with Thee have spent,
So robs my Rage of all its Pow'r,
That I almost relent.

VI.

But Pride will never let me bow,
No more thy Charms can move:
Yet thou art worth my Pity now,
Because thou hadst my Love.

XVI. Set by Mr. SMITH.

I.

A Ccept my Love, as true a Heart
As ever Lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any Art,
And proud to be your Slave.

II.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the Giver live:
Who, with it, would the World have sent,
Had it been his to give.

III.

And that *Dorinda* may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue;
My Vows shall, ending with the Year,
With it begin anew.

XVII. Set by Mr. *D E F E S C H.*

I.

NANNY blushes when I woo her,
 And with kindly chiding Eyes
 Faintly says, I shall undo her,
 Faintly, O forbear ! she cries.

II.

But her Breasts while I am pressing,
 While to her's my Lips I join,
 Warm'd she seems to taste the Blessing,
 And her Kisses answer mine.

III.

Undebauch'd by Rules of Honour,
 Innocence with Nature charms ;
 One bids, gently push me from her,
 T'other, take me in her Arms.

XVIII. Set by Mr. *S M I T H.*

I.

SINCE we your Husband daily see
 So jealous out of Season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
 To make him so with Reason.

I'm

II.

I'm vext to think, that ev'ry Night
 A Sot within thy Arms,
 Tasting the most divine Delight,
 Should fully all your Charms.

III.

While fretting I must lie alone,
 Cursing the Pow'rs Divine,
 That undeservedly have thrown
 A Pearl unto a Swine.

IV.

Then, *Phillis*, heal my wounded Heart,
 My burning Passion cool;
 Let me at least in thee have Part
 With thy insipid Fool.

V.

Let him, by Night, his Joys pursue,
 And blunder in the Dark;
 While I, by Day, enjoying you,
 Can see to hit the Mark.

XIX. Set by Mr. C. R.

I.

PHILLIS, give this Humour over,
 We too long have Time abuse'd;
 I shall turn an errant Rover,
 If the Favour's still refuse'd.

Faith,

II.

Faith, 'tis Nonsense out of Measure,
Without ending thus to see,
Women force'd to taste a Pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

III.

Let not Pride and Folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy ;
Ne'er will Age or Censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

IV.

Never fancy Time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away ;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to Wrinkles Tribute pay?

V.

All the Swains on you attending,
Show how much your Charms deserve ;
But Miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your Plenty starve.

VI.

While a thousand freer Lasses,
Who their Youth and Charms employ,
Tho' your Beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect Joy.

XX. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

SINCE by ill Fate I'm forc'd away,
 And snatch'd so soon from those dear Arms;
 Against my Will I must obey,
 And leave those sweet endearing Charms.

II.

Yet still love on, and never fear,
 But you and Constancy will prove
 Enough my present Flame to bear,
 And make me, tho' in Absence, love,

III.

For tho' your Presence Fate denies,
 I feel, alas! the killing Smart;
 And can, with undiscerned Eyes,
 Behold your Picture in my Heart.

XXI. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

TOUCH the Lyre, every String,
 Touch it, *Orpheus*, I will sing
 A Song which shall immortal be;
 Since she I sing 's a Deity.
 A *Leonora*, whose blest Birth
 Has no Relation to this Earth.



XXII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

IN vain, alas! poor *Strephon* tries
To ease his tortur'd Breast;
Since *Amoret* the Cure denies,
And makes his Pain a Jest.

II.

Ah! Fair one, why to me so coy,
And why to him so true?
Who with more Coldness flights the Joy,
Than I with Love pursue.

III.

Die then, unhappy Lover, die;
For since she gives the Death,
The World has nothing that can buy
A Minute more of Breath.

IV.

Yet tho' I could your Scorn outlive,
'Twere Folly; since to me
Not Love itself a Joy can give,
But, *Amoret*, in thee.

XXIII. Set by Mr. *DE FESCH*.

I.

WELL, I will never more complain,
 Or call the Fates unkind;
 Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
 But Self-Conceitedness does reign
 In every mortal Mind.

II.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
 Nor would permit a Sight;
 I rage'd, for I could not espy,
 Or think that any Harm could lie
 Disguise'd in that Delight.

III.

At last, my Wishes to fulfill,
 They did their Pow'r resign;
 I saw her, but I wish I still
 Had been obedient to their Will,
 And they not unto mine.

IV.

Yet I by this have learn't the Wit,
 Never to grieve or fret;
 Contentedly I will submit,
 And think that best which they think fit,
 Without the least Regret.



XXIV. Set by Mr. C. R.

I.

CHLOE Beauty has and Wit,
And an Air that is not common;
Ev'ry Charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome Woman.

II.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely Face or Feature,
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by Good-nature.

III.

She is always doing good,
Of her Favours never sparing,
And, as all good *Christians* shou'd,
Keeps poor Mortals from despairing.

IV.

JOVE the Pow'r knew of her Charms,
And that no Man cou'd endure 'em,
So providing 'gainst all Harms,
Gave to her the Pow'r to cure 'em.

V.

And 'twou'd be a cruel Thing,
When her black Eyes have rais'd Desire,
Shou'd She not her Bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the Fire.



XXV.

I.

SINCE, *Moggy*, I mun bid Adieu,
 How can I help despairing?
 Let Fate us still pursue,
 There's nought more worth my Caring.

II.

'Twas she alone could calm my Soul,
 When racking Thoughts did grieve me;
 Her Eyes my Trouble could controul,
 And into Joys deceive me.

III.

Farewell, ye Brooks, no more along
 Your Banks mun I be walking:
 No more you'll hear my Pipe or Song,
 Or pretty *Moggy's* Talking.

IV.

But I by Death an End will give
 To Grief, since we mun sever:
 For who can after parting live,
 Ought to be wretched ever.





XXVI.

I.

SOME kind Angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with Pity at my Pain,
Tell *Corinna*, I am dying,
'Till with Joy we meet again.

II.

Tell *Corinna*, since we parted,
I have never known Delight:
And shall soon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her Sight.

III.

Tell her how her Lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy Day a Year;
Curfing ev'ry Morn returning,
Since *Corinna* is not here.

IV.

Tell her too, not distant Places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with Time and Change of Faces,
E'er shall shake my constant Mind.



XXVII.

I.

HA S T E, my NANNETTE,
My lovely Maid,
Haste to the Bower
Thy Swain has made.

II.

For thee alone
I made the Bower,
And strew'd the Couch
With many a Flower.

III.

None but my Sheep
Shall near us come,
VENUS be prais'd,
My Sheep are dumb.

IV.

Great God of Love,
Take thou my Crook,
To keep the Wolf
From NANNETTE's Flock.

Guard

V.

Guard thou the Sheep,
 To her so dear;
 My own, alas!
 Are less my Care.

VI.

But of the Wolf
 If thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us
 To call for Aid.

VII.

For with her Swain
 My Love shall stay,
 Tho' the Wolf strole,
 And the Sheep stray.

XXVIII. NELLY.

I.

WHILST others proclaim
 This Nymph, or that Swain,
 Dearest *Nelly* the lovely I'll sing;
 She shall grace ev'ry Verse,
 I'll her Beauties rehearse,
 Which Lovers can't think an ill Thing.

EXAMINATION

SOLOMON

De Mundi Venerabilis

POEMA

MATTHEI PRIOR, A.M.

Per Guil. Dossou, Libr. Coll. Oxon. Soc.

EXAMINATION



SCIENTIA:

LIBER PRIMUS.



UDITE, O Gentes ; Linguis Animisque
favete ;

Suadet Amor, veraxque jubet Sapientia
fari,

Quæ mihi sollicito versat sub Pectore Musa,
Vana docens quæcunque agimus, quæcunque putamus,
Quòd septem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
Per Rupestresque Periclorum, Lacrymisque fluentes
Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
Lassatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
Quòdque pari à Cunis fortimur Lege Tumultus
Affectusque leves, Curasque & Inania Rerum ;
Jamque aderit cum summa Dies, Hoc scire erit unum,
Nos omnes (tristi meditor quod dicere Versu)
Gaudia ficta sequi, verisque Doloribus angi.

Pax.

Pax Animi, usque adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
 Vitæ, sic falsò dictæ; Versumque sequacem
 Ludere mobiliter lasciva, Volatilis Umbra,
 Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,
 Credulitasque fovet; mendaci Luce coruscans
 Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignēs.
 O Fons Curarum, captæque Infania Mentis!
 Quòd si forte Deus Te designasset ADAMO,
 Aut unquam Munus tantum indulfisset habendum
 Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuisses:
 In nostros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,
 Toto Fonte sinus, plenamque inveteret Urnam.

At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra suprema
 creasset,
 Cum nondum steterat jacto fundamine Terra,
 Decretum est, vanos tentante Cupidine Nifus,
 Ut sine fine petita recederet usque Voluptas.
 Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita suadente Magistra;
 Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile sentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri carissima Proles,
 Deliciæ Populi, Solio sublimis *Ebræo*,
 Augustas *Ædes* tota cum dives *Ophiro*
 Ornâram, famaue extremo Oriente ferebar;
 Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,
 Robore nobilitante artus, Dulcedine vultum;
 Cum mihi lucida Mens foetis Conceptibus aucta,
 Ingenium velox, solidumque vigeret acumen;
 Heus surgas (habita est mecum Sententia) surgas,
 Ut Felix, Meditare; ut sis Magnus, Sapere aude:
 Pectoris exoritur Pax inconcussa Sciendo;
 Nam Scire est ipsi Virtus cognata JEHOVÆ.

Hæc

Hæc fatus, veneranda dedi mandata per Urbes :
Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum immensa Corona ;
Historicos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt ;
Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores :
Audieram attentus ; tandem dubitata loquebar :

Per Terras quodcunque Viret, seu Planta, vel Arbor,
Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ sit Natura, quis Ordo,
Me bene nôsse ferunt, ea nostri Fama vagatur,
A Cedro excelsa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
Serpentem ad Muscum, & diffusam Mœnia circum
Hyssopum : tamen ah ! mihi conscius Ipse fatebor
Mille animum implicitos scrutantem eludere Nodos.

Me latet, emissis cur Fagus plurima ramis
Undique luxurians teretem exspatiatur in umbram ;
Dum celsis decrescit Apex sub imagine Coni
Abjetibus, nubes & cuspide scindit acuta :
Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
Augusti capitis variū transmutat honorem ;
Dum gerit æternam Taxus sibi fida Juventam,
Ramo semper eodem, immutatoque colore.
Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha ?
Cur nigrantem animat felicius Umbra Cupressum ?
Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque sedem,
Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent ;
Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
Et circum Montes umbracula nectit Oliva ?
Cur Cœlum haud aliud, Locus haud diversus, amictu
Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ora,
Lilia inornatos patitur pallescere vultus,
Cœruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit ?
Cur Carophyllon amat lascivum pandere soli

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicunque studeatis
 Naturæ arcanos intus penetrare recessus,
 Unde docetur Apes se ferre audacibus alis
 Per mille ancipitesque vias, cœlumque profundum.
 Unde fugit lentam visco stagnante paludem,
 Fœcundos visens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba,
 Melliferique expansa recludunt germina Flores.
 Unde indenfatis tenebris & Sole cadenti
 Scire potest operæ finem adventare diurnæ ?
 Quis docuit ventis pluviisque opponere pectus,
 Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus ;
 Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
 Morigeras resonis dantem tinnitibus aures ?

Tuque aperi, Cessator iners, æstate serena
 Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aspera brumæ :
 Ire redire viam repetito sedula cursu,
 Exstruat ut cumulos ; plenamque ubi carpsit aristam,
 Unde levi granum prærodit provida morfu,
 Nè, dum terra tegit, rursus radicibus actis,
 Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura ?
 Conspicienda patent Infecti utriusque Labore
 Signa Animi manifesta, Ars provida, Spesq; Timorq;

Jamque age, flecte oculos, animumque advorte, recenti
 Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muscamque renatam ;
 Vermiculumque humilem, hesterno qui repere cœpit
 Vix sub Sole ; tuos, Homo Res vilissima, Fratres.
 More Tui motusque cient, spirantque videntque,
 Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur :
 Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
 Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
 Ovaque dum pariunt, foetus promissa futuri,
 Fœcundosque ignes, viresque fatentur Amoris.

Cuique

Cuique sua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Victum,
Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant ;
Sunt Membri & Nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,
Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ postulat Ufus ;
Tota licet parvum non æquet Fabrica granum.
Quid nostra exilis Ratio concedere possit
Plus Cete immenso, turrito plus Elephanti,
Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, *Hydræ*
Cristatæ, caudamque flagellanti *Crocodilo*,
Quam titulo & forma solum discrimen haberi,
Ut sua cuique datur major structura minorve ?

Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,
Nunc amat effusum Spatium, nunc arctius optat :
Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,
Humani Sensûs modulo indignata teneri.
Latius Objectum, seu se sublimius effert,
Effigiem veram nescit comprehendere Visus :
Sin minus evadat, perstrictum ludit ocellum ;
Confusæ tenebræ, aut lux indivisa videtur.
Disperdunt variatam *Æther* atque *Unda* figuram ;
Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.

Dum sic delusa spe, protractoque labore
Naturæ frustra sequimur venerabile numen ;
Illa sub obtecto sedet impercepta recessu ;
Circiter agglomerans se plurima fundit Imago,
Formarumque immensa cohors, quas mystica Diva
Ocyus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,
Cum volet abstrusis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, frænisque Hominis compescere Fastum.

Sævit adhuc mores immitis & effera *Tigris*,
Carceris impatiens, dentesque in vincla fatigat :
Oblato

Oblato lymphæque & amico munere victûs
 Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repensans,
 Frangere corpus avet, venasque haurire Magistri.
 Dum fervor generosus Equi, viresque Cameli,
 Imparibus faciles se sub juga mittere dextris,
 Dant Equiti flectenda minacia fulmine colla,
 Respondent stimulis, & fræni iussa capeffunt;
 Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
 Pondus amant Domini, & sumptis lætantur habenis.

Quinetiam Vulpes latè incomitata vagatur,
 Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
 Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
 Suspecta humani Generis vestigia vitans:
 At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
 Quanquam illi & species & forma simillima Vulpis;
 Horrentes vitat clivos vallesque reductas,
 Calle pedes iterat trito, & sua tecta requirit;
 Vultibus arridens notis, testatur amorem
 Blanditiis, manditque satur quod projicit Infans,
 Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magistrum.

Cujusnam impulsu causæ propiore cientur,
 Ardua res, fateor, multis disquirere factis.
 Sunt alia interea, queis perspexisse videmur
 Principia Illorum nihilo discordia nostris;
 Nobiscum fugienda timent, optanda sequuntur;
 Toxicæ dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
 Oderunt & amant ad nostra exempla, sciuntque
 Gradari Sociis, Hostemque laceffere pugna.
 Quicquid agunt, animo prius instituisse videntur,
 Propositumque apto vestigant tramite finem.
 Scilicet ista errat latè Doctrina, moveri
 Facta Hominum Ratione, Instinctu facta Ferarum.

Nam

Nam quo jure licet diversas fingere causas,
Cum simul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent ?
Quo Ratio Instinctu secerni limite possit ?
Dividit has Doctorum ignara superbia voces,
Dum quæ scire nequit, metuit nescire fateri.

Haud minus insipiens Homo jactat Seque suumque
Imperium, jussis Fera si parere recuset.
Dic age, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu ;
Nonne metu horrescit, ne fortior ira Leonis
Fictitiæ legi sublatum opponeret unguem ?
Annon è Rostro trepidans Orator abiret,
Porticibus subitò irrumpat si fortè reclusis
Aut immanis Hyæna, aut spumans faucibus Ursus ?

Pœnitet incepti Pugnacem serò duelli,
Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur ensis :
Concita dum Zephyro fugit accelerante Carina,
Serò recedentem respectat Navita terram :
Sic serò cupimus contracto ducere fræno
Ardua jam tentantem animum, & sublime volantem :
Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri ;
Magna vocant, vastique ingens patet area campi.

Perpendas animo mecum spatia ætheris ampla,
Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes ;
Sollicitus rogitò, qua causa pendulus Orbis
Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.
Cum reputo, quali Phœbus revolubilis igne
Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur ;
De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes
Effusæ pecudes campos, hominesve frequentent :
Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat

Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia nasci
 Frondifera in *Paradiso*, ortuque unius ADAMI ?
 Vel ratibus primas, concede, legentibus oras
 Hanc istuc sobolem propiori à littore vectam :
 An populus, quorum à patria fluxisse putemus,
 Gentibus innocuis cædemque venenaque ferrent ?
 An secum veherent Urfas Lynceasque carinis ?
 Fœcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram ?
 Nempe fore, ut foetam Crocodilen hospita tellus
 Acciperet, lætoque sinu nova monstra foveret.

Et quando agrestis penitus ducenda propago
 Servato à NOA, clarisque nepotibus exit ;
 Unde patrum poterant labi de mente suorum
 Quas artes NOE vel quæ præcepta docebat,
 Condere semen humo, generosas ponere vites,
 Thuriferique pias fanis advolvere flammæ ?
 Dum vivit magni proles infauſta Parentis,
 Inſcia vel Bacchum premere aut invertere glebam,
 Per valles clivosque famis ſolatia quærens,
 Arte carens omni, virtutem indocta DEUMQUE.

Deinde ſuper maria ac terras quo more ſequemur
 Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus ?
 Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant ;
 Particulæ rerum fluitant, ſtat ſumma manetque.
 Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atq; elementa fatemur,
 Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora conſtant,
 Quæque novas ſumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans
 Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigescit ;
 Diffuſa, aſſurgit Sphæræ ulterioſis in orbem,
 Et guttis ſenſim expansis fluit humidus aer.
 Particulæ hæ tenues rursus tolluntur in altum ;
 Ardeſcunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem :

Mox

Mox iterum iste ignis, crasso magis aere victus,
Impulsusque deorsum, utero telluris in amplo,
Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis;
Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum:
Aut penetrans venans per magnæ corpora matris
Reliquias veteres alia sub imagine ponit;
Infusa vires resolutas temperat unda
Mollior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Divisa à notis rapiuntur flumina ripis,
Immensumque ferent cumulatae pondus arenæ,
Merfa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corrosus edaci,
Ventorumque minis, descendet ad usque jacentem
Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit:
Planities gradibus surget sublimior æquis,
Quàm steterant olim suprema cacumina montis:
Sic Natura jubet; peraget, quod jusserit, Ætas.

Omnia sic fato lapsos mutante per annos
Aut levia aut onerosa, minuta aut grandia fiunt:
In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympa futuras,
Pyramidumque fluet diffusa per aera moles:
Pisonis fluctus ætas ventura requiret,
Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* signa Viator.

Hæ cum sæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur
Immota, tanquam naturæ jusserit ordo;
Ast ubi plus solito fors una vel altera surgat,
Magnificum incipiunt portenti ducere nomen.
Implicitos flexus mens indefessa sequatur,
Et ponat dubios operosa Scientia fines:
An nusquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum?
Alterutrum sumas; par forsitan error utrinque est.

Avulsum

Avulsum trunco ramum, effœtumque flagellum
 Voce statim missa redivivas trudere frondes
 An mirere magis, quàm summi culmina clivi
 Vi brumæ spoliata altisque immersa pruinis,
 Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,
 Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem?
 Æthere diviso, noctis redeuntibus umbris,
 Ambrosios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,
 An mirere magis, solito quàm pane recentes
 Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires;
 Et semen granumque, solo commissa fideli,
 Addere opes cumulis, & multiplicata renasci;
 Quæque manu parca fulcis modo sparsit arator,
 Mox onerare solum, lætasque effundere messes?

Quæ se cunque igitur dant sensibus obvia nostris,
 Seu vulgata palàm seu mira recondita rerum,
 Legibus à fixis naturæ sive solutis
 Proveniant, his perspectis id vincitur, omnem
 Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Causæ.
 Hinc certis gradibus se paulatim altius effert,
 Et longæ ascendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
 Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque necesse est
 Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque supremum,
 Quod stetit à primis, & in ultima sæcula stabit.

Hunc magnum monstrante DEUM Ratione magistra,
 Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte beatum;
 Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis
 Limitibus nostri audemus comprehendere sensûs?
 Ergone congestis volvuntur cuncta sub undis
 Ultra explorati confinia diffita mundi?
 An DEUS, è tenebris nostrum qui sustulit orbem,
 Hos fluctus aliam jussit fecernere terram;

Venturis olim scindenda laboribus arva,
Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes?
Ante revolventis quàm cursus lubricus ævi
Exactis stadiis ter mille peregerit orbes;
Fortè ruent nostri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
Occiduasque artes fascesque ferentur ad oras.

Quà feror ingenti perculsus imagine? quæ Lux
Tanta ferit sensus? quò sacro rapta furore,
Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albescere cerno
Æquora per longè subiecta? En! Insula, sedes
Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;
Justitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
Hic sedes posuere suas; hæc maxima amatae
Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulgit munera terræ.
Ad Zephyros etiam ulteriùs magnam Insula famam
Occidua effundit; classes victricibus armis
Instructas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.
Inter utrosque polos audit resonantia facta,
Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
Intrepidas ducit naves, & carbasa pandit
Intra alios secura *Indos* Orbemque secundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo se nomine quondam
Jaſtabit) belloque diù famaue vigebit;
Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras:
Extensos felix venerandaque ſtabit in annos,
Incertaſque vices rerum immutata videbit.
Cedent cuncta tamen communi ſubruta fato;
Ipsa anguſta, ingens, morti, licèt ultima, cedit.

Jamque oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
Cœrulei Cœli magna in convexa levemus;

En ! quale aulæi fluitantis more patefcit,
 Nunc matutino pîctum variumque rubore ;
 Luce super media flavo velamine fulgens,
 Nigro indutum horrore per alta silentia noctis.
 Unde umbra & lumen certo discrimine surgunt
 Alternis ? unde hos varios trahit Æthra colores ?
 Quid dux illa animi Ratio plus reddere possit,
 Quam Solem rutilo diffundere lumina Cœlo,
 Et radiis inde amotis affurgere noctem,
 Splendoremque novum reduces accendere flammæ ?

Sed frustra Auroræ roseum speramus amictum ;
 Velârunt imbres, aut incubuere vapores ;
 Speramus frustra solita flavedine spargi
 Lucis iter medium ; aut tempeftas ingruit atra,
 Aut subitum emicuit fulgur. Nunc horrida densis
 Nox cœlo incumbit tenebris, fœcunda timorum ;
 Gaudia nunc eadem parit, attonitique videmus
 Innumeras Stellas, æternaque lumina Mundi.
 Maturate, fenes, totasque intendite vires
 Ingenii, & multo tandem sudore repertas
 Narrate aerias resolutas usque columnas,
 Circuitusque undarum, & torta volumina fumi.
 Dat Responsum alias voces, frustrâque refartum
 Quassâ novis fulcit compagibus Argumenta :
 Dissimili sub veste latens Ænigma recurrit ;
 Quærentemque eludit inextricabilis Error.

En ! Sol indomitus robusti more Gigantis
 Immenso varios rotat orbe volubilis orbes,
 Dum duplici vehitur cusu ; tamen ordine certo
 Mutaturque dies, finisque imponitur Anno.
 Mox ubi decurso pronus redit æthere, blandum
 Tempus agens fessis ; placidaque involvitur umbra

Terra

Terra filens ; tacitum dat Luna alterna nitorem,
Languidulumque diem radiis diffundit amicis :
Ipsa tamen certis, mutabilis ora, recurrit
Legibus, & jussos observat menstrua cursus.
Quisque Planetarum proprio revolutus in orbe
Libratis fertur splendenti tramite pennis :
Quisque sua varium jactat pro sorte nitorem,
Et regit inclusos diviso in limite currus ;
Dumque volans aditum super arva liquentia scindit,
Alterius neque vim confert neque detrahit alis.
Anne hi splendent vero fulgore Planetæ ?
An sua quemque dies illustrat & insitus ardor ?
An verum est, quod jam vestri explicuere labores,
Observare omnes Solem, atque hoc ducere fonte
Furtivos radios, & non sua mittere tela ?

Millia quinetiam Stellarum millia cerno,
Quas neque lineolæ cohibent, neque quadra, nec orbes ;
(Heu ! normæ tenues, finitæ copia mentis,
Cum feritur, vel aratur humus, cum condimus ædes.)
Luce tamen diffusa adeo variaque refulgent,
Quanta manum loquitur, quæ finxerat, Infinitam.
Quam forma exilis, quam gloria parva videtur
Humani ingenii summo quæsitâ labore,
Si juxtâ spectetur amabile consonus ordo,
Quem Natura jubet, statuit quem Spiritus orbis !

Si verò in nostras descendat mitiùs oras
Vivida vis Solis, nimio neque torreat igne ;
Ardoris sese extendit pars quantula sphaeris
Divisis longo spatio, cœloque remoto ?
Stellarumque, acies nostri quas languida visûs
Æterno fixas cœli sub fornice cernit,
Quæque suis opibus, nativo & dives honore,

Fortè vibrat validos propriis de fontibus ignes,
 Sol Ipsa ; atque alios orbes, oculisque negatas
 Humanis, lustrat diffuso lumine Terras.
 Forsitan & fuso circum æthere cornua Lunæ
 Diminuunt reparantque novæ, surguntque caduntque ;
 Atque alia hos circum volvuntur Sydera Soles,
 Quæ nostræ in morem Telluris semina certis
 Fœtibus apta ferunt, regionesque ordine certo
 Divisas, terrasque suas, suaque æquora nôrunt.
 Hi tamen ardentes adeò radicitùs Orbes,
 Clara receptac'la, & fœcundi lumine fontes,
 Inter se alternis possunt (ut quisque profundo
 Ætheris in gremio propiùsve aut longiùs absit)
 Igne minore Astrum vel nobiliore videri ;
 Altoque in Spatio, cui cœlum nomen & aer,
 Mille simul Terræ, Lunæ, Solesque latere
 Immenfi, quos nostra incassum lumina quæerunt.

Necquicquam effusum spatiis crescentibus orbem
 Metiri, aut certum meditamur ponere centrum ;
 Sphæra ingens se expandit adhuc, nescitque teneri
 Limite vel ficto, mentemque irridet inanem.

Quò tot diffugere igitur radiantia Monstra,
 Quêis vestri attonitum conceptus æthera complent ?
 Effigies vanæ qua mundi in parte manebunt ?
Chaldæi nempe in cerebro, pictisque tabellis.

Hoc Problema tamen, quod Opinio parturit ægra,
 Progeniem Veri fas fit concedere ; Stellas
 Has cœli nitidas, quæ sic terrentque juvantque
 Mirantes oculos, trepidos lætosque tuendo,
 Esse orbes modulo numeroque & fine carentes.

An verò hi pandunt radios, sphærasque revolvunt,

Nempè

Nempè tibi ut placeant, tibi lucis munera præstent,
 Nil nisi pulvis, Homo; conclusus corporis arcto
 Limite, curriculoque ævi brevior coactus?
 Jure pari minima in terris Formicula jactet
 In sua *Caucaseum* vestigia surgere Clivum:
 Sic Limax, magnos *Lebani* se extendere saltus,
 Quêis ipse incedat latè, & sibi colligat escam:
 Sic tenuissima Concha, inhians in littoris ora
 Latè exporrecti circum vasta æquora, dicat,
 Eminùs incultum pendere per aëra saxum,
 Ipsa equidem fundo ut lateat securior imo;
 Oceanique omnes pariter concurrere vires,
 Ut levet ipsa sitim, testamque agitata nitefcet.

Intrepidis Dea se rapiens sublimius alis
 Corporeos orbes, Cœlumque locale relinquit:
 Quêis formata animis Superûm gens pristina, quærit,
 Aut ubi sint campi quos incoluere creati.
 Impavido MICHAELI audacia LUCIFER arma
 (Sic sancti memorant antiquo carmine Vates)
 Opposuit, Cherubefque ausi concurrere, telis
 Tela adversa tulere & scuta minantia scutis:
 Plaufit ovans Cœlum, tremuitque doloribus Orcus.
 Hæ quænam formæ, quas vestra volumina narrant?
 Ut stabat bene fida, ut perfida turma peribat!
 Hæc damnata pati diros sine fine labores,
 Numinis æternum exilium, longasque catenas;
 Horrendis vicibus miseros vexare lacertos,
 Per liquidum sudans sulphur, solidosve per ignes:
 Altera primævæ dum surgit ad atria lucis,
 Delicias inter vivas, à fonte fluentes
 Æterno, quorum rara intervalla voluptas
 Tempestate gravi patitur, veneranda JEHOVÆ
 Cum mandata vocant vindictæ effundere nimbum

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Aeneas in Regis Domachum, Populumque
 Atque magis exspectata refugere iussa Tonantia,
 Atque manu fulminis iras,
 Cum praece regis animos fastumque Tyranni,
 Atque populi inermis in veste rebelis.
 Qui superis votum in limine claudat?
 Qui tota diebus, qui quam nulla coarctat?
 Quam vel una Dea, tenet haec, tenet illa domum?
 Quam qui dixit, omnia numine compert?
 Et ubi nunc totum orbem scrutabitur umbra,
 Nam quidam tenetis, Lumen quae fallat acutum,
 Quodnam Aeneas videri, oculique Parentem?

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Augustus inuocat quid creditur esse? videntur
 Membra pura? an solida corpus, seu mollior aut
 Membra nulla operum aut mentibus apta fecerit,
 Proceribus nostris sceler, animisque propinqua,
 Invenit tandem motus sub corde cierent,
 Se neque subirent externo hominis igni.
 Noxam autem nostri quondam nocere Parentes
 Erit illis scilicet caput, cumque artibus ossa?
 Ni foret, ANNAMUS sceler potuere lavare,
 Aut SANA iuvenis epulis lenire palatum?
 Surgere unde timor? quid LORI audacia, captos
 Eripere, & ferum membris arcere furorem?
 Quo more ingressus certamina vera JACOBUS
 Luctantis Seraphini ictus perferat iniquos?
 Qua vi Materie potuit se opponere Forma,
 An exilis mortalia tangere Membra?
 to constant, radiisve coactis?
 flectuntque animos, & nostra per auras
 ? ipsos levibus ludibria ventis
 auster agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.

An credam indutos (ut sacro carmine fertur)
Materiem veram, solidasque ad corpora vires?
Quî fit (quandoquidem nos æqua sorte potitos
Numen idem circum expansis complectitur alis)
Ipsis fortia adhuc florescere lætaque membra,
Dum nostri languent pereuntque doloribus artus?
Cur, Nobis sub valle diù lactantibus ima
Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,
Ipsi perpetuæ producunt munera vitæ
Mellifluos inter cantus scenasque virentes?

Mens vaga dum latum circumspicit undiq; Mundum,
Agnoscitque, Nihil se efferre in lumina posse;
Dum surgit paulatim, atque ordine singula lustrat,
Percurrit valles pictas, clivosque feraces
Umbrarum; fontes vivos, minerasque tepentes,
Augustum *Thamesin*, fœcundaque flumina *Nili*:
Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudesque ferasque,
Seu saltus & prata colant, seu littoris oras;
Et mare qui tranant vastum, quique ætheris auras,
Pinnigerum alatumque gregem; Vermemq; pusillum,
Terrarum imbellem Dominum, sub corpore parvo
Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
Jamque superne volans Cœli convexa tuetur,
Ætheraque expansum, quem cœrula gloria vestit
Effusum ingenti spatio, noctisque per umbram
Innumeræ complent immenso lumine Stellæ;
Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui insignibus aucti,
Ordine quisque suo, propter Solia ardua, fido
Grande satellitio stipant latus OMNIPOTENTIS;
Perque omnem rerum seriem, longamque catenam,
Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui semina vitæ
Infudit Toti, legesque & fœdera sanxit:
Qui (Vox quippe operi par est, factoque Voluntas)

E nihilo jussit pulcrum consurgere Mundum ;
 Sæculaue evolvens tanquam spatia arcta diei,
 Instituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
 Et Solem Lunamque suos agnoscere cursus.
 Ille utero à cæco emisit revolubile Tempus,
 Præscriptoque dedit vestigia flectere gyro :
 Ipse suæ gestans tanquam per concava dextræ,
 Ingentis Domini jussa observare paratum,
 Mundi grande Penu, quâ se mensesque diesque
 Effusæque horæ, & breviores temporis omnes
 Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde haud amplius extant.
 Ipse idem & primus rerum & postremus, ad instar
 Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam
 Hanc sphæram effinxit, jussitque effulgere, qualem
 Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.
 At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum ;
 Et sacrum illud opus, stellatum, illustre Volumen
 Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis :
 Terramque extemplò, divulsam à sedibus imis,
 Fluctibus ut fervent tumidis liquefacta metalla,
 Ignibus undantem diffundere——
 Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
 OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
 Dixit ; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
 Cum statuet, jubeat, cessabunt esse : verendum
 Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
 Hoc ingens sacrumque æterna in sæcula Nomen ;
 Hunc juvat enarrare DEUM.——

Mirati mea verba, Senes siluere ; stupentes
 Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
 Respondere nihil, nihil ausi efferre ; pudorem
 Turba filens celare cupit, proditque silendo.
 Dum quidam, gravitas cui vestiit ora serena,

Cui

Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cœpit ;
 Ulteriùs non posse animi contendere vires,
 Discere quàm nostræ felicia dogmata vocis ;
 Esse mei, dictare ; fuique, attendere dictis ;
 Me cunctis simul Imperio Ingenioque priorem ;
 Gentisque attonitas uno fremere ore, disertum
 Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.
 Genua alter flexit, facturus verba ; futura
 Sæcula prospexit nostrum venerantia nomen ;
 Prudentùm ô vivas Tu Prudentissime, dixit ;
 Nil oriturum alias, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii fœcunda parens, ô pestis Honesti
 Suadela artificis linguæ ! tua femina dira,
 Tempestate parùm fausta dextraque nefanda,
 Luxuriante solo Virtutis sparsa, repentè
 Viribus exauctis culta inter splendida surgunt,
 Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Intereà cruciata animos sine honore Caterva,
 Scrutanti mihi muta, ferens ad sydera laudes
 Altius insonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
 Aut quî sic extant, ultrò nescire fatetur,
 Plurima qui novit ; sed cernunt temporis omnes
 Scilicet occulti fatum, eventusque futuros.

Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophistæ
 Commissas verborum acies & inania bella.
 At non *Rabini*, *Logici* non cedere nôrunt ;
 Usque recedentes certant ; campoque relicto
 Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,
 Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem,
 Diversis eadem linguis narrare laborant ;
 Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum

Exponunt ; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
Artifices voces, & diffona verba Scholarum ;
Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
Argutosque Sales Rationi opponere certant.

Nec mora, quin sese studia in contraria scindit
Discors turba Senum : quod fortiter asserit Ille,
Hic negat ; hostili lingua sibi quisque vicissim
Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut premit humanos Caligo miserrima Sensus !
Quisque novus falsa Specie prætexitur Error,
Palantesque incerta eludit lucis imago.

Gens hominum infelix ! vestri ex quo sanguinis Autor
Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram ;
Ut labem primi soboles imitata Parentis
Ejusdem repetit veteris vestigia culpæ !
Turpe patet nimiùm nudatæ infamia Mentis ;
Cur ita diffusum quærens celare pudorem
Eloquii tibi vela paras, pictosque colores ?

Blandifluis verbis arridens ore sereno,
Ægrum dixi animum placido sermone levare ;
Ast iterum tacitæ conversus in intima mentis,
Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
Multùm exploranti frustrà Labor usque recurrit ;
Quæsiui tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
Lux nostri an Caligo animi ; stant lancibus æquis :
Tollitur hæc fursùm, deflectitur illa deorsùm.

Conscia jam demùm Ratio me agnoscere cogit,
Nos bene scire nihil, dum plurima scire videmur.
Heu ! sequimur nubes, & tundimus aëra ; menti
Accumulat

Accumulat curas pacis malefana cupido.
Materiæ finesne datur transcendere Menti ?
Quisve mihi quid sit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat ?
Necquicquam ad cæcos aspirant Lumina tractus,
Quos DEUS æterna jussit caligine volvi :
Scrutator petit usque ; sed effugit usque petitem.
Pars ista exilis, quam nisu addiscimus ægro,
Ulteriora sequi suadet, fallitque sequentem,
Quodque latet, frustra Mens indagare laborat.
Convulsum lacerat Sententia multa cerebrum :
Mutantur mentes ; tamen usque revertitur Error ;
Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.

Quam tenui clausa orbiculo Sapiencia fudat !
Perlustrat terras ; sperat comprehendere cœlum :
Obscuras fessis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
Nunc acri perculsa Diei luce vagatur ;
Latèque expansi supremo à culmine tractûs
Vix, trepidante oculo, vidit eminùs INFINITUM.

Pectore fige memor, sacro ex ardore sciendi,
ADAMO prognate, tuos fluxisse dolores.
Cur vano ulteriùs cursu tibi corda fatigas ?
Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus ;
Dum nisu eluso sudans, vacuoque labore
Expetis ut vitam quæsitâ Scientia pandat ?
Æterno à sacrâ depelleris Arbore fato,
Quam circum ardescunt Gladii, CHERUBESQUE minantur.

VOLUPTAS;



VOLUPTAS:

LIBER SECUNDUS.

I Nunc, disce moras & tædia longa dierum
 Fallere, sollicitæque oblivia ducere Vitæ:
 I facilem jam quære viam, & melioribus usus
 Auspiciis, blandæ felicia dona Salutis
 Gratâ sume manu; Curarum à tramite nigro,
 A vario errorum flexu, quem volvere suadet
 Mens studiosa Boni, vestigia flecte nitentes
 Ad Campos, suavesque locos, quibus itur ad almam
 Lætitiâ, teneros lusus, lentamque quietem;
 Utile securus fugias, ut dulce sequaris:
 Artis opes varias adhibe, sumptusque superbos;
 Et domita Ratione effundat fræna Voluptas.

Hæc mecum——mox, siqua darent solatia Regum
 Divitiæ, effrænisque immensa Superbia Luxus
 Aggredior.——Studia Artificum molesque futuræ
 Excipiunt fessum Curis; jam tecta parabam
 Regia, jamque Hortos; Pisces, Volucresque, Ferasque,
 Quicquid alit Tellus, spatiosa in Claustra recepi.
 Quin nostro peregrina solo viget Arbor, & umbram
 Miratur *Judæa* novam; quâ Sylva virebat,
 Squamigeri ludunt pisces; æquantur opaci

Montes,

Montes, ut major se exporrigat area campo.
 Flumina ducuntur cursus oblita priores,
 Docta novos ; grato seu præcipitata tumultu
 Desuper Unda cadit, five eluctatur in altum
 Sculptile per marmor, vivoque erumpit ab auro.
 Visceribus latè spoliatis, ultima mittit
Africa marmoreas rupes ; jamque ardua Turris
 Attingit cœlos, stant vastâ mole Columnæ
 Suppositæ spisso nemori, & pendentibus hortis.

Instant Artifices operi ; Pariesque nitefcit
 Illusus Calamo, Turrique inducitur Aurum :
 Discolor hîc variis nitet intertexta lapillis
 Area ; substrata hîc folio calcatur Jaspis.
 Ipsa etiam Cedrus, centum quæ viderat Annos
 Vertice sublimi, nemoris Regina, peritam
 Artificis confessa manum, laquearia fingit ;
 At raptos *Lebanus* sylvarum mœret honores.

Mille Fabri coëunt, & eburnam ad fydera turrim
 Mirum opus, educunt : percurrunt pectine telas
 Mille simul Nymphæ, fucataque vellera carpunt,
 Dulce tori thalamique decus ; dum murice rapto
 Non habet ipsa *Tyrus* mentitos unde colores
 Lana bibat : Montesque *Afri*, *Parii*que queruntur
 Marmoris avulsas usque à penetralibus imis
 Radices ; nec jam ulterius sua Saltibus *Indis*
 Bellua jactatur, niveique Superbia dentis.

Jamque aderam immensi cupidis miracula Sumptus
 Percurrens oculis ——— vidi, indoluique videndo.
 Pœnituit moles nimium accelerâsse superbas ;
 Namque Opere extracto fugit ambitiosa Voluptas.

Anxietas infesta novas volitavit ad Ædes,
Et Dolor auratum circà Laqueare pependit.
Quid juvat ah! Thalami Splendor? quid purpura?
grandi

Sæpe toro infomnis membra irrequieta rotabam:
Hæsit adhuc mala Cura, animum comitata fugacem,
Limitis impatiens, & certæ nescia fedis,
Noctes atque dies vexans; lentoque per hortos
Incedens passu, vestigia preffit eunti,
Ambagesque viarum, altofque secuta recessus.

Quin age, pande Sinus: aliis nova gaudia quære
Artibus; explora quid amabile præbeat Auris,
Hærentes si fortè sua dulcedine curas
Musica dispellat; si Carmina blanda dolores
Eripiant Animo. Cecinerunt sæpe Poetæ
Ipsa lyræ cantu mansuescere corda Ferarum;
Hoc suadente, Lupos torvum posuisse furorem
Spumantesque Urfas; ad Carmina stare Leones
Attentos pendente jubâ; Lynceasque stupentes
Irarum oblitos, Citharædi lambere crura.
An tribuit Natura Feris minus aspera Corda?
Nonne etiam nostræ mulcentur carmine Curæ?

Ut dederam mandata, ad partes consona Turba
Quisque suas properat; resonantia temperat Æra
Dulce melos Citharæ: tenuem dat Dorica vocem
Tibia lene sonans; reddit grave buccina murmur;
Et misto raucarum unâ clangore Tubarum
Suaviùs argutos modulatur Fistula cantus.
Mane agiles Numeri lentum excussere Soporem;
Exortum cecinere diem, Solemque recentem:
Et fera optatas cum Nox induxerat umbras,

Suase-

Suaferunt faciles molli dulcedine Somnos :
 Necquicquam : ipsa novo pertentant Carmina luctu
 Ægrum Animum, & tacitis curis fomenta ministrant.
 Lætus quippe Sonus filo leviori resultans
 Ocyus it, summamque fugax prælabitur aurem ;
 Chorda gravis ferit ima animi, mœstumque dolorem
 Incutit, atque altum figit sub pectore vulnus.

Jamque agitans mœstè mecum, quàm languet ocelli
 Imbecilla acies, vidi ; quàm incerta vagatur,
 Utque novas quærit species spernitque paratas
 Instabilis ; piget heu ! piget advertisse, sed aurem
 Adverti miseram simili languescere morbo ;
 Illa etiam inconstans, brevibus satiata sonorum
 Deliciis, fugit auditos, optatque recentes.

Continò Juvenes cultos se adungere lectis
 Virginibus jussi, numerisque aptare Choreas.
 Frustra ! Compositos redeuntisque ordine certo
 Culpabam motus, passosque insana querebar
 Jura pedes : Artem observans Natura magistram
 Imperio indecori paret, turpique laborat
 Servitio ; Indignor tantum potuisse protervi
 Artificis digitos agiles, nervumque sonantem.

Indulsi Cyathis ; rabies mera ; clamor ineptus,
 Vanaque lætitiæ raptim fugientis Imago.
 Credulus ah nimium ! speravi pocula mœstum
 Posse animum lenire, atraque avertere Curas.
 Post Ludos fera jam nocte licentiùs actos
 Incertus Sopor, interruptaque Somnia turbant ;
 Jamque ubi mane novo radiis victricibus alma
 Dispulerat Ratio simulacra fugacia noctis ;
 Quid facere & fari suaferunt pocula, mecum

Volvi animo ; quales & quo de fonte Lepores
 Fluxerunt, reputans. Rifus, Jocus ille, solutos
 Qui movit, læta circum plaudente corona,
 Forfitan Ingenii nugis ab inanibus ortum
 Duxerat, ambiguo lusu, vel imagine falsa,
 Improbulisve lyræ numeris, cantuque protervo,
 Casta quibus metuat violari fordibus auris.
 Forfitan heu ! nimium lepidos movere cachinnos
 Infelix Vitium, incauti levis Error Amici,
 Quæque palàm fari Sapiens & Candidus ultrò
 Parceret, & densa velaret honestius umbra.

Quinetiam infidis Cyathis conferta malorum
 Agmina cæca latent ; hinc linguæ effusa Venena
 Præcipitis, vanis nunquam revocanda querelis.
 Sæpius incauto pronum devolvier ore
 Responsum torquetur atrox, spargitque vicissim
 Infanas lites, alienaque jurgia Siccis.

Adde etiam exhaustas vini quòd largior usus
 Sanguinis attenuat vires, carpitque Salutem.

Ah ! miserum ! rabies quem cæca atri que dolores
 Diversis hinc inde malis involvere certant !
 Heu ! sperat Curarum haurire obliviam ; nescit
 Intereà sævo confidere funditùs haustu
 Morborum omne genus ; lentæ intolerabile pondus
 Desidiæ, Errores Animi, Cerebrique natantis
 Somnia, quæ passu sequitur mors tarda silenti :
 Nec videt innexis circum cratera corollis
 Lethiferosque Angues, atraque latere Colubras.

Ecquid inexpertum restat, quod pectoris ægri
 Mulceat insanos æstus, Curasque resolvat ?
 Restat Amor : propera, salientibus imbibe venis

Spem lætam, blandosque accende Cupidinis ignes;
Hanc tandem extremam ne parce adhibere medelam
Liberiore animo, totasque exquirere vires.

Quis malus hic languor? vel quæ tam fera moratur
Segnities? rapienda Animus cur gaudia differt?
Quin agite ô fidi citius properate ministri,
Lætitiæque alacres optata adducite dona.
Omnis Amicarum cœtus Sponsæque frequentes
Indutæ nitidos, celebrent convivia, cultus;
Quas plaga nostra tulit, quas extera regna, volentum
Munera seu Regum fuerint, seu præmia Martis.
Ordine quæque suo nostri studiosa favoris
Prodeat, & meritam referet Pulcherrima palmam.

Hæc ubi dicta, onerant mensas, cyathosque coronant;
Unà omnes studiis que favent, fremituque secundo:
Nec mora, progreditur Nympharum splendidus Ordo:
Ante alias Una arripuit tenuitque morantes
Ardentesque oculos: memori quàm pectore servo
Semina nascentis flammæ, dulcesque dolorum
Primitias! Virgo plenis jam nubilis annis,
Gentis erat *Phariæ*: quæ læti gratia vultûs
Spirabat! quæ forma! ut mollia membra movebat,
Incessu facili gressus ornata decoros!
Pectore candenti teretes tumuere papillæ,
Nec Zona cohibente: fluebat nigra soluto
Cæsaries nodo, multoque errabat in orbe
Per nitidos diffusa humeros & lactea Colla.

Ore avido intuitus Nympham, placidoque beatus
Vulnere, adeste (inquam) nascentem augete Sodales
Lætitiâ, mollique toro properate recentes
Accumulare rosas, dum prodiga veris odori

Copia deficiat ; lasciva in tempora Myrrhæ
 Lacrymulas suavemque Electri fundite rorem,
 Fundite opes *Arabum* varias : date carmen amicum,
 Et pulsate lyram fidibusque adjuncta canoris
 Tympana ; Tuque ades, ô formæ pulcherrima Virgo,
 Tu, cujus rosea ora & clari fulgur ocelli
 Delicias spirant, toto quas pectore Princeps
 Exoptat : palmam referas, atque annue votis.
 O Virgo ante alias, quam regius ardet Amator,
 Eum qui sceptrâ quatit metuenda per orbem !

Sic fatus, Solioque simul delapsus ab aureo,
 Passu humili accedens, oblatis pignus amoris
 Tendebam supplex ; altæque Insignia Frontis
 Exutus, Nymphæ crines ornare parabam,
 Sollicito prodens ardentia pectora vultu.
 O Virgo dilecta (iterumque iterumque rogabam)
 Indue, quam merita es, palmam, & spectanda decoræ
 Præmia frontis habe ; Sociis prælata puellis
 Splendebis ; Sociæ peragent tua jussa puellæ.
 Surge age, deliciæ ; sequere ô mea sola voluptas !

Protinus heu ! quantus dolor ingruit ! ut furor ardens
 Invasit sensus, & perculit intima cordis ;
 Cum fertum abjecit Virgo, fastuque modesto
 Tristior, avertens candentia colla, refugit !

Luçantem jussit celare Superbia curam ;
 Ægrum animum queror, & somni Solatia posco :
 Mox Epulas medias dejectâ fronte reliqui
 Sollicitus ; fidæque dedi mandata Cohorti,
 Qui servant nostras veteri de more puellas,
 Ut ducant Nympham thalami in secreta, torisque
 Ornatis Dominum instantem sperare juberent.

Anxius

Anxius atque moræ impatiens (Amor Iraque mentem
Præcipitant) Nympham sequor indefessus iniquam ;
Accessi donisque petens precibusque fatigans,
Imbellesque iterum gemitus & mollia vota
Turpiter effudi ; querulo jam murmure supplex,
Elatâ mox voce minans : neglectaque dona
Ante pedes iterum posui ; seu mallet Amoris
Cedere deliciis, seu certæ occumbere morti.

Illa sed invictas aures inimica tenebat ;
Et paulum avertens, irâ mistoque dolore,
Occupat, Hic ille est SOLOMON ? totumque per orbem
Hæc memorata adeo magni Sapientia Regis ?

Te coram hoc imbellem vides horrescere corpus ;
Id Fortuna potest ; nescit mens libera frangi ;
Victorisque minas & inania vincula temnit.

Te Fama est, Vatum Princeps, Te posse Deorum
Abdita, naturamque Hominum, moresque Ferarum
Pandere ; Te docto sermone exponere cæci
Ut turbant animum affectus, utque arbitra fluctus
Componit Ratio ; arrectæque edicere turbæ
Quo veniant de fonte & Amara & Dulcia Vitæ :
Grande Tibi Imperium efferri, mundique capacem
Latiùs expatiari animum ; Teque optima lætos
Per populos dare jura. Ubi nunc celebrata potentis
Vis animi, dubiisque sagax Prudentia rebus ?
Heus ubi nunc, Judex Populi venerande, vagatur ?
Quid tibi mens agitat ? quid jam meditaris ? Amorem ?
Res Amor incerta est : hac unâ ab origine luctus
Gaudiaque exundant ; varios hinc Vita colores
Induitur ; tristisque dies vel candidus ibit,
Explicat ut facilis vel contrahit ora Cupido.

Ille

Ille pius sanctusque excelsi DAVIDIS Hæres
 Ancillam, Ignotamque, & sacra aliena colentem,
 Ad summi veneranda Tori fastigia ducet ?
 Aut concede tuâ periisse hæc nomina flammâ,
 Atque instar lethi discrimina tollere Amorem ;
 Dum tamen indomitas misero sub pectore vires
 Exercet, Tu sola Deum per vulnera sentis ;
 Sæviet implacatus adhuc ; frontem usque severam
 Contrahet, atra mei nisi vincant nubila Ritus.

Sponte sua surgens Amor, ut radicibus Arbos
 Partitis, gemino vires de pectore ducit,
 Æqua utrinque alimenta trahens ; dum pectora flammæ
 Utraque dant similes, & mutua gaudia miscent.
 Donec Spes foveat jucunda & læta Voluptas,
 Germina se expandunt viridantia, prodiga multis
 Floribus, & circum suaves funduntur odores.
 Pabula fin blanda hæc desint, hic mutuus ardor
 Deficiat ; languet collapsa vertice Planta,
 Nudaque Spe, lento confecta dolore, recumbit.

Vi sævâ vinc'lisque immitia corda ferarum
 Vincimus : expugnant Humanum Mollia pectus.
 Nil profecturas age fortiter exere vires,
 Irâ animum satians ; nec inania gaudia speres
 Virgine ab invitâ ; spolies licet invidus arva,
 Non messem referes optatam. En ! aspice regni
 Quam tibi sint arcti fines : Te torva tuentem
 Judæi metuant, patriâque superbus in Aulâ
 Se jactet SOLOMON : sed lætâ fronte petendus
 Mollis Amor ; folium lentis accede verendum
 Passibus ; utque abeas felix, assuesce placere.

Nil

Nil tamen hîc artes poterunt præstare placendi :
 Est mihi, qui dudùm sibi me devinxit ; amores
 Abstulit Ille meos : nec Jussa minæque feroces
 Abrumpent fœdus, patriis quod carus in oris
 Mecum iniit Juvenis : junxit data dextra vicissim
 Concordes ; neque vana animos fiducia fallet.
 Ad superas arces se mutua vota ferebant,
 Cælituumque Cohors libratam utrinque bilanci
 Spectavere fidem, lætùm plaudentibus alis,
 Fœderaque æternis servârunt condita fastis.

Quin age, jam gladius præcordia transeat ; aufer
 His oculis dudùm contemptæ munera lucis :
 Me moriente tui malefanos pectoris ignes
 Extinguas, sævæque odium immutabile Nymphæ ;
 Sanguis enim errantes animato in corpore venas
 Dum movet, extremusque regit mihi spiritus artus,
 (Obtestor metuenda *Ægypti* Numina) sævis
 Te sequar usque odiis ; Tu spe languebis ademptâ.

Quin ferias, inquit ; nudumque ad vulnera pectus
 Exposuit : memoretur in ultima sæcula fastis
 Judaicis, Stimulante libidine, *DAVIDE* natum
 Sanguineâ jugulâsse manu, sua gaudia, servam.

Mox lecto exiliens, trepidus victusque pudore,
 Sic mecum : heu ! nimio languescens pectora luxu,
 Exere te, *SOLOMON*, lapsamque recollige mentem ;
 Tecum agita, & taciti nascentur sponde dolores.
 Per longam annorum seriem cum vana voluptas
 Spes avidas umbra duxit fugiente, (superbum
 Sic Fortuna animum illudit) quod pectore toto
 Optavi impatiens, habet improba Nympha, negatque.
 Ergone me Regem *Judæi*, mene fatentur

Gentes ?

Gentes ? & mea vox trepidantia flamina vitæ
 Conservat dirimitque, ancillam corpore flexo
 Dum veneror, ridetque meas Virguncula vires ?

An rapiam invitam ? fugiat tam turpis Imago !
 Hoc prono pecori Me æquaverit. — Anne remittam ?
 O ! quas ad terras, atque hei mihi, cujus in ulnas ?
 Illuc quæ SOLOMON nunquam vestigia figet ;
 Brachia quæ Juvenis ferventia pandet amatus,
 Cui fervans decus Illa suum, munera spernit.

Improbe Amor, quales misero de corde triumphos
 Sævus agis ! quam triste jugum ! quam cuspis iniqua !
 Illæsus vivit, qui fræna audire recusat ;
 Et lacerant fidos asperrima vulnera servos.

En ! Tibi *Judææ* Princeps dat colla ; quid optes
 Nobilius ? spolia unde magis memoranda reportes ?
 Cur Nympha usque adeo sævam intractabilis aurem
 Obstruit oranti, neque regia vota moratur ?
 Nescio quem vilem populi de fæce Bubulcum
 Cur petit, ardentesque amplexus DAVIDE nati
 Contemnit ? demens, quæ Principis atria spernat,
 Quæ pompam inter, opesque effusaque gaudia lætus
 Regnat Amor. Casa nimirum, Casa sordida, summo
 Monte tremens, ventis sævoque obnoxia cœlo,
 Avocat ; hîc vivos compescet pectoris ignes
 Res angusta domi, veneremque extinguet egestas.

Ah nimis ! imperium viresque fatentur Amoris
 Sollicitæ Gentes, fanis quæ numen adorant :
 Gnara Dei vultus vivo de marmore ducit
Græcia, vel fuso spirantem ostendit in auro ;
 Quem *Cyprus* colit, atque aris imponit honorem.

Arcum

Arcum dextra minax gestat, lævoque pharetra
Ex humero latus ad medium demissa, sagittas
Sustinet, immitis lacrymosa Insignia regni.
Infidet ala duplex humeris, quas Ille fugaces
Jam movet accelerans; reduces mox flectere gaudet;
Huc, illuc, utcunque animum regit aura protervum.
Sic mihi, sic sese Deus obtulit improbus, ex quo
Jam primùm visâ concepi Virgine flammæ.
Transfixit pectus, celerique avertitur alâ;
Dira hominum pestis! pereant, precor, aspera tela,
Quæ fixere meo tantum sub pectore vulnus!
O! utinam mea vota fugam tardare valerent!
Lassatus trepides, pennâ languenti moreris,
Ni cursum huc teneas, versamq; reducere Nympham
Approperes, ægro meditans solatia Regi.

Dum luctantem animam premerent hæc vincula,
Nymphæ
Heu! frustrâ cupidam, meditantem obliviam frustrâ;
Hinc Ratio admonuit, sed fortiùs institit illinc
Sævus Amor: fluitante animo, mutabar in horas.
Curarum indomitus cum tandem involveret Æstus
Spe nudum, vici cedendo obstantia Fata.
Longa Dies curas paulatim absterfit eundo,
Collectasque iterum Sapientia duxit habenas.

At brevia heu! longos abrumpunt otia luctus;
Tarda venit requies; celeri pede Cura recurrit.
Altera mox Virgo (sic invida fata volebant
Pascere idem in venis aliâ sub imagine vulnus)
Altera formosas Virgo comitata cohortes,
Quas inter vacuas fallebam suaviter horas,
Ante alias semper sese obtulit impigra, Jussa
Præveniens, motusque oculi servabat herilis;

Abra

Abra (hoc nomen erat) comes adstitit usque parato
Obsequio ; prima accessit, postrema reliquit.

Abra animo vigili prævertit verba vocantis,
Et quamvis aliam accirem, tamen adfuit *Abra*.

Sollicito ardentem studio videre puellam
Jamdudum æquales: risum officiosa movebat
Sedulitas ; me verò haudquaquam infueta videntem
Impatiens labor iste operosaque Cura latebat.
Dum tandem admonuit Fama, insolitosque ministræ
Ipse etiam sensi fervere conscius ignes.

Cum Sol occiduum pronus jam sparserat ignem,
Tranquillâ sub nocte negotia longa diei
Diluere, atque animo volui dare fessus habenas,
Fæmineis secreta fovens convivia tectis.
Accumbens purgare manus lustralibus undis
(Sic veneranda jubent legum mandata) parabam.
Abra suas tum fortè vices fortita, recentem
Rite dabat lympham & dulces miscebat odores.

Mox humiles demissa genas & supplice passu
Lenta aderat Virgo, pronoque in vertice dulces
Infundens latices, trepidabat corpore toto.
Jamque meos inhians vultus ardensque tuendo,
Conscia mox oculos raptim revocabat, & imo
Necquicquam obluētans suspiria corde trahebat.
Unde, inquam, innocuæ veniant tibi, Nympha, dolores?
Curarum vanâ cur ludis imagine ? Vitæ
Secreto sic calle latens, Tu pectoris æstus
Nostin' ? Tu curasque & gaudia, spesque metusque ?
Nimirum tuto sub pectore, blandula Virgo,
Cor tibi molle latet, Veneris neque palpitat ictu.

Erubuit,

Erubuit, linguâ titubante locuta ; Pudorque
Ornavit fractam vocem & trepidantia verba.

Supplicis ancillæ series miseranda dolorum
Si fortè attentas intrabit Principis aures,
Ah ! ne, dum referat, vultum indue, quo trepidantes
Per populos das jura ; Superciliique minacis
Absint horrentes rugæ, frontisque verenda
Majestas ; & amica exporrige mitiùs ora.

Est mandare Tuum ; mihi Jussa capeffere fas est :
Et quanquam ah ! renovem crudelia vulnera fando ;
Si modò Tu facilem vultum præbere querenti
Digneris, luctus si Rex miseretur obortos,
Perfruar his lacrymis & fundam fræna dolori.

Te, Tellus, & Vos, ô conscia sydera, testor,
Celari neque enim fas est ; incendor amore :
Si fit amor, venis effrænem agitare furorem,
Et sine Spe miserum nutrire in pectore vulnus.

Magne Parens, animas hominum qui numine torques
Occulto, varioque doces se flectere motu ;
Cur blanda avertens morbo medicamina, tantis
Abjungis spatiis causam finemque dolorum ?
Ille, meo sævos qui pectore suscitât ignes,
Splendentique oculo neglectam heu ! perculit Abram ;
Obscurâ si stirpe fatus, si Patre Bubulco
Vixisset Custosve boum, pecorisve magister ;
Manè comes summos superâram sedula montes,
Ardentesque æstus temnens, brumamque rigentem ;
Usque rogans, mediam quâ falleret arbore lucem.
Ille ubi nocte domum speratus venerat hospes,
Condideram dulci convivium inempta labore ;
Anxia & impatiens, humilis de culmine tecti,

Obvia venturo misissem ardentia longè
Lumina per campos; trepida inter spemque metumque,
Gaudia dum secum ferret rediviva, canisque
Blandulus adventum Domini monstraret amati.
Illum Ego, cervici teneræ nudisque papillis
Acclinem, dulces suassem carpere somnos:
Et capite à molli, Phœbi redeuntis ad ortum,
Sollicita elapsum subducere lene lacertum,
Exieram, fœtus stabulo missura coactos,
Et Pecori blanda, & Pastoris amica quieti.

Sin vultu meliore Deus, flammæque benignus,
(Nec mihi vana fides tam puram in pectora flammam
Cœlitus immitti) natalem ornaverat horam
Splendore imperii & Proavorum Stemmata longo,
Cor impunè altum se evexerat, & mea vota
Spirâram faciles dilecti in Principis aures.

Sic nata, attigeram has terras prior ipsa *Sabæâ*
Principe, spectandum Formâ magis omnibus unum
Lustratura Virum; molles avidâ aure Poetæ
Exceptura sonos & ab ore fluentia mella.
Libassem simul à roseis redolentia labris
Oscula, quæ dulces vicissent thuris odores.
Ut vultus atque ora Viri laudare juvâset
Singulaque eximiæ miracula pingeræ formæ!
Quam radii mites oculorum? solis ad instar,
Pura repercussos ignes cum temperat unda!
Quam rubet aureus ora; sinumque argenteus albet!
Flexibus intorti placidis nigredine crines
Cornicis plumam exsuperant; certare labellis
Coccineus metuat rubor, Hesperiumque corallum.
Ut dentes nitido stant ordine, more coævi
Jam tonfi Gregis, emerisque à flumine vivo,
Candida in aprico ficcantis vellera saxo!

Sapphiris ut siquis ebur rutilantibus ornet,
 Vena super niveam turgescentis cæcula dextram
 Effulget. Quas Crura ostentant fortia vires,
 Quamque decora nitent, Parias imitata Columnas!
 Ut toto attollit se corpore! surgit in auras
 Palmæ instar, pinuque caput sublimior effert.
 Suavè crocum redolent Vestes Myrrhamque fluentem,
 Et caput ambrosii circum jactantur odores.
 Quid loquor aut ubi sum? heu! infelix, inscia Virgo!
 Quin morere ô! morere *Abra*; eheu nimis ausa fateri
 Quam Tibi Cor ardens aspirat Principis alto
 Misceri amplexu, ferisque beare nepotes;
 Plaudente ut populo Te illustret regia Proles,
 Felicemque novis jactes SOLOMONIBUS alvum.

Hic lacrymis lingua interrupta filescit obortis;
 Curarum ô tristis series! malesana Puella!
 Cor mihi, multa dolens nuper, nova spicula temnit;
 In me frustrâ alii meditentur vulnus ocelli.
 Hei mihi! adhuc altè cruciatis sensibus hæret
 Hærebitque diu vetus atque horrenda Cicatrix,
 Et *Pharium* vinc' lum spretique injuria voti.

Quum penitus (dixi) poterit volventibus annis
 Principis opprobrii vanescere tristis Imago;
 Alta iterum in summâ Ratio dominabitur arce,
 Atque iterum SOLOMON lapsos revocabit honores,
 Luferit Affectus, seu Marte subegerit Hostis,
 Cautior intendat totos Sapientia nervos,
 Servatâque semel metuatur virtute relabi,

Albra sed interea——quæsitâ accedere ad ora
 Sæpius indulgi; nam sic Clementia suavit
 Ancillæ miseros paulum lenire dolores.
 Verus Amor vultuque animoque ardente patebat;

Tangimur & veros ultrò miseresчимus ignes.
 Assiduam blandâ spectavi fronte ministram ;
 Et semper studiosam accedere, sæpe vocavi.
 Inque dies jam Nympha magis dilecta magisque
 Paulatim in venas tacitum insinuavit amorem.

Sera ubi fæmineis agerem convivia tectis,
 (Jam tum sola dedi leviuscula tempora Nymphæ)
 Illius à dextrâ pomorum gratia major,
 Illius à dextrâ meliùs sapuere Placentæ.
 Sed pomis decessit odor, dulcedo placentis,
 Constructas nisi blanda epulas ornaverat *Abra* :
 Necquicquam vinum rutilanti ardebat in auro,
 Ridentem nisi blanda admoverat *Abra* liquorem.
 Carmina miscerent cum vespertina Puellæ
 Æquantes parili citharæ modulamina cantu ;
 Languidiùs Vox illa, argutiùs illa sonabat,
 Altera inops artis, nimis altera prodiga visa est ;
 Nec placuere mihi numeri, nisi funderet *Abra*
 Sola melos : Sociis prælata, insignior ibat ;
 Nec tenuis nitidos comitata est gloria cultus.
 Arctiùs ut crines cohibebat splendida Vitta,
 Pulcrior emicuit contractæ gratia frontis ;
 Utque tumescebant nive candidiora, Pyropi
 Pectora vicini commendavere rubores :
 Baccatæ armillæ teretes auxere lacertos,
 Et varii varium decus incendere lapilli.
 Quin magis ut placuit, magis hinc studiosa placendi
 Grator effulsit radiantis conscia formæ.

Jam tandem veteris repetita opprobria flammæ
 Respicere à tergo poteram & culpata fateri :
 Saucia corda libet paulum lenire vicissim,
 Conceptosque fovere astris melioribus ignes.
 Quid (dixi) ferat *Abra* mali ? quæ causa timoris ?

Tam tenera insultare potest ? tam blandula lædet ?
 Unquamne ambivit quidquam nisi posse placere ?
 Deliciis fruar illæsus, facilemque recessum
 Inveniam ; sine fraude animum solabitur *Abra*,
 Et Pax alma semel comitem sese addet amori.

Magne Deus, quam cæcus Homo est ! quam fortis
 iniquæ

Ludibrium infelix ; laqueos sibi tendere natus !
 Viribus heu ! nostris nimium confidimus ; hostis
 Nec fatis insidias adversaque tela cavemus :
 Altiùs inflatas ventosa superbia mentes
 Attollit, vanoque incendit amore placendi.
 Summa Voluptatis temerè per labra vagamur,
 Dum revocare licet vestigia : nulla peric'li
 Securos terret facies ; frænisque remissis
 Nos ubicunque rapi ventis præbemus & undæ.
 Florifero deinde in prato aut viridante sub umbrâ
 Lascivè fusi languentia membra, repletos
 Inter Crateras, varièque nitentia ferta,
 Æquora ridentes volvi propiora videmus :
 Dum tandem erumpens violentior ingruit Æstus,
 Turbidus immiscet terramque & Sydera nimbus ;
 Præcipitesque per Oceani spatia ampla rotati
 Vexamur fero malè credula corda dolore :
 Se circum capita agglomerant pereuntia fluctus,
 Mærentique oculo tellus contracta recedit.

O latè dominator Amor ! tua sceptrâ latentem
 Quà tutum exquiret Pectus mortale recessum ?
 Quas paret Ingenium oppositas tot fraudibus artes ?
 Quæ varias aperire potest Sapientia formas
 Infidiis vestris ritè inservire paratas,
 Cum miseros sævo meditaris perdere ludo ?

Nympha superba hodie, jactans se, pulcra nocendi
 Arma palam induitur, belloque laceffit inermes :
 Elato vultu incessuque patet Dea : stat mens
 Inconcussa, ferox, erectaque casibus, audet
 Spernere terrena, & fati ridere furorem.

Interea scuto præcordia septa virili
 Claudentes, dum non inhonesta Superbia munit ;
 Ducimur egregiæ laudis muliebria Gesta
 Mirari, nostræ virtutis imagine capti.
 Quæ placuisse potest, facili dulcedine vincet ;
 Quos hodie incendit, cras sub juga mittet amantes.
 Vitra oculis Ratio prætendere fida videtur ;
 Quàm fallax ! Formæ quàm incerta resultat Imago !
 Mirantes animum, & perculsi luminis igne,
 Dum Nymphæ canimus laudes, speramus amores.

Improbe Amor, Nymphæ cras altera tela ministras,
 Mœrorem effusum & passos sine lege capillos :
 Voce querens humili ducit miserabili carmen,
 Hærentisque vicem supplent Suspiria linguæ.
 Concipit hinc generosa incendia pectus honestum ;
 Tollimus afflictam sustentamusque jacentem :
 Dumque animo facili properamus molle levamen,
 Et lenit miserum Pietas humana dolorem ;
 Curarum interea nobis contagia furtim
 Obrepunt, similique jubent languescere luctu ;
 Cingimus ah ! fero munimine ductile pectus,
 Cedere lacrymulæ gemituque liquefcere pronum.

Intimus hic, quo nec propior neque sævior alter,
 Quâ fraude elusus, quâ vi turbabitur Hostis ?
 Unde tibi auxilium, fragilis Natura, ciebis,
 Nunc facili ingenio, nimio nunc prodita fastu ?
 An licet externam sperare aliunde medelam,

Cum

Cum Pectus fallax internum admiserit hostem ?
 Ille intus domitam Rationem illudere gaudet,
 Palantisque Ducis cæcus vestigia flectit.

Jamque animæ victrix peramabilis *Abra* catenis
 Colla mihi captiva coërcuit ; Illa repletum
 Possedit mihi cor, Illa unica ; Spesque voluptasque
 Omnis in Illâ affixa pependit : ut abfuit Illa,
 Multa moram incusans gemitus lugubrè profudi ;
 Ocyus Illa redux gemitus luctusque fugavit :
 Nox orta est, abeunte ; Dies, veniente, refulsit.

Ordine Conventus, Scænæ, ludique sequuntur
 Larvati : facit Illa melos, facit illa choreas :
 Tot formas habitusque novos induta nitescit,
 Fingere quot nôrit vario mens prodiga luxu.

In campo dominata hodiè sub tegmine palmæ
 Vestra arma & vestros sibi, *Debora*, sumit amictus ;
 Victricique sedet frontem circumdata lauro :
 Ipse instar *Baraci* vestigia pronus adoro :
 Turba illi fictos canit obsequiosa triumphos,
 Illam effert clademque Hosti Patriæque columnam.

Cras mitem induitur faciem moresque serenos,
 Splendenti Martis pompâ & terrore relictis ;
 Molliùs incedens Mulier jam rustica, Villâ
 Egreditur, Regemque adducto munere visit.
 Depositis Agmen juvenile micantibus armis
 Collatum certant cantando rependere munus ;
 Dum feror incessu spectabilis ipse paterno
 Reginam insigni dignatus honore futuram.

Jam fortasse *Abraë* si mens vaga gestiat ire
 Latiùs in sylvas, cervosque agitare fugaces ;

Sole recens orto, cita se delecta Juventus
 Corripit è somnis, properatque ad lustra ferarum.
 Majestate humili cinctus pompâque minori
 Rex vester, *Solyma*, adventantem inglorius *Abram*
 Expectat. Prodit jam tandem: corpore purus
 Partim *Arabum* partim *Persarum* è semine natus
 Vectat Equus. Tunicâ lascivam undante per auram,
 (*Sidonice* quo more solent *Thressæ*que Puellæ)
 Docta genu medium mediumque exponere pectus,
 Consultò neglecta, palàm spectantibus offert.
 Venatoris Equi lævâ torquentur habenæ,
 Dum tremit in dextrâ minitanti argenteus arcus:
 Aureâque ex pharetrâ (lateri quæ affixa pependit)
 Nigrantes plumam ostentant crepitantque sagittæ.
 Fronte altâ, Sapphiri adamantibus intertextis
 Crescentem nitido referunt curvamine Lunam.
 Sylvarum Dominæ nitet *Abra* simillima; vultus,
 Incessum, vocemque agnoscimus: ipsa *DIANA*,
 Ipsa Dea est; digno veneramur honore, Deæque
 Ponimus ante pedes quicquid captavimus agris.
 Vocali insignem Chorus accinit ore *DIANAM*;
 Altiùs & lituorum unâ clangorque tubarum
 Divinas effert laudes: pulsare triumphi
 Oppositos Colles: Colles iterare triumphos.

Cras si fortè animus peragrati tædia Saltûs
 Lenire ad vitreas piscosi fluminis undas
 Suaferit; extemplò artifices se mille labori
 Addunt, & Regis certatim Jussû capeffunt.
 Littore in irriguo multis cumulantur in altum
 Arboribus Tabulata, & mobilis Insula surgit.
 In medio, Carrus solido stat fulgidus auro,
 Cui visi gemere argentei sub ponderi Cycni.
Abra Dea insignis folio sedet alta corusco,
Argolicæ *VENERIS* vultus induta decoros.

Circumfusa latus Ponti Gens humida, amoris
 Egregias celebrant dulci modulamine laudes.
 Dum magni intereà Spectac'li pompa propinquat,
 Et VENEREM lætæ clamant instare Catervæ;
 Cultor Ego heu! nimium supplex in margine terræ
 Extremo, fervens avidâ spe brachia tendo
 Excipere impatiens surgentem è gurgite Divam.

O Ratio subiecta jacens! ô sæve Cupido!
 Quò tamen ulterius mea se Dementia ferret?
 Satne erit, ut Nympham summa ad fastigia ducam
 Intra ædes clausas vel amica silentia Villæ:
 Aut ficti ut vultus mutataque nomina magno
 Dedecori obducant blandam caliginis umbram?
 Quin omni potiùs *Solimæ* spectante coronâ
 Prodeat in lucem jactata infamia Regis:
 Solennis dapibus Mensis datur; hospitioque
 Collectam gentem communiter excipit *Abra*.
 Utque dies omnis pleno celebretur honore,
 Huc varios mittunt foetus Sylvæque Lacusque,
 Huc *Arabum* & Deserta *Ægypti*; huc fertur Edule
 Quodcunque est: vix ipse fugit convivia *Phœnix*.
 Commistis citharisque Viri cantuque Puellæ
 Dulce sonant *Abra* decus & mea gaudia: servi
 Quinetiam Vates præconia sordida fingunt,
 Et celebrant nostros numeris mendacibus ignes.
 Mox quoque Nupta dapes me deducente relinquens,
 Quam vulgi ex oculis prudens retineret Amator,
 Se jactat spectatam omni notamque popello
 Participem Solii pariter Cordisque magistram.

Huc coeunt variâ *Judææ* ex parte frequentes,
 Agmen Adulantum, quos *Abra* adduxit: honorum
 Hi mercaturas agitant; hi munera donant,
 Multa nec immodicis par est provincia votis.

Scilicet his primùm monstrantibus *Abra* nocendi
 Edidicit varias artes ; orare, filere,
 Atque leves summis adjungere rebus amores :
 Imperiumque suum certis firmare peritè
 Legibus, & dulci exitio mea fallere Corda.
 Hinc etiam acceptum, miserum mihi tradidit Illa
 Consilium, Regum esse animis obducere vela :
 Et mala fucato celantes pectora vultu
 Assiduos agitare dolos ; dumque Hostibus almi
 Obsequio arrident blando, contemnere Amicos.
 Mox Ego præsidia imperii certissima sperno
 BARZILLÆ magni sobolem, atrocisque BENAIÆ
 Progeniem egregiam ; quorum subiere Parentes
Davideas curas, juveni sua gaudia Regi
 Testantes, Sceptro cum jam donatus ad *Hebrum*
 Fulgeret, Virtute illorum & Vulnere clarus.
 Ocyùs (ah triste auspiciùm !) cumulantur honore,
 Quos mihi reddiderat dementia nostra timendos,
 Mordacis *Shimeique* genus, *Coræque* propago ;
 Qui turpes facilem experti sunt DAVIDA, quanquam
 Calcassent leges, Regique indigna tulissent.

Crescit adhuc amor infelix, opprobria Regis
 Neglecti crescunt : subvertens fasque nefasque
 Fœmina dux rerum, fixit decreta refixitque,
 Et Nymphæ instabiles flexit vox unica leges.

Oblitus Patriæ solâque moratus in *Abra*
 Factaque Conceptusque Illi Vitamque dicabam :
 Non potui læso Rationem opponere cordi ;
Abra ibi se dominam asseruit, pars optima nostri.
 Quòd si jam nostrum steterat Lis ante tribunal
 Inclyta, quâ tantos miræ virtutis honores
 Accepi Juvenis : Simulatæ lingua parentis
 Fuderat illecebras frustrà, blandamque loquelam ;

Frustrà

Frustrà etiam Veræ trepidantia viscera matris
Impulerant Pietas ardens innataque Cura ;
Utrique elusæ fatum decreverat *Abra*
Ore potens placido fervare & perdere torvo.

Sceptra rudis moderari, amplexus vinc'la, jacebam
Exanimus Princeps & magni nominis umbra.
Pupillis miseris questus funduntur inanes,
Nec tangunt nostram Viduæ suspiria mentem;
Neglectæ lites pendent infamè ; supino
Opprobrium injiciunt Domino cessantia Jura.
Nec jam ultrà coiere Senes, ut regia Dicta
Audirent, suaque in melius præcepta referrent ;
Nec jam Magnatum Pueri didicere, MOYSIS
Quid leges potuere, quid inclyta DAVIDIS Arma.
Discinctæ luxu Turmæ oblitæque laborum
Non intermisso traxerunt otia ludo.
Quin nudæ tectis in publica commoda turres
Eductæ steterunt ; oneravit machina muros
Nutantes immanè——
Expectant mediæ fastigia summa columnæ,
Et pendent infecta rudi laquearia vultu :
Artifices languent, tristesque abrupta queruntur
Mænia : Spes Patriæ, legata à DAVIDE, Sedes
Magni sacra Dei moles jacet imperfecta.

Plorabant taciti, quorum maturior ætas,
Errantem Regem & fluxi infortunia regni.
Hiccine (dicebant Graviores) Hiccine, cui mens
Altior omnigenas iit indefessa per artes ;
Cui fixit dubios miranda Scientia fines
Virtutis Vitiique : deserto cujus ab ore
Plurima quæ fluxit Sapiencia, tradita fidis
Spirat adhuc chartis ; Patrumque in frontibus hæret
Præceptis teneros informatura Minores,

Atque insigne fenum pariter Decus? Ergone nescit
 Effrænem *Sapiens* cohibere cupidinis æstum?
 Ille quid admonuit? quid nos advertimus aures?
 Moribus ipsa facem præfert Doctrina pudendis,
 Et quo plura sciat, culpâ graviore laborat.

Turba faceta magis, leviori scommate, (fertis
 Ut vincti roseis genio indulgere) vicissim
 Hauserunt calices, pretium quibus arrogat *Abræ*
 Formosæ Nomen, cui cederet ardua Regis
 Gloria *Judæi*: Pars laudavere jocosè,
 Tam bene quem Luxus cum Majestate deceret:
 Advertere alii quantum pugnaret Amori
 Consilium; factisque meis mea dicta refellunt.
 Rex vivat tamen, (hic inquit) regnoque fruatur:
 Quem memoras Regem? (Alter ait;) neque enim amplius
 audit

Rex SOLOMON; patriæ dudum immemor Ille sui que
 Servit amans *Abræ*: quid nostrum pejus uterque
 Patraret? nobis fluat ordine Vita soluto,
 Si sic, quæis animo melior sententia, peccant.
Dina premat vario lascivos flore capillos;
 Aut lepidum meditata melos, trepidantia pulset
 Fila lyræ: dulces mellis sine acumine succos
 Libemus vacui, nec vi nec lege coacti.
 Dulcis amat volitare inter leviora Voluptas;
 Seria deducunt animun & mœrore fatigant.
 Audiat egregius Veri Rectique Magister
 Hæc mea Dicta, suis meritò ascribenda libellis.

Sentimus lugubrè tui mala verbera Sceptri
 O Ratio, exerces trepido quæ pectore dura
 Imperia! ut gaudes sævas imponere leges,
 Si, sapere ut possim, penitus linquenda Voluptas,
 Majoresque premant meditantem plura dolores:
Judææ misero Regi si gaudia Vitæ

Deliciasque

Deliciasque adimas, ut Principe digna sequatur;
Et Curâ paulum mutatâ, vincula Amoris
Exutum Tu compescas graviore catenâ!

Tene autem Dominam fateor legumque tuarum
Sævitiâ queror immitem fascesque potentes;
Cum sis interea nihil heu! nisi nomen inane;
Quot Capita vivunt, totidem variata figuris
Diversis, Soboles deliri vana cerebri,
Mendaces formas, fluxosque induta colores?
Scilicet ingentis tituli levis umbra! Catena,
Quâ sese alternis Hominum genus acre coërcent,
Quam primum finxere Vafri, Timidique fatentur.

Sis tamen invisum nomen seu vera potestas,
Te quacunque libet deducere origine, vires
Agnosco, sævâ præcordia cuspide fixus.
Te sensere intus luctantia pectora, Fatis
Decretam dare jura, & debita sceptrâ tenentem.
Cedo equidem; supplex edicta superba faceßam;
Unica erit merces Virtus sibi: Cedo, rebellis
Judæa! infelix à nostrâ mente Puella
Exulet æternum: Hoc plebi turbæque remitto.
Corde ægro dulcis Furor extorquebitur; *Abraë*
Vincula nec patiar, populo fervire paratus;
Seque anima imbellis forti submittet iniquæ:
Pro dolor! audebo miser esse viriliter, ut Rex
Incedam, multâque in Majestate gemiscam.

Hæc dixi, immodico certus me involvere luctu
Altiùs, ut foret una quies Spes nulla quietis.
Mandavi chartis, timui quæ dicere, amatae,
Linguendæ tamen æternum, portanda puellæ.
Exposuit multis verborum ambagibus atrox
Littera, Majestas quantum pugnaret Amori:

Addidit,

Desidiâ languens penitùs luxuque solutus,
 Noctem epulis ludisque, & somno perdere lucem
 Consuêram : tandem oppressas nova pabula flammæ
 Accumulata necant ; aciesque hebetatur amor
 Mutato toties ; propriâ vi fracta libido
 Decidit, & lassam subierunt tædia mentem.
 Quin Animus priscum queritur periisse vigorem,
 Incultusque diu, amissas desiderat artes ;
 Jam neque Judicii sanum mihi restat acumen,
 Quo vera amplecti valeam, secludere falsa :
 Torpescunt pigri sensus ; mentique sepultæ
 Ingenii veteres vestigia nulla supersunt.
 Ducit opes sensim mala consuetudo, laborque
 Et Virtus ingrata movent fastidia ; fractæ
 Paulatim frigent effæto in corpore vires,
 Et blando ulterius Vitio superesse recusant.

Imperium extendunt deliria nostra puellis ;
 Succubui, facilis votis, patiensque minarum ;
 Nympha superba jubet nunc *Persica* firmate longo
 Verrere humum & lento spectandum incedere passu ;
 Jamque *Syra* (indignum!) cantus interque Choreas
 Crure tenus medio vestes succingere cogit.

Illecebris captus, ritusque & dissona Sacra,
 Quidlibet insanum suadente sequebar Amicâ.
 Dira *Philistinæ* vereor dum jussa, *Dagonis*
 Invisi ante aras adolescit flamma ; regente
 Pellice *Chaldaicâ*, *Chaldææ* altaria fumant,
Affyrioque Deo fervent redolentia Thura.
 Usque novæ meretrici aræ rubuere recentes,
 Quotque arsi Nymphas, colui tot sacra Deosque.

Quò fugit Ratio, sensus deluse ? paterni
 Quò sese eripuit Majestas ardua regni ?

Quò fugere sacræ Virtutis Dogmata, vivo
 Quæ data fonte DEUS primis mihi tradidit annis;
 Dum veneror cæcas *Phariâ* monstrante puellâ
 Effigies, nuper Cœlo data numina, quorum
 Fana suis hos ante dies haud viderat oris
Judæa; infames Superos, armenta Deorum
 Turpia, *Osirin*, *Apin*, pronum pecus; & sua thura
 Et ritus habet obscœnos latrator *Anubis*.
 Quin marmor vetitâ sylvosi montis in umbrâ
 Cædebam in varias facies, cæsoque ferebam
 Ipse preces supplex: mediâque palude, nefandâ
 Relligione ardens, colubras muscasque verebar,
 Nec non & Plantæ virgultaque vilia cultus
 Accepere suos, timuique quod ante ferebam:
 Omnia honore sacro donans Animalia, solum
 Præterii, cœlum & terras Qui numine torquet.

Per cæcam hanc animi nubem tristesque per umbras
 Tenuia cœperunt jam tandem albescere lucis
 Semina; nascentis radii nova flammula spargi
 Per nubem, optatæ præstans promissa diei.
 Mente potens mecum jam pauca revolvere, Regem
 Despectum vidi: tardè mea jussa Ministri
 Egerunt, fugitque sacri Reverentia vultûs.
 Vidi etiam unanimes populos opprobria Regis
 Certatim proferre, suisque obducere nubem.
Davidis oravit generi meliora Sacerdos,
 Et sermone vago latè mea crimina pandit.
 Dum Pater erranti vitæ per lubrica nato
 Monstraret vitiorum exempla miserrima; mores
 Ille meos, & me, celato nomine, pinxit.
 Hoc Custos iterum atque iterum memoravit Alumnis;
 Principe deliro Sanus præstantior Infans.

In me converti Rationis lumen, & imam
Altiùs ut mentem scrutabar, plura dolebam ;
Me latè dominantem, in terris Numinis instar,
Agnoscent Gentes, vultuque & voce moventur ;
Vincula libertasque, infamia turpis, honorque,
Et Fata à nostro pendent trepidantia nutu.
Heu ! nimiùm jactat sese mea gloria ; Regem
Judææ innumeri cogunt fervire Tyranni :
Multa cohors Venerum & Vitiorum insana Caterva
Principis everſæ menti dominantur ; & Ipse,
Quem decuit leges libertatemque tueri,
Ipse jugo turpi submittit colla, protervi
Mancipium Domini, stimulosque cupidinis acres
Sentit iners, sævoque piger sub Verbere torpet.

Te compello iterum, ô Ratio ! miserere doloris
Effusi, miserere, oro, & succurre labanti.
Nimirùm coelis Sapiencia nascitur ; altos
Hinc ducit radios, hominumque in pectora torquet.
Hæc tamen humanæ Regina altissima mentis
Sceptra parùm metuenda manu sustentat inertì ;
Incola si gravior surgat, folioque potitam
Vi majore premens, cogat sibi cedere Victor.

Sis verò licet imbellis, sis mollis inersque,
Confilio tamen orba tuo Mens infcia, cursu
Incauto tutæ vestigia linqueret alta
Virtutis, vitiique incerto in calle periret.

Ut mulcet placidâ nares dulcedine fragrans
Unguentum, lætas pertentat suaviter aures,
Laudis honos meritæ ; quod si labatur in urnam
Muscula, contacti dulces violantur odores ;
Balsamaque, heu ! quantum mutata, inamabile spirant.
Sic minimas labes inter pulcherrima facta

Si spargas hinc inde, lues subnascitur atra,
Contrahit informes maculas purissima Virtus,
Paulatimque fluens diffunditur undique pestis.

Infelix SOLOMON ! mitte has de pectore curas :
Quin vitæ recolas errores mille peractæ ;
Demissis tacitè lacrymis, quòd, facta Bonorum
Carminè dum celebret Musa immortalis, honores
Accumulans famæ meritos ; tua crimina sola
Voce canet clarâ, neque regia carpere parcat
Nomina, mansurum infundens nimis æqua venenum.

Me tandem eripui è somnis, oculosque patentes
Conscius erexi ; bilem movere cohortes
Fœmineæ, Turbæque Deorum : stat mihi certum
Immotumque animo, paulatim emergere ab alto
Oceano Vitii : Querulos hinc mœsta resurgens
Musa modos renovat, culpatque fugacia vitæ
Gaudia ; sublimique audens se attollere pennâ,
Spes hominum fragiles fœvi ludibria fati,
Divitias frustra aggestas, ingrataque honorum
Tædia prosequitur, miseræque libidinis atræ
Blanditias : aperitque dolos, nugasque fatetur.



POTENTIA:

LIBER TERTIUS.

ERGO age, Pars Nostrî melior, Vis vivida, vitæ
Fons, Anima! hoc Ego Te, quæcunque es, no-
mine dignor:

Conscius Ipse Meî per Te, Te pectore toto
Percipio, viresque tuas & munera nosco.
Sed latet, unde Tuî ducas primordia; de Te
Tot Vates diversa canit, diversa Sacerdos.

An Genus obscurum & stirpis vulgare fateris
Principium, lectæ forsan melioribus orta
Particulis terræ, quæ se certo ordine miscent
Mirifico rerum motu faustoque Atomorum
Concursu implicitæ: hinc fato statuyente juberis
Corporis ire comes, quem Vitæ cunque colorem
Sortitur; trepidas, audes, ducisque dolores
Gaudiaque, incerto ut sanguis se concitat æstu:
Utque calor magis ardescit, vel frigora torpent,
Læta viges viridante ævo, languente senescis:
Dum tandem, Socium extremâ vel morte secuta,
Laberis in fumum tenuesque recedis in auras.

An spiras majora, altâque ab origine stirpem
Deduci mavis, audisque libentius ignis
Scintilla ætherii; divinæ Particula auræ,
Juncta luto vili, nimis arcto fœdore juncta,

Communi

Communi heu fato præscriptum ad temporis orbem
 Per varias comitata vices variosque dolores :
 Ut doceas Hominem opprobriis vel laude moveri ;
 Ut Bona vel Mala percipere ; & pallore fateri
 Irarum rabiem, aut flammæ sentire pudoris ;
 Ut normam vitæ instituas, ducasque fideli
 Consilio ; & rerum variis ceu postulat usus,
 Reddas cautum agilemque, & viribus ingeniove
 Nobilites, aptum paci, bellicæ potentem.
 Dum priscum in cinerem se Pars terrena resolvit,
 Carceris & rumpens cedentia claustra caduci
 It Captiva, hærens paulum & cunctata jacentes
 Reliquias super, immitis jam faucibus Orci
 Inclusas ; mox pennâ agili, indignata teneri,
 Evolat, ætheriamque arcem & sua vindicat astra.

Quicquid eris, quoquo tendis (neque enim omnia cæco
 Scire Homini fas est) age parvula pectoris hospes,
 Pectoris insanos motus sedantis, ut alta
 Sit Tibi pax ; (quoniam inde enascitur improba turba,
 Quæ vitam exagitat, quæ Te distorquet & angit)
 Fac age, quodcunque aggredieris, fac arbitra certum
 Monstret iter Ratio, & fido moderamine ducat.
 Pacati Affectus erroris nube remotâ
 Ardua, pulcra petant : Et Vitam disce ferendo,
 An curis hominum & tanto sit digna labore,

Quæ variis vitæ in gradibus variisque Animantum
 Naturis præstant, conjuncta tenere videmus
 In se Hominem, pecudum sensus, aliumque vigorem
 Plantarum, ætheriæque animæ cœlestia dona.
 Inspice quos pariunt generosa hæc semina fructus,
 Et rebus lætis oppone incommoda vitæ.
 En ut Homo, frustra fato cogente reluctans,
 Protrahitur miser in lucem ; auxiliique alieni

Indigne

Indigus, in genubus maternis nudulus hæret !
 Utque levis statuit Muliercula, tollitur Infans
 Ejiciturve foras ; genitrici languet iniquæ
 Neglectus, morbosve trahit de lacte fomentis.
 Mollis adhuc fragilisque oculus fugit acria lucis
 Tela, diemque novum ; infuetam male sustinet auram
 Cor tenerum, multumque tremit, pulsuque frequenti
 Æstuat. Ut variâ perculsus imagine rerum
 Obstupet ! ut pavet attonitus ! Membra irrequieta
 Luctantem interius produnt augentque dolorem :
 Et gemitu queritur molli lacrymisque misellis,
 Dum nondum fractas voces mutilataque verba
 Effari didicit, quibus intima sensa laborans
 Exprimat, occultosque enarret pectoris æstus.
 Mox ut paulatim assurgit puerilibus annis,
 Garrulitate rudi crepitat, vanosque timores
 Concipit à nugis : cum firma adoleverit ætas,
 Publica scena vocat, populisque frequentibus infert
 Implicitum ; longo curarum ibi volvitur orbe ;
 Et tacitæ fraudes & aperta pericula cingunt
 Infelix latus : hinc Hostis vindicta ferocis,
 Hinc sævi magis amplexus fallacis Amici.
 Quin facta inquirat Populus ; laudesque maligno
 Ore filet ; minimam gaudet diffundere labem.
 Nec coetu in turpi maculis aspergere famam
 Derisor parcat mordax, quique audet apertis
 Virtutem opprobriis petere, invisamque fateri.
 Si verò his lassus turbis, secreta ferarum
 Lustra petat solus, populosque urbesque relinquat ;
 Mens tamen umbrarum in latebras tacitosque recessus
 Addit se comitem ; innumeris Mens usque secuta
 Turbat Imaginibus : palantemque implicat Error,
 Ceu nemorum ambage illusum ; aut torrentis iniqui
 More ruens, rapido premit acrior impete Cura.
 Multa animo versans, varioque exercitus æstu,

Dulce

Dulce miser Socii alloquium desiderat ; audit
 Attonitus mœstos saxa ingeminare dolores,
 Seque fugit trepido deserta per avia cursu.

Hinc adeo, variæ quocunque in tramite vitæ,
 Vexamur cœcis animorum Affectibus : atris
 Jam cincti nebulis, cur spem foveamus inanem,
 Fuluros olim meliori lumine Soles ?
 Instabiles Hominum Sensus, trepidantia ut Ægri
 Somnia, profiliunt volucres ; cursuque citato
 Semper amant amota sequi, fugientiaque ardent
 Arripere : usque adeo, somni fallacis Imago,
 Spes malefuada levi vigilantes decipit umbrâ.
 Sed flexis post terga oculis, ut dira dolorum
 Agmina respicimus, trepidâ formidine Sensus.
 Horrescunt, miseramque viam remeare recusant.
 Accedunt curis curæ, scenâque priori
 Scena superveniens magis & magis atra videtur ;
 Nec mora, nec requies ; sed adhuc geminantur eundo,
 Et quæque hora novos usque addit & usque dolores.
 Dum tandem longo curarum pondere cani,
 Otia venantes nequicquam, effœtaque membra
 Jam fracti, laceræ vitium commune senectæ
 Ploramus, miroque volubilis ordine vitæ
 Ad stadium infantile rotante revertimur ævo.
 Discimus hinc quid Vita hominum est ; hesternæ recentes
 Protulit ex utero nudos, nudosque sepulcro
 Craftina Lux referet ; nempe hæc ad munera natos,
 Luctu animam vexare, & tædia ferre, Morique.

Quid varias memorem clades, quibus Ille laborat,
 Quas timet Hic, capiti misero jam jamque minantes ?
 Quid deformem Ursam, rabidumque per arva Leonem
 Grassantem, sparsas pecudes, cæsumque magistrum :
 Obscuras nemorum ambages, fluviosque profundos,
 Pendentisque

Pendentefque immane minaci vertice rupes?
 Quid Pestem indomitam, quæ late incedit aperto
 Marte furens, medioque die spatiata per auras
 Diffundit mortem populis: Tacitamve Sagittam,
 Obscurâ quæ nocte levi fecat æthera lapsu,
 Atra venena trahens, pallentesque inficit umbras.
 Sæpe unâ densæque nives imbresque coacti
 Se glomerant, altisque à montibus agmine facti,
 Præcipiti lætas populantur gurgite valles.
 Sæpe etiam nitidis vermes genus omne voraces
 In campis dominantur, & occupat undique plenas
 Hospes edax fruges; vanas incusat aristas
 Agricola, atque inopi marcescit languidus anno.

Quid lentos referam morbos, acresque dolores,
 Qui carpunt fragiles repititis ictibus artus?
 Sanguineo ut cursu laceratos Calculus asper
 Excruciat renes! ut aquoso frigidus humor
 It capite, absumens cunctanti tabe vigorem,
 Et vitæ fontem paulatim exhaurit eundo!
 Quas Febris calor indomitus, quas sæva Podagra
 Exercet furias! longoque ut debilis ævo
 Obruitur Natura; atque omnibus atra Senectus
 Una malis gravior, claudo pede languida repit:
 Dum gemitum assiduum & longos finire dolores
 Mors venerata negat; lectoque abscedit acerbo
 Surda Quies, vanos misereri nescia planctus.

Nequicquam egregiæ Virgo pulcherrima formæ
 Languenti dare blanda Seni solatia quærit;
 Cum tremula incerto quatitur, jam non sua, motu
 Dexterâ; nec domini votis respondet, amoris
 Impar officiis, placidi neque conscia tactûs.
 Nil faciet pulsata chelys, nil dulcia quondam
 Fila lyræ; nec molle melos, nec læta juvabit

Fabula, cum celeri jam volvier agmine sanguis
Destitit, auriculæque ingrato frigore torpent.
Mons viridi hîc surgit clivo, Vallisque nitentem
Ridet picta sinum, quem lucidus alluit amnis :
Illic cœruleos fluctus canentia volvunt
Æquora, splendidulæque micant in littore testæ :
Sed varios frustra miscet Natura colores,
Cum languent hebetatæ acies, oculosque natantes
Atra premit nubes. Abeunti nocte refulget
Alma dies : spissi descendunt largiùs imbres,
Seque iterum scindunt nebulæ & diffunditur æther.
At Vetulum extincto palantem lumine nullæ
Jam potuerunt recreare Vices ; non aurea Solis
Lampas, non Lunæ nitor, & quæ plurima cœlo
Stellula scintillat, miserum solantur ; iniqua
Nox cingit, tristesque urgent sine fine tenebræ.

En ! ubi succumbit sævæ miseranda Senectæ
Victima ! languentes oculos, dextramque trementem
Aspice ! ut infirmos quatit æger anhelitus artus !
Sensibus obrepunt incerti Oblivia fomni,
Solaque percipitur per acutos Vita dolores.

Tempore prædanti cedent argentea vitæ
Vincula, diffilientque ; ruet volventibus annis
Urna levis, longoque ævo labefacta peribit.
Scilicet hæc fati lex est : moriemur honoris
Expertes, & vana erimus sine nomine turba.
Usque aliam ex aliâ stirpem manet exitus idem ;
Gens cadit hæc ; nova surgit, abit, sequiturque priorem ;
Ævi quæque brevis, terræque exorta parente,
Mox reditura iterum in veteris primordia terræ.

Sed vultu eniteat meliori Scena ; coronet
Alma falus Hominem, & lætos vigor excitet artus.

En ! vix exsuperans operosæ longa diei
 Tædia, fessus adit jam sole cadente penates :
 Sole oriente iterum prodit ; labor usque recurrit,
 Arcentique famem & vitam sudore merenti
 Perpetuum redeunte die redit actus in orbem.
 Forsitan ad noctem reduci spectacula præbet
 Atra domi moriens puer, aut viduata marito
 Filia : Vicinum cras luxuriante beatum
 Prole videt, nudusque sibi magis inde videtur.
 Utque dies pergunt, lacrymabile funus Amici
 Ducitur, hostilisve occurrit pompa triumphi :
 Quo se cunque ferat miser, aut Mala publica turbant
 Sollicitum, aut proprii laris Infortunia tangunt :
 Virtutis claræ meritis haud præmia solvi
 Digna videt ; læsamque fidem & temerata pudici
 Jura tori queritur, pravo sub Judice litem
 Protractam, inversasque haud æquo Interprete leges ;
 Aut nigras fraudes Magnatum & turpia damnat
 Arcana imperii, arbitriumque immane Potentûm ;
 Mordacemve dolet linguam, quam pectore cauto
 Nec fugiat Sapiens, monitis nec frænet amicis.

Hæccine credantur casu volvente sinistro
 Enasci Mala ? num parium vaga Semina motu
 Confuso implicita ; an potius fert ordine certo
 Lex stabilis fati, rerumque immobile fœdus ?
 Quin age, si poteris, nodum mihi Musa resolve ;
 Anne, inquam, casu eveniunt, fatone jubenti ?
 At quacunque genus ducunt de stirpe, catenis
 Heu miseram involvunt animam, variasque coactam
 In partes rapiunt, & mille timoribus urgent ;
 Atra, severa Cohors, quibus anxia Vita laborat,
 Ingens ipsa Malum, & mater fœcunda Malorum.

Usque

Usque adeo vexatur adhuc, blandumque levamen
 Venatu assiduo frustra mens anxia quærit;
 Sperat adhuc, multi post tædia longa laboris,
 Post tot sollicitos requiescere suaviter annos;
 Vana voluptatis simulacra attingere posse
 Exoptat; vitæque aliud dictante magistrâ,
 Quod nusquam est avidè petit, & sibi somnia fingit
 Lætitiæ, miseris sine fine exercita curis.

Felix, qui vallem lacrymarum umbrasque doloris
 Extremas superans, tandem vestigia fixit;
 Qui longi attingens cursûs spatia ultima, durum
 Deposuit pondus, placidâque in morte quievit;
 Quem sculpti vultus atque æra incisa fatentur
 Jam vitam comitumque agmen superâsse Malorum.
 Hic felix magis, & natus melioribus astris,
 Qui spatium peragit brevius, premiturque minori
 Pondere; quem vitam jam primùm haurire recentem
 Una dies, haustamque effundere proxima cernit.
 Ille autem longè ante alios felicior omnes,
 Qui vixdum matris penitus formatus in alvo
 Occidit ante diem; qui nunquam è carcere vitæ
 Profiluit; neque prima etiam certaminis intrans
 Tædia, (præcipuo factorum munere) solis
 Nescivit lucem, & varios sub sole labores.

“ Parce gravis nimium Censor! cur tam aspera tradis
 “ Dogmata? cur adeo vitæ genus omne severis
 “ Legibus includas? quid Fasces, Splendor, Opesque?
 “ Nonne Opibus pax alma datur; non Purpura Reges,
 “ Victoresque beat Decus immortale superbos?

Tota, inquam, similes subit undique vita procellas,
 Sollicito jactata metu trepidoque tumultu.

“ Ergone per terras nusquam Pax ridet; & omnis
 “ Scena venenati patitur contagia luctûs?

Nulla usquam, Pax nulla—age, conscia Musa, dolores
 Pande nimis veros; sublimius exere vocem
 Mœsta sonaturam: sed vos procul ite, Profani,
 Dum plectro graviore canam, sociandaque magnis
 Verba loquar chordis, vulgi minùs auribus apta.

“ O mentes Hominum illusas! Formidine mortis,
 Assiduis sitietis adhuc extendere votis
 Sæcula, & optatam vitæ captabitis umbram,
 Sperantes superesse diu, famâque perenni
 Partem aliquam sævo ereptam servare sepulchro:
 Utque olim nemorum gratâ sub mente nepotum
 Spiretis, celsas nitidasque parabitis ædes,
 Grandiaque ingenti condetis scripta labore.
 Spes vanæ! labor effusus! labentibus annis
 Ipsæ ædes fato vigilataque pagina cedent.
 O moniti toties! & adhuc res mira videtur,
 Prætereunte ævo vasti membra omnia mundi
 In sedes migrare alias, aliasque figuras,
 Et revoluta novis nova nomina ducere formis?

Musa modos revoca—Vanâ usque illudimur umbrâ
 Lætitiæ: assiduos fortitur Vita dolores.

Quid tandem pacis Sapientis nomen inane,
 Quid Procerum dat honos? quid purpura Judicis, alti
 Quid Regum tituli?—En Regem sub pondere vasto
 Sudantem imperii! sævo nunc auctus honore,
 Surgit ad ingentes populi pro pace labores;
 Nunc ruit infelix malefanæ victima plebi.
 Agmen adulantum primis comitatur ab annis,
 Et tenera insinuat fallax in corda venenum:
 Usque domi cingit, domino blandita potenti,

Serva

Serva cohors, maculasque aliis aspergere prona,
 Egrediturne foras? numerofo milite cinctus
 Incedit, magnâque latus ftipante caterva,
 Innumeras fraudes fe formidare fatetur;
 Ipsaque follicitos testatur pompa timores.
 Sit quanquam illuftris bello, fit pectore fortis,
 Arte valens; dubiis fortunæ cafibus anceps
 Volvitur, ambiguo illufus certaminis æftu,
 Afperaque incertam fequitur per tædia palmam.

Sed redit infigni redimitus tempora lauro,
 Vota foluturus cœlo folennia; curru
 Sublimi fedet excelfus, vinctique fequuntur
 Ponè Duces; fremitus effufaque gaudia miferent
 Turba falutantûm, plaufuque ad fydera tollunt.
 Quæ tamen hæ pompæ! quæ gloria! nempe tumultum
 Plebs agitat confufa, fremitque ignobile vulgus.
 It captiva Cohors, miferâ sub imagine Martem
 Ancipitem oftendens, & quæ fors craftina belli
 Alea victori meditatur fata superbo.
 Ipsa etiam fpolia & ductæ longo ordine prædæ
 Oftentant laceras Gentes, & publica damna,
 Damna olim fortaffe in fe ruitura, fuosque.
 Nonne dolet, recolens tot merfos funere acerbo
 Heroas, magni quos pectoris ardor honeftam
 Impulit in mortem; qui nuper gloria campi
 Insignes fulfere, feris nunc præda relictæ
 Alitibusque jacent? Heu fplendet flebile laurus,
 Tot Matrum lacrymis, tot fanguine fparfa Virorum.

En ubi quadrijugos elatus Marte fecundo
 Victor agit, densâ mirantûm inhiante catervâ!
 Si tantos inter fremitus feftique triumphæ
 Lætitiâ undantem, fecum fi pauca volutet,
 Ipsi fuffeffus auditaque Vota docebunt,

Quam levis instabilisque hominum, quam lubrica vita est.

Axe tonans rapido multoque in pulvere fervens,
An curas supra evehitur ? nulline timores,
Nullane suspicio turbat, levitasque popelli
Cognita ; nam stridor lituûm clangorque tubarum
Exsuperat misero luctantes corde dolores ?
Intus Naturæ vox importuna fatigat,
Vox gravis, & nullo populi reprimenda tumultu,
Quanquam ipsa immani clangore tonitrua vincant.

Volvere sic poterat secum : glomerata faventûm
Turba virûm, nostros quæ tollit in astra triumphos ;
Si fortè instabiles quatiens Victoria pennas
Me fugiat, fragilesque hosti decernat honores ;
Illi Turba eadem similes dabit improba plausus,
Illius ad portas denso sese agmine fundet,
Et nostras franget statuas inimica, recentis
Ut domini facies renovato spiret in ære.

O cæcus furor, & dominandi insana libido !
Ipse Ego, qui populorum hodie super ora superbus
Evehor, hostilis pompæ pars Ipse feretro
Cras fortasse trahar, lacerum & deforme cadaver.
An quisquam interea mirantûm ex agmine tanto,
(Pro pudor !) ingenti jam plausu ante ora frementûm,
Defuncti laudes caneret ? quisquamne lavaret
Vulnera, vel lacrymâ saltem sequeretur inani ?
Aut si ludibrium fortunæ, inhonestaque passus
Vincula, victoris post currus sordidus irem ;
Mene adeo indecorem, de tot modo millibus Unus
Nosceret, aut vultu miserum spectaret amico ?

Scilicet egregios præstat Sapiencia fructus !
Cernere dat tristem magis acri lumine scenam,

Dat

Dat fieri ante alios miserum, interiusque dolorum
Aspera percipere, atque imis haurire medullis.

Scrutemur fastos, veterum quibus alta Parentum
Facta manent recolenda ; omni quæramus ab ævo,
Siqua unquam effulsit penitus sine nube doloris
Gloria ; si Fasces comitata est pura Voluptas.

Ille Parens hominum primus, mundique recentis
Indigena, en variis ut cingitur undique cœli
Muneribus ! cui juncta comes pulcherrima Conjux,
Quem dominum confessa suum, quæcunque capaci
Orbis alit gremio ; vasti sive ætheris oras,
Seu tractus terrarum habitent, pontumve profundum.
Sed quales fructus magna hæc promissa tulerunt ?
Heu, vitæ introitu, vix delibata relinquit
Gaudia ! jam primum Paradisi lætus in horto
Viderat ire diem, cum sede expulsus amcenâ
Per sentes triste urget iter, perque aspera spinis
Dumeta ; hinc victum haud facilem sudore diurno
Quærere damnatus, longorumque orbe laborum
Tædia solis iniqua pati, dum debita somni
Dona refecturi res optata ferat Nox.
Ut focium reputans scelus & memor usque peracti
Criminis, infauſtam uxorem lugubre tuetur,
Et nimiam heu suadam, nimiosque incusat amores !
Sæpe horret rauca percussus imagine vocis,
Quam reboante recens iterabat in æthere fulmen :
Sæpe repente tremit, veluti cum fulgura prima
Arderent cœlo, & Cherubis cùm dextra minacis
Vibraret rutilos irati Numinis ignes !
Nec mora, quin terrâ exanimis jacet altera proles,
Primitiæ lethi, & fraternæ victima dextræ :
Frater sanguineâ famosus cæde, notâque
Cælitus impressus, patriam fugit impius Erro.

Cur tamen obruerent miserum mala tanta Parentem,
Quærere nequaquam Superosve Hominesve deceret.

Turpior assiduè vitiis gravioribus Ætas
Singula successit; patrium scelus æmula pubes
Vicit adhuc: tandem ingentes exarsit in iras
OMNIPOTENS, atque his ora indignantia solvit:
En formasse hominem Me pœnitet! Eripe terris
Sol lucem! Cœli nigrescite! Vosque capaci
Ite sinu effusæ, collectis viribus, Undæ!

Audivere Undæ Dominum: & mandata secuti
Effrænes fluctus, nimbique immane furentes
Subjectas rapido superârunt agmine terras.
Tradidit interea Noë servanda fideli
Quæ voluit superesse DEUS: naufragia Mundi
Prospexit Pater immunis, victorque tumentes
Diluvii fremitus ferventiaque æquora sprevit.

Sed Venti posuere, & decrescentibus undis
Emergit Tellus; pacisque Insigne Columba
Ore refert placido ramum felicitis Olivæ.
At Noë, licèt alma fides mœrentia firmat
Pectora, adhuc tacitæ tangunt præcordia curæ;
Dum post terga videt mundi lugubre sepulchrum,
Et desolatas communi funere gentes;
Prospicit inde aliam faciem absimilemque priori
Surgere, vix relegens veteris vestigia formæ:
Hic sese in longum extendunt deserta locorum
Squallida; prærupti hic tollunt capita aspera montes.
Vota Pater solvens, media inter sacra frequentem
Effundit lacrymam, & tacitus meliora precatur;
Spemque fovet; miseras etiam dum spectat aquarum
Reliquias, omni ex numero quæis spiritus auræ
Purior ætheriæ, de tot modo millibus, Octo.

Et tribus è Natis, qui jam spes sola relictæ
 Unde ortum Regna expectarent, prospicit unum
 Fatali fixum opprobrio, nudumque favore
 Divino, æternâque onerantem labe nepotes.

Rex quanquam illustris, quanquam OMNIPOTENTIS
 Amicus,

At varios vitæ casus, multosque labores
Abramus subiit; duri discrimina belli
 Pertulit, & cæsis quæsit regna tyrannis:
 Difficili sponsæ subjecit colla; jugoque
 Assuetus, sensit servæ quoque jura superbæ.
 Jam miseram invitus mcestâ cum prole parentem
 Ejicit, ah! nudam, nemorumque per avia solas
 Quæsituram umbras, & agrestis munera victûs:
 Jamque aliud thalami dilectum pignus, & omnem
 Spem senii, ad Moriæ fatalia culmina ducit
 Infelix! puerum heu ferro jugulare cruento
 Cogitur, aut magni contemnere jussa TONANTIS.

Ipsam oculis spectare DEUM data copia *Mosi*:
 Sed qualem vidit? densâ circum undique flammâ,
 Undique inaccesso velatum lucis amictu.
 Lumina sin radios potuissent ferre coruscas;
 Quam brevis hæc, unâ vix nocte morata, Voluptas!
 Ille autem, tanto quanquam dignatus honore,
 Quot volvit casus, quæ pertulit aspera rerum
 A cunis usque ad tumulum! Jam tum invida nudum
 Pauperies puerum primis invasit ab annis:
 Oppressere senem insidiæ, atque adversa malorum
 Agmina; surrexitque cohors studiosa labores
 Frustrari egregios; quin aspera Turba furore
 Sic Vatem incendit, tabulas ut frangeret amens,
 Quas ipsa æterni signarat Dextra JEHOVÆ.
 Effrænesque Viros cum jam per mille labores

Duxerat, armorumque vices, perque extera regna ;
 Promissa en ! tandem fato divisus acerbo
 Littora, jam moriens, heu non sua littora, vidit.

Davidis in vitâ, ut curis longo ordine curæ
 Succeedunt ! quot iniqua pericula, quotque tumultus !
 Mollis adhuc, tenerâque virens ætate, leoni
 Concurrit rabido, & torvæ ruit obvius urfæ.
 Nondum annis maturum immanis dextra *Goliæ*
 Aggreditur, tacitique petunt tela invida *Sauli* :
Saulo urgente, fugit super avia lustra ferarum,
 Arduaue ascendit montis juga, seque sub antro
 Occulit, & mortis nequicquam munera poscit.
 Tandem Ipse ad regni surgens fastigia, magnum
 Exstitit exemplum, quàm sævo pondere fudet
 Majestas, quantosque ferat Diadema labores.
 O qui torquebant ardentia corda dolores,
 Cum gravis hostiles aperiret Numinis iras
 Nuntius ! Ut diversa animum exagitabat Imago ;
 Triste Viri funus, violatæ injuria Sponsæ,
 Et Puer heu patrium ob crimen nece raptus iniquâ !
 Ut secum horrenda ingemuit, cum regia cladem
 Intulit impietas populis, jussitque Propheta
 Eligere, an pestem cœlo deducere mallet,
 An tolerare famem, aut sævi discrimina Martis !

Occubuit tandem Genitor : precor, ossa quiescant ;
 Nulla sacrum scdâ violare ærugine nomen
 Lingua ausit : quanquam ô, luctantem pectore in ægro,
 Hunc saltem liceat verbis vulgare dolorem :
 Me moriens curis auxit, scelerisque paterni
 Hæredem instituit ; jussis me vinxit iniquis
 Devotum mactare caput, cæsoque meorum
 Principe, decreto nova tingere sceptrâ cruore.

Nec

Nec mora ; continuò juvenili sanguine fervens
 Dira sequor præceps crudelis jussa Parentis.
 Virtutes patrias celeri vix lumine lustro ;
 In vitiis intento oculo juvat usque morari :
 Nec memini, primis ut vitæ prodigus annis
 Protegeret patriam ! ut leges venerandaque jura
 Servaret constans ! Lætâ sub mente revolve
 Nequitiis fractum assiduis, turpique solutum
 Pellicis amplexu : fugienda exempla secutus
 Abripior, scelerumque feror declivia præceps
 Per loca, perque atro rorantes sanguine calles,
 Fraudibus assuetus, tranquillo fallere vultu
 Jam potui, mortisque atrociam tela serenus
 Dirigere ; hinc oculo fratrem speculatus iniquo,
 Omnia facta viri vestigiaque omnia scrutor,
 (Ambitione odii stimulos acuate) fugamque
 Quærentem frustra tangentemque insequor aras.
 Hic, etiam hic, ipsas (fateor) cecidisset ad aras,
 Ni Timor obstiterat, tumidamque represserat iram,
 Quin do sponte fidem, certus violare ; benignè
 Polliceor veniam, atque odiis simul acribus uror.
 Nil lacrymæ gemitusque valent, nil vota precesque ;
 Sævus adhuc, tacitumque premens sub corde furorem,
 Blanda malus loquor, & fictâ pace ore sereno :
 Dum tandem prædæ, vi, fraude, potitus, ad aras
 Accedo, testorque DEI venerabile Numen,
 Sæva palam intentans deluso funera fratri.

Quæ tamen hinc lacrymæ, quantus dolor ! Ut libet
 atrum

Delere ex animo scelus ! Ut prætexere vellem
 Nominibus falsis fraternæ opprobria cædis,
 Alteriusque onerare immani crimine famam !
 Nequicquam heu ! gladium si dextra aliena cruentem
 Egerit, imperium Regis dextra illa secuta est :

Omne

Omne meum est ; facinus, quod lacryma multa perenni
 Usque fluens cursu vix tandem abstergere possit :
 Hinc solùm, hinc solitam sperat mens conscia pacem,
 Fletibus assiduis, longoque exercita luctu.

Corde adeo trepidante, parum facunda, neque artem
 Ostentans, nostrum veraci carmine Musa
 Opprobrium explicuit, fidâque ingrata tabellâ
 Describens actæ ætatis vestigia, pandit
 Quàm spes vana hominum, quàm vanæ pectora curæ
 Exagitant ; primoque à vitæ carcere feram
 Ad metam, quàm nigrum iter est, quàmq; undiq; acerbum !
 Nugarum immensâ hac ferie jam pene peractâ,
 Tædia longa querens vitæ, mihi mortis in umbrâ
 Polliceor requiem optatam blandosque recessus :
 Huc metus haud penetrant terrorque ; nec atra doloris
 Tangunt tela Virum placidâ jam pace sepulchri
 Compositum, & mortis recubantem mollius ulnis.

Cur trepidas, Ratio ? quidnam est Mors ista ? nihilne
 Præter torpentem concreti sanguinis æstum,
 Interclusa animæ spiracula, membra vigore
 Orbata, & posita angustæ spatia ultima vitæ ?
 Fumus ut accenso glomerari visus ab igne
 Se sursum rapit, & tenues vanescit in auras ;
 Ut celerem per inane fugam volitantia carpunt
 Nubila, præcipitique abeunt disperdita vento :
 Sic Hominum subito pede lubrica labitur ætas ;
 Vitæ sic vapor emicat, in vacuumque recedit
 Aëra ; sic spatiis instans propioribus ortum
 Occasus juxta insequitur, cunasque sepulchrum.

Quæ Timidi horrorem, quæ vota medetur Avari,
 Mors finem adducit, quem non procul abfore cuncti
 Novimus : hinc animo fatalia tempora forti

Prospiciens,

Prospiciens, lethum contemne, nec inſcia fleſti
Naturæ jura incuſes ; quin munera vitæ,
Non aliâ date lege, hilaris lætuſque reponas.

His Sapiens dictis, ſecum diverſa volutans,
Reſpondet tandem, dubius metuenſque futuri :
Si mecum evolvam ſpatium omne, quod uſque peregit
Lapſorum ſine fine volubilis ordo dierum,
Ex quo proſiluit de carcere Tempus, ad horam
Quâ primùm inſepi matris concreſcere in alvo,
Aut Nîl prorſus eram, aut memet ſaltem ipſe latebam.
Rurſusne in Nihilum fatorum lege revertar,
Hâc artus fugiente Animâ : penituſne jacebo
Perditus, anguſtâque æternùm condar in urnâ ?
Particulæ, hoc corpus quæ compoſuere, caducos
Illapſæ in cineres, nunquamne in priſca coibunt
Fœdera : ſed rerum confuſâ mole ſolutæ,
Incipient membra in diverſa aliasque figuras
Ire, nec agnoſcent veteris veſtigia formæ ?
An vox illa, Homini vitæ quæ infundere ſenſum
Dignata eſt, prohibet redivivo accendier igne ?
Nulla ſemel labentem Animam, Viſ nulla catenis
Eripiet tenebrarum, & carcere noctis opaco ?

Oceani in fluctus, quoties redit Heſperus, igne
Præcipiti pronum video deſcendere Solem ;
Nec longum, & radiis iſdem ſimilique vigore
Urget iter ſolitum, rutilique Inſigne diei
Purpureum referens, illæſo ardore refulget.
Inſtabiles video ventos ſine lege vagari,
Incertamque agitare fugam ; nunc flamine molli
Leniter aſpirant, rabido nunc turbine fervent,
Perpetuumque tenent, vario licet impete, curſum.
Fontibus occultis ſeſe erumpentia primùm
Flumina, mox prona immenſum glomerantur in æquor :
Hæc

Hæc fugiens abit unda, supervenit altera, & amnes
 Fluctibus assiduis lapsuque feruntur eodem:
 Usque novæ funduntur opes, venâque perenni
 Copiæ inexhaustis foecunda evolvitur urnis.
 Ergo Hominem premet æternum lex aspera, cui Sol,
 Cui Fluvii, Ventique leves parere recusant?

Ut Flos mane novo decus explicat omne, diei
 Deliciæ fragiles; & primo vespere marcet;
 Nos itidem—Eois ut concitus Eurus ab oris
 Æquora summa fugâ verrit, tacitoque recumbit
 Littore; ut in stipulis volitans crepitantibus ignis;
 Ut saxum in præceps declivi à monte volutum
 Se rapit; ut sudum jaculata per æthera flamma;
 Sic, sic Vita fugit: quin bullula rupta brevisque
 Fabula, & umbra levis ventosaeque somnia velox
 Ætatis referunt iter—Hei mihi, ficcine Vita
 Transfit, & æternum Mors sese extendet in ævum?

Se certè angustis nimium hæc Sententia claudit
 Finibus: aut unde humanæ est illa infita menti
 Spes, unde ille Timor, forsne altera & altera sedes
 Præmiaque & pœnæ, luctusque & gaudia restent?
 Reliquiæne Hominis redivivæ vincula somni
 Excutiant? letho pateat nova Janua vitæ?
 Cum Sponsi lacrymosa oculos compresserit Uxor,
 Foemineo funus gemitu planctuque secuta;
 Num dormit, paulum assueto fugiente vigore,
 At letho haud penitus devictum, exsangue Cadaver:
 Dumque artus, vitæ jam functos munere, carpet
 Ignis edax, vermefve, aut tempora lenta; vigebit
 Usque eadem vivax Anima, & data gaudia læto
 Gustabit sensu, horrescetque affecta dolore?
 Illane, si pulchrè se gesserit, inscia labis,

Dum

Dum socium amplecti dignata est corpus amico
Fœdere, fulgentem ad patriam sedesque beatas,
Regnaque perpetuâ surget ridentia pace ?
Nosq; Hominem extinctum lacrymis dum flemus ineptis,
Cœlicolæ læti excipiunt, plauduntque reverso ?
Sin sese scelerum maculis & crimine multo
Polluerit, superisne tremens depellitur oris
Perpetuam in noctem, loca tetra ; ibi cogitur ævum
Immortale pati, æternos sentire dolores ?

Nos adeo, angusto trepidantes limite terræ,
Fluctibus oppositis geminum circumfluit æquor :
Flectimus hinc atque inde oculos ; dolor opprimit inde,
Imminet hinc timor : & vario dum volvimur æstu
Præcipites, flemusque peracta, futura timemus,
Præsens sollicito disperditur hora tumultu.

Pectore sic varias inter fluitante procellas,
Dum Spes ægra cadit, Ratioque incerta vacillat ;
En (iterum dixi) quid Vis illa impigra, quæram,
Quid trepidans agilisque, Animam quem dicimus, Ignis ?
Quo more exercet sese ? quæis clauditur oris ?
Nosne illam imperio premimus, frænisque tenemus ?
Unde ideo hæc nostram rumpunt Incommoda pacem ?
Usque sequi pacem contendimus, usque dolorem
Aufugere : utrinque heu ! studio exercemur inani :
Dumque diem Natura velit traducere molles
Inter delicias, & noctem fallere somno ;
Fortior interea opponens mala certa Potestas,
Arbitrium eludit fragile, arrectamque premit spem ;
Omniaque ostendit, nobis licet usque videntur
Libera, præscriptâ fatorum lege teneri.

Illa igitur menti humanæ dominata Potestas,
 Num gemitus audit miseros, precibusque movetur?
 Num votis venerata piis & thuris honore,
 Avertet curas, decretaque jura resolvet?
 Fortior addat opem Pietas Ratione labanti,
 Thureaque invalidas compensent munera vires:
 Et doceant taciti veneranda silentia templi,
 Garrula quod nequeunt Sapientûm rostra, dolores
 Quo pacto licet aut fugere, aut superare ferendo.

Quid nostra in melius poterit convertere fata?
 Ut palans tenebris fortisque incerta futuræ
 Anxia mens trepidat, Nihil inter & Infinitum
 Dum pendens diversa fluit, densâque laborat
 Ambage implicita, & dubiis conceptibus impar!
 Solum Hoc scire datur, luctus subsidere, spemque
 Surgere, quo faveat magis Indulgentia Cœli.

Hæc ubi fatus eram, solennia ferre jubebam
 Dona Sacerdotem, & sacris se accingere votis.
 Jamque ascendebant centum ad delubra Juvenci,
 Lecti omnes, roseis evincti tempora fertis:
 Rite chorum Juvenes ineunt, arguta periti
 Tangere fila lyræ, calamosque inflare canoros:
 Pone Puellarum nitidus subit ordo, feritque
 Tympana, & exercet choreas: quas deinde secuti
 Excipiunt orti venerandâ stirpe *Levitæ*,
 Carminaque alterno recitant solennia cantu:
 Per templi spatia ampla incessu pompa verendo
 Ingreditur: claudit sacrum Rex anxius agmen.

Pinierant cœleste melos; cum debita solvens
 Vota, & poplitibus venerans altaria flexis,
 Sic Ego: Magne Pater, qui terram & sydera torques;

Quo

Quo mandante ingens tenebris sese extulit Orbis ;
Cujus diffusas vires curamque paternam,
Omnia quæ spirant, quæ sunt ubicunque locorum,
Quotidie agnoscunt ; subitam sensura ruinam,
Te vires revocante tuas ! Rex maxime Regum,
Omnia qui nôsti, quique omnia Numine comples,
Te supplex precor : ô magni miserere doloris !

Qui potes insanos pelagi sedare tumultus,
Luçantisque notos frænis nimbosque feroces
Comprimere : ô animam hac laceram defende procellis,
Quas miscent rapidi Affectus & iniqua Libido :
Nec gravis obruat Ira, altisve Superbia saxis
Illidat. Vestrum sed opus vaga Cymbula vestri
Sentiat auxilii munus : vitæque per æstus
Incertos, variasque vices, cœlestia cursum
Ducant auspicia, & tuto me in littore fiant.

Si, levis hos fragiles animet dum spiritus artus,
Pertæsos vitæ, mortisque horrore trementes ;
Si forte annueris, saltem ut breviuscula pacis
Attingam dona, & luctu cessante quiescam ?
Nunc ô, Magne Pater, jam nunc deterge doloris
Ingratam hanc nubem, quâ mens onerata laborat ;
O blandum diffunde jubar, tenebrisque fugatis
Pande oculis meliora ; hinc Te modulamine multo,
Te citharâ celebrabo ; hinc lingua animata recenti
Lætitiâ, effuso referet tua munera cantu.
Sin placet, his curis functo, ut nova vita superfit,
Expectentque aliæ sedes, da firma dolori
Pectora ut opponam, superemque adversa ferendo.
Arcanasque vias quanquam explorare negabis
Interius, penitusque aditus invisere sacros ;

Da

Da tamen ut fervens pietate, humilique dolores
 Spe minuens, supplex venerabile Numen adorem:
 Imperio cedam Omnipotenti, & laudibus æquis
 Justitiæ meritos solvam tibi gratus honores.

Vix ea finieram: cœlo nox ingruit atra;
 Intonat; ingenti nutant delubra fragore;
 Alta quies subit, & tacitæ caliginis horror
 Infinitat sacrum interius per corda pavorem.
 Nec mora; se erumpit multo fulgore coruscans
 Clara Dies; ultro conceptis ignibus ardent
 Robora, & involvunt subitis altaria flammis.
 Dives, opimus odor (qualem neque balsama spirant
 Thuriferis *Arabum* terris, neque blanda *Sabææ*
 Labra rosæ) latè diffunditur aëra circum;
 Irriguumque solum cœlesti rore madescit.
 Quin melos ætherium (quod frustra æquare canendo
Jessides certet, *Miriæ* vel tympana) miris
 Pertentat numeris trepidantes suaviter aures,
 Et ferit attonitos nimiam dulcedine sensus.
 En! oculos quæ Forma rapit? Quæ tanta repente
 Lux animam invadit? cœlo delapsus aperto
 En! facer ardenti radiorum indutus amictu
 Nuntius accedit; roseoque hæc ore profatur:

Define, Mortalis, jam tandem de fine finem
 Quærere curarum, spatiumque optare dolori.
 Spes age pone leves, ventisque remitte: rebelles
 Quin potius reprime Affectus, mentemque paratam
 Erige; nec vanæ vexent tibi pectora curæ
 Obdurata malis, longoque assueta dolori.
 Membra gravi fractus senio assiduoque labore,
 Pronus in occasum verges trepidantibus annis:
 Et moriens varios (legatum heu triste!) tumultus,

Solli-

Sollicito generi, litesque & bella relinques
 Aspera, ad extremos olim mittenda nepotes.
 Quisque suos luctus misero patrimonia nato
 Debita concedet Pater, infelicior hæres
 Quæ capiet cumulata, & adhuc cumulanda relinquet.

Ossa simul tumulo dederis tua ; Spes tibi sola
 Quæ superest, Natus, jam vix diademate cinctus
Judæo, imperii stimulante libidine sacrâ
 (Heu quam prona animos dominantum inflare libido !)
 Sancta Patris spernet monita, & præstantius armis
 Præsidium, populi demens contemnet amorem,
 Suadente heu ! Juvenum turbâ : mox victus atroci
 Terga dabit genti, nomenque insigne *Jacobi*
 Deteret ; imperium opprobrio turpabit iniquo,
 Et nubem famæ patrioque obducet honori.
 Quin ferta indecori penitus delapsa videbit
 Vertice, quæ magno meruit sudore recepta
 Acer Avus, multoque ardens è pulvere duxit.
 Civiles nec Marte potens sedare tumultus,
 Nec prece, victores pariter victosque pavebit,
 Utrinque attonitus ; solos neque degener hostes
 Horrescit ; *Judæ* simul arma incerta timebit :
 Occumbens tandem fato languentia sternet
 Corpora *Jordani* ad fluctus, lugubre tumentes
 Cognatorum armis, & fratrum sanguine rubros.

Annorum hinc lentè procedet flebilis Ordo,
 Diris horrentum tenebris luctuque nigrantum
 Perpetuo ; lacrymosa onerabunt tempora longæ
 Bellorum series & multa doloris Imago.
 Quinetiam in geminas diviso flumine partes
 Diffluet Imperium : laxos age funde dolori
 Toto corde sinus ; sævis Gens barbara ludet

Oppro-

Opprobriis ; dejecta gravi *Judæa* pudore
 Victa jacebit humi, folis spectanda ruinis.

Altera adhuc superest visenda *Ægyptia* Tellus,
 Altera vinc'la manent ; uret graviore flagello
 Asperior Dominus : passura atrocius olim
 Mœsta jugum soboles patriis decedet ab oris,
 Opprobrioque gemens majore, *Euphratis* ad undam
Niliacos iterum renovabit perdita luctus.

Sublimes templorum apices, qui cuspide tangunt
 Sydera, venturi confusâ clade Nepôtes
 Disiectos latè aspicient ; mœstique stupebunt
 Immane excidium & vastæ vestigia molis.
 Illa etiam Imperii venerabilis altaque Sedes,
 Quâ vos fulfuros sera usque ad sæcula natos
 Creditis, hinc longè hostiles ducetur in oras,
 Victorisque superbi ornabit capta triumphos.
 Quin sacras dextra effrænis populabitur aras,
 Et vasa ipsa Deo templisque dicata Tyrannus
 Efferus indecori violabit squallida vino ;
 Sacrilegosque sales inter lususque profanos
 Exultans, vetito se proluet impius auro.

Sæc'la quaterdena assiduo revolubile cursu
 Tempus aget ; varias fato versante subibunt
 Regna vices ; alios dum Gens infauusta dolores
 Volveret adhuc, aliasque geret lacerata catenas ;
 Demissisque oculis & mœsto languida vultu
 Lapsa gemet recolens, & adhuc ventura timebit.

Hostili

Hostili *Judæa* solo, *Babylonis* ad undas,
Languescens luctu, lacrymisque immersa sedebit;
Plectraque vicinis pendebunt muta salictis.
Nec jam molle melos tentabit lingua; choreas
Nec poterunt agiles membra exercere, labori
Membra diu assueta, & tacitæ studiosa quietis.
Lucenti undarum in speculo nimiumque fideli
Sponsa repercussos formidans squallida vultus
Horrescit: conjux languentis in ore maritæ
Prospiciet sobolis maciem luctusque futuræ;
Aspera, amplexus vexantia, vinc'la queretur.
Lugebunt neglecta diu solennia Sacra
Turba Sacerdotum, percussi tristia palmis
Pectora; festorumque oblivio longa dierum
Plorantes, solvent lugubribus ora querelis.
Quin lacrymas, gemino quasi fonte, effundere posse
Solliciti optabunt Vates, fletusque ciere
Perpetuos; noctis super alta silentia fauces
Horrescent barathrorum atras dirasque procellas;
Et subito excussis flammaram turbine fomnis,
Attoniti referent trepidanti mane popello
Mystica signa dolorum, & atroces Numinis iras.

Interea miseranda Cohors, poscente Tyranno
Festivos citharæ numeros & amabile carmen,
Usque adeo (referent) proles captiva *Jacobi*
Gaudebit? dudum filuerunt pendula plectra,
Ora melos filuere oblita! Ut carmina Regi
Hostili, patriâque procul tellure, canemus?
Nosne jugo oppressos graviori, flagra timentes
Aspera; & ad nutum sævi trepidare magistri
Assuetos, humilesque trementia flectere genua;
Nos, sordes hominum, nosne efferet alma voluptas;
Languen-

Languentesve animos dulcis tentabit Imago?
 Heu longæ tandem post tædia tarda diei
 Cum nox lenta venit; votorum hoc summa, labores.
 Exuere ingratos paulum, fessisque soporem
 Indulgere brevem trepida inter somnia membris,
 Donec atrox redeat redeunti sole Tyrannus.
 Luctibus assueti meditemur gaudia? luctus
 Perpetuos renovare jubet Natura; videtur
 Hoc nobis Rationis opus. Nonne improba primum
 Stultitiæ vano manavit fonte Voluptas?
 Certè immaturo præceps Infania partu
 Protulit effrænesque jocos risusque profanos.

Hæc Series curarum, hic fati flebilis Ordo
 Teque Tuosque manet; titulis Insignis, & idem,
 O *Solomon*, Miser ante alios! quin parce querelis,
 Nec leges metire DEI Rationis ocello?
 Ah distat nimium nimiumque effulget Imago!
 Ille nihil finet intactum, nil linquet inausum,
 Fatorum qui cæca resolvere jura laborat.
 Mitte adeo scrutari, animum compesce superbum!
 Nempe DEO Pulvis Rationem opponet ineptam!
 Sublimi DEUS arbitrio regit omnia; vestrum est
 Cuncta pati, vitæque datos evolvere cursus.
 Crede nefas, quodcunque DEI inviolabile tendit
 Imperium contra; Virtuti Ea consona sola,
 Quæ magni arbitrio respondent æqua JEHOVÆ.

Ne tamen immodico vincantur pondere sensus,
 Neu penitus spes fracta cadat; solatia luctus
 Accipe, quæ spondet vobis, Qui fallere nescit,
 Nec falli potis est. — Veniet labentibus annis
 Grata Dies, cum Terra malis *Judæa* fugatis
 Lætior, hostiles solvet secura catenas:

Attollens

Attollens capita alta indigno è pulvere *Sion*
 Audiet antiquas veneranda per atria leges :
 Templâ iterum aëriâ ferientia cuspide nubes
 Fulgebunt splendore novo ; Sedesque verendi
 Promissa Imperii montes super ardua surget
 Vertice sublimi, & latis dominabitur arvis.
 Quin Tibi præclarâ de stirpe orietur, amicum
 Auxilium terris cœlo laturus ab alto,
 Victorum insignis *Victor*, Regumque potens *Rex*.
 ILLE Hominum curas emolliet : ILLE dolores
 Affectusque animi effrænes moderabitur : ILLO
 Auspice ridebit Pax alma, & flumine pleno
 Gaudia manabunt lætum diffusa per orbem.
 Hoc Tibi scire fatis : Superis nec panditur ultrâ.

Quin age jam *Solomon*, reliquæ ad stadia ultima vitæ
 Perge memor vestri, patrii neque degener hæres
 Nominis ; i constans, firma erige pectora, fortis,
 Strenuus ; Affectus cohibe, Virtutibus omnes
 Pande sinus, Tibi Censor atrox, aliisque benignus ;
 Supra alios tantum evectus pietatis honore,
 Quantum opibus titulisque nites. En arripe tecum
 Hoc breve præceptum, & memori sub pectore serva :
 Te Justum atque Humilem præsta. ——— Quæ deinde
 locutus

Nuntius, in cœlum reduci se sustulit alâ.
 Pronus Ego in terrâ variisque impulsibus actus,
 Huc illuc varias volvens sub pectore curas
 Sollicitus, tandem mœstos ad sydera vultus
 Tollebam supplex, humilique hæc voce precabar :

O Rex Omnipotens, Pater optime, Consilii Fons !
O solus Qui cuncta creas, nutuque creata
Dirigis, ardenti lucis quâ cinctus amictu
Arce sedes rutilâ ; Cujus sacra ora tueri
Non Homini datur ! O Terris Cœloque supreme !
Tu mihi, quodcunque est Nostri, Tu vitam animamque
Concilias : Tu flecte manu quacunque potenti
Vestrum Opus ! O monitus tandem meliora, fidelis
Permaneam, magnique sequar mandata Parentis !





ORIGINAL POEMS

A N D

TRANSLATIONS.

B Y

SEVERAL HANDS.



VOL. II.

A



The Curious Maid.

W. Gucht sculp.



THE
CURIOUS MAID.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;

Obstupuit ; steteruntque Comæ.

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door ;
Within the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus CLOE, beautiful, and gay
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conquest of the Day before,

And what's this *bidden Charm* ? (she cry'd)
And spurn'd th'embracing Cloaths aside
From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,
Resolv'd the *Dark-Abode* to trace,
Of Female Honour, or Disgrace ;
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt she makes, and *buckles* to
 With all her Might ; but twou'd not do :
 Still, as she *bent*, the *Part*-requir'd,
 As conscious of its Shame, *retir'd*.

What's to be done? We're all a-ground!
 Some other Method must be found —
 Water N A R C I S S U S' *Face* cou'd show,
 And why not C L O E's Charms *below*?
 Big with this Project, she applies
 The J O R D A N to her Virgin Thighs;
 But the dull *Lake* her wish denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again?
 The D E V ' I L's *in the Dice*, that's plain!
 No *Chymist* e'er was so perplex'd;
 No jilted *Coxcomb* half so vex'd;
 No *Bard*, whose gentler Muse excells
 At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epsom-Wells*,
 Ordain'd by P H O E B U S' special Grace,
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
 To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
 When Remedies are near at Hand!
 For lo! the *Glass*—ay, *That*, indeed!
 'Tis *Ten* to *One* we now *succeed*!
 To this Relief she flies amain,
 And straddles o'er the *shining Plain*,
 The *shining Plain* reflects at large
 All D A M O N's Wish and C L O E's Charge.
 The *Curious M A I D* in deep Surprize,
 On the *Grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes:

(Far

(Far less amaz'd ÆNEAS stood,
When by *Avernus*' sacred Flood,
He saw *Hell's Portal* fring'd with *Wood*.)

And is this A L L, is this (she cry'd)
M A N's great *Desire*, and W O M A N's *Pride*;
The *Spring* whence flows the *Lover's Pain*,
The *Ocean* where 'tis lost again,
By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nursery* and *Grave* of *Love*?

O T H O U of dire and horrid Mien,
And always better felt than seen!
Fit Rapture for the gloomy *Night*,
O, never more approach the *Light*!
Like other M Y S T' R I E S Men adore,
Be H I D to be R E V E R'D the more!



T H E
SILENT FLUTE:
O R, T H E
MEMBERS *Speech to their* SOVEREIGN.
By the S A M E.

*Henceforth Italian Concerts must be mute,
No Instrument is like the SILENT FLUTE.*

O T H O U, design'd by Nature to controul,
And in the Centre plac'd to guide the Whole,
What Praise to suit thy Merit shall we bring,
Or how, Great Limb, thy nervous Glory sing?

From Thee our nobler Talents we derive,
 Courage to act, and Cunning to contrive,
 With Thee we flourish, and with Thee we *fall*,
 Of Health thou sure Prognostick to us all.

When Chance or Vigour does expose thy Face,
 Tho' *Prudes* may frown, and gravely quit the Place,
 Soft *Maids*, with giddy Eyes, thy Lustre see,
 Dazzled, like Slaves, at Eastern Majesty ;
 They smile, and blush, and peep, and fly, and turn,
 And in the pleasing Conflict chide, and burn ;
 No *Steel* like Thee their Paleness can relieve ;
 E'en *Widows* by thy Aid forget to grieve.

What, tho' with Blood thy Conquests oft are stain'd ?
 To either Party's Joy they still are gain'd ;
 Nor dost thou *swell*, vain-glorious, with success ;
 But after Action still retir'd, and *less*,
 The *Hero* and the *Sage* at once confess.

That thou art just, thy very Foes agree,
 Partial to no Condition or Degree,
 Nor e'er consult the Fair One's Pedigree ;
 But visit both the Wealthy and the Poor,
 And *knock* like equal Death, at ev'ry Door.
 Honour, that sullen Guardian Pow'r, who dwells
 In unfrequented Caves and barren Cells,
 Howe'er resolv'd, her *folding Gate* unlocks,
 Unable to resist thy mighty Shocks :
 Yet some pretend thou art a Paradox.
 Tho' blind, yet bold ; tho' dumb, you teach to speak ;
 Strong without Bones ; and thro' your Triumph *weak*.

But

But Nature on thy Vigour still relies,
And for her fading Labours hopes Supplies.
On boldly then, Your youthful Heat employ,
And strenuously force Your way to Joy;
Yet all Excesses, as pernicious, shun,
Nor strain the Tenth laborious *Hect* to run,
By curs'd Ambition led or fond Intreaties won:
So long with *Matrons* will you find Respect,
Maintain your *Crimson Blush*, and Form erect.

Pleas'd We'll pursue, where'er You lead the way,
And Your dear Laws implicitly obey;
By Day, by Night, thro' Heats, thro' Winter's Snow,
Fatigue and Danger scorn'd, We'll boldly go,
Not coldly asking why, when You command;
For you in Reason's Place, triumphant stand.
Long in Superior Glory may'st Thou thrive,
And may we ne'er thy active Power survive!
Scorn'd shall We be, when Thou can'st charm no more,
And slighted by the Sex we pleas'd before.
Strong as thou art, thy stubborn Neck must yield,
One Day reluctant, thou must quit the Field,
Then shall the *Nymphs* thy drooping Head deride,
Tho' now the *Maidens* Dream, and *Matrons* Pride.

Hence, gloomy Thought, while yet our Monarch reigns,
And the quick Torrent boils within our Veins;
And thou, Great Chief, the gloomy Thought forgive,
Nor shrink with sudden Grief; but rise, and live!
Thee to some fond expecting *Nymph* we'll bear,
And Beds of Roses for thy Bliss prepare.

May no Alarms your softer Hours annoy ;
 Still in Sweat Peace repeat the kindly Joy.
 May no disgust e'er lessen your Desire ;
 No *Flatus* raise Thee with deceitful Fire ;
 No Spells, from flighted *Maids* your Courage foil,
 While on yourself you shamefully recoil,
 Or vainly for th' *important Minute* toil.
 And still dear *Wanderer*, may'st thou be free
 From the infected *Rover's* Infamy !
 Dire Plague ! Which Heav'n has long reserv'd in Store,
 To damp the envy'd Joy, too great before.
 But if the Pow'rs this perfect Bliss deny,
 And needs must punish your Inconstancy,
 Rather when Old and loaded with Renown,
 A *Priapism* all your Labours crown,
 And may you prove the *Dildoe* of the Town.



A N

ALLUSION to HORACE.

ODE XXX. BOOK I.

By the SAME.

CÆLIA this Night has promis'd, I
 (And bound it with, *Or may I die*)
 Shall then be eas'd of all my Pains,
 And taste the Sweets of Lovers Chains ;
 The Bed, she tells me, is prepar'd,
 The Candle out, the Door unbar'd,

* Lovely

*Lovely Goddess, Queen of Love,
 Ruler of the Gods above,
 For one soft Moment leave thy Sky,
 Neglected once let *Paphos* lie,
 And here, with all thy Graces fly :
 Contemn the bawling Harlot's Pray'r,
 And snuff up nobler Incense here.
 Let Love, in all his fierce Desires,
 His raging never-dying Fires,
 Enter the lovely Form, and there,
 Make Pleasure his peculiar Care ;
 In naked conqu'ring Charms array'd,
 Let all the Graces lend their Aid,
 And Youth, and soft Persuasion meet,
 To make the joyful Scene complete.

The Goddess hears, and now she's there
 I see and feel her ev'ry where ;
 See how the charming *Celia* lies,
 With heaving Breasts, extended Thighs,
 And strong desiring, sparkling Eyes ;
 Declaring now, that Love's possesst,
 And revels warmly in her Breast.

Wanton VENUS, now inspire
 Thy Servant with unusual Fire ;
 Prolong the Night, as when great *Jove*
 Was blest with his *ALEMENA*'s Love ;
 And let me, Goddess, if you can,
 Be this Night *something more than Man*.

**O Verus, regina Gnidi, Paphique,
 Sperne dilectam Cypron, &c.*



B E D L A M.

By the SAME.

— *Peccatur & extra.*

HOR.

YOU who, like PROTEUS, in all Shapes appear,
 And ev'ry Hue, like the *Camelion*, wear,
 PHANTASIA, airy Pow'r! in humbler Lays
 We sing your Triumphs, and your Temple raise.
 There, far from Reason, absolute you reign,
 And scorn your proud, unequal Rival's Chain:
 A thousand restless Forms around you sport,
 A thousand busy Dreams your Throne support;
 Vain Terrors your severer Orders wait,
 And gay, delusive Hopes attend your State.

In *Britain*, still for some new Madness fam'd,
 When Madmen long had rag'd, and unrestrain'd,
 Near Old AUGUSTA's Walls, the spacious Seat,
 The wretched, wand'ring *Lunatic's* Retreat,
 Arose Majestic to the Founder's Fame,
 And * *Bedlam*, from it's Purpose, is it's Name.

Here ev'ry Error of the lawless Mind,
 The Monsters of distemper'd Thought we find.

Madness

* *Bedlam, or Bethlem, signifies the House of Bread.*

Madness in all Extrems: Serene and mild;
 Where EUCLID'S Sons * run Regularly wild;
 Where patient Chymists still their Labour ply;
 And where the frantic *Dead* supinely lie.

Or loudly Raving; where Ambition reigns,
 O'er prostrate Foes, and wide extending Plains,
 With Tyrants of all Kinds, and each Degree
 From Pedagogue to Eastern Majesty.

Or the pale Wretch, in one sad Posture found,
 With fix'd, and hollow Eyes surveys the Ground.
 For ever dwells on the consuming Care,
 And ev'ry Thing he turns to his Despair.
 Now tells of adverse Fate, and fondly dreams
 Of troubled Oceans, and contending Streams;
 Or weeps, like NIOBE, and weary strays
 O'er false, enchanted Ground, and thorny Ways;
 Or threatening Ghosts, arising to his View,
 On lonely Sands and Shores, the Wretch pursue;
 Or all around a thousand Furies glare,
 And shake their fiery Brands, and snaky Ha'r.

For grateful Errors some their Reason change,
 And in the gaudy Fields of Fancy range.
 Magnific to their wild delighted Eyes
Peruvian Roofs, and *Parian* Columns rise;
 Beneath their Thrones the *Niles* and *Ganges* meet,
 And vast unbounded Riches to their Feet;
 Kind Nymphs around with gay LYAEUS dance,
 And not one Fear invades the golden Trance,
 Happy till envious Art the Bane restore,
 And sad returning Reason finds 'em poor.

A 6

Nor

* *Mathematicians.*

While CORIDON laments his absent *Swains*,
And flighted SAPHO of her *Nymphs* complains.

But see a love-sick Maid, with Sighs oppress'd,
Shines with superior Grace amidst the rest !
Romantic Tales, in Heaps, compose her Bed,
And vast CASSANDRA * props her pensive Head.
Sigh to her Sighs, and long to share her Pains,
And thus the fond distracted Fair complains.

Sprung from a Royal Race of high Renown,
The wand'ring Heiress of an Eastern Crown
You here behold ! a miserable Maid !
By hapless Love to endless Care betray'd !
Early my Fame to distant Nations flew,
And wond'ring Crouds from ev'ry Nation drew,
Shining in Arms for MYRA's Love they vie,
And many in pursuit of MYRA die.
Ador'd by All, *One* only I approve,
And Him, and Him alone I vow to love.
But 'ere the holy Priest might join our Hands,
A fatal Task my Royal Sire commands.
Proud of the gen'rous Toil the Hero goes
In quest of Glory, and our Country's Foes.
Three tedious Moons his Absence I deplore,
And watch solicitous the well-known Shore,
The Way where then the brave ORLANDO pass'd,
When these o'erflowing Eyes beheld him last.
At length I vow, impatient of Delay,
To find my Love, or wander Life away.
'Twas in the solemn Noon of silent Night,
When guided by DIANA's doubtful Light,
Along the winding Coast I took my Flight.

}
}

An

* *A Romance.*

An Age o'er Plains, o'er Forests I'm convey'd,
 And Wastes where yet no human Path is made,
 Spells, Monsters-Rage, and Tyrant's-Threats endure,
 And Pains ORLANDO's Love alone can cure.
 Tell me, ye courteous Knights, whose gen'rous Care
 Protects the Injur'd, and relieves the Fair,
 Tell me what magic Pow'rs, what CIRCE's Charms
 Detain ORLANDO from his MYRA's Arms,
 Tell me, O, tell me this, and, O, invade
 The Giant's Tow'rs, and free a captive Maid!

Love has a thousand more fantastic Slaves,
 And each by Turns a diff'rent Madness raves,
 Triumphant now, and now again distress'd,
 By Hope elated, or by Fear depress'd.

Religion next, and Politics, combine,
 And in one friendly League of *Madness* join,
 The wild Projector, Patriot, and Divine.
 Of Schisms yet untaught, unpractis'd Schemes,
 And Credit still to fall, the Frantic Dreams.
 Here, CYNTHIA, once a fam'd Coquet, retires,
 And burns with manly Rage, and Roman Fires,
 Scorns the malicious Art, her Beauty past,
 And changes Love for Politics at last,
 Loud from her Cell the raging Sybil screams
 Mysterious Errors, and portentous Dreams;
 War, horrid War, and Peace by Turns she sings,
 And *Bedlam* with the Fate of *Europe* rings.
 For these our sacred *College* chiefly stands,
 And half our Lodgings are in Statesmens Hands;
 Tremendous Croud! with various Rage possess'd,
 And ever more tumultuous than the rest.

Yet few of all the raving Herd are found
So loud as he who wou'd be thought most found.

Pity, he cries, a sad, but wholsom Mind,
A Wretch by false, impatient Heirs confin'd!
Bedlam, at least, one Reas'ning Slave contains,
And many yet without deserve these Chains:
Amidst his shining Hoard AVARO wants,
Hoarse STENTOR sings, and bright AURELIA paints,
On these let *Bedlam's* just Correction fall,
On these and on my impious Prodigal!

Not far from hence, and in obscurer Cells
Spleen with her meagre, faded, People dwells.
A hundred Heads the gloomy Monster bears,
Each Head by Turns a hundred Faces wears,
Inspiring all the Train of needless Cares.
PHANTASIA, you, the deadly *Pest*, of Yore,
On *Albion's* chalky Cliffs to EURUS bore:
She still her *Sire* attends, and haunts the cloudy Shore.

Near these the *Lunatic*, in fond Despair,
Oft to th'inconstant Moon directs his Pray'r,
Sollicitous observes her Nightly Way,
As thro' the pathless Heav'n she seems to stray,
To her of short liv'd Intervals complains,
And feels already the approaching Change.

'Twas here, amidst the Croud of gaping Fools,
A celebrated Member of the Schools
Pass'd gravely on, with slow, majestic Pace,
The Pride of *useless Learning* in his Face.
Tir'd of the noisy Croud, away, ye rude,
Away, he cry'd, obstrep'rous Multitude!

Hence!

Hence! your unseasonable Mirth give o'er!
 Or learn of me lost Reason to deplore,
 Profane, illiterate Herd! who joy to see
 Man fallen from his native Dignity.
 Man! Lordly Creature! for whose only Aid
 The Earth, and all th'Ethereal Lamps were made.
 To these sublime his stately Front he rears,
 And Majesty in all his Form appears,
 And Heaven to that glorious Form has join'd
 A quick, discerning, bright, capacious Mind,
 And plac'd him next to the *Angelic* Kind.

The surly *Lunatic*, whose Cell was nigh,
 Observ'd the canting Pedant stalking by,
 And thus occosts him: Hift, Sir *Gravity*!
 When his own Form the Painter wou'd exprefs,
 He seldom flatters more, or means it less.
 To me this *Lordly Creature* Man appears
 The empty, idle Sport of Hopes and Fears,
 Flying the Thing he did but now adore,
 And now pursuing what he fled before;
 Of Nature's more unfinish'd Draughts the Worst,
 And of all Nature's Wretches most accurs'd,
 If Flattery and Pride had not conspir'd
 To make his Imperfections still admir'd.
 At mighty Things he aims with restless Strife
 Beyond the little Purpose of his Life;
 Base in Oppression, and in Pow'r severe;
 His Glory, Arrogance; his Justice, Fear:
 For fear of Human Nature, Laws are made;
 For fear of Human Punishment, obey'd.
 And his sublimest Knowledge seems design'd
 To prove the narrow Limits of his Mind.

Some whom at least in Silence all revere,
Like Gods, we own, amidst the Croud appear;
These tho' they must admire, they basely hate,
Or starve the Worth they dare not imitate.

Yet more ungrateful Truths Mankind must own.
Was Man but to himself sincerely known;
But from the Dawn of Light they turn away,
And fly like Birds obscene, the hated Day;
Virtues in human Vanity devise,

Which human Weakness ne'er can excercise,
And sooth their Wretchedness with pompous Lies
Thus Reason is their boasted Attribute,

The Mighty diff'rence 'twixt Man and Brute!
The Flatterer of all, the Guide of none,
And late reflection of the Wretch undone.

An Armour which in Peace for Pride they bear;
But never of Defence in Time of War.

A Pilot who in Calms alone can guide,
Stem easy Currents, and a gentle Tide;
Who, insolent, and vain, in Safety braves

The sleeping Tempest, and the smiling Waves;
But when strong Winds arise, and Billows rore,
The idle Boaster is of Use no more,
And the poor Vessel breaks upon the Shore.





A

SHIP in a STORM.

By a SAILOR.

I.

WITH flowing Pomp, and beauteous Pride,
 The *floating Pile* in Harbour rode,
 Proud of her Freight, the Swelling Tide
 Reluctant left the Vessel's Side,
 And kiss'd it as she flow'd:

II.

The Seas with Eastern-Breezes curl'd,
 And silver'd half the liquid Plain,
 Her Anchors weigh'd, her Sails unfurl'd,
 Serenely mov'd the *Wooden-World*,
 And stretch'd along the Main.

III.

Thus whilst we trace a prosp'rous Scene
 Dissembled Friendship waits on Power;
 But early quits the fraudulent Mien,
 When Fortune is no more serene;
 And waits but to devour.

IV.

Amaz'd at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd,
His Admiration into Anger turn'd ;
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he stood,
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood.

And wilt Thou still my Music imitate ?
Then see thy Folly, and Thy Task is great :
For know, more pow'rful Lays remain unsung,
Lays far Superior to that mimic Tongue.

If not this *Lute*, this vanquish'd *Lute*, I swear,
Shall never more delight the list'ning Ear ;
But broke in scatter'd Fragments, strew the Plain,
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He said, and glowing with a jealous Fire,
With a disdainful Air he struck the Lyre ;
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Music flow,
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe :
Now rise the shriller Trumpet's clanging Jar,
Now rouse the Thunders of the tuneful War ;
Now soft'ning Sounds and sadly pleasing Strains
Breathe out the Lover's Joys and Lover's Pains.

He Sung ; and sat attentive now to hear,
His little Rival's Fame-contending Air.

But now, too late ! her noble Folly found,
Sad *Philomela* stood subdu'd by Sound ;
Tho' vanquish'd, yet with gen'rous Ardour fill'd,
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the Field ;
Each emulated Strain, each labour'd Note,
Trills on her Tongue, and trembles thro' her Throat.

But

But slowly faint, her pensive Accents flow,
 Weaken'd with Grief, and overcharg'd with Wee:
 Again she Tunes her voice, again she Sings,
 Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,
 In vain! her sinking Spirits fade away,
 And in a tuneful Agony decay;
 Dying she fell, and as the Strains expire,
 Breath'd out her Soul in Anguish on the Lyre:
 Dissolv'd in Transports, she resign'd her Breath,
 And gain'd a living Conquest by her Death.



THE
 COURT of VENUS,

From CLAUDIAN.

By the SAME.

W Here the fair *Paphian* Goddess keeps her Court,
 Where the Loves wanton, and the Graces sport;
 A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty Brow,
 And bends with Pleasure on the Plains below;
 O'er distant blue retiring Hills surveys;
 Its shadow floating in *Ionian* Seas;
 The Top impervious all Access denies,
 Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes:

No fierce inclement *Winter* shivers here,
 No blasting Seasons nip the bloomy Year,
 No smoaking Mists, nor foggy Damps arise.
 Hang o'er the Hills, or sail along the Skies:
 But an untainted *Æther* smiles serene,
 And sheds its Influence on the shining Scene;
 Eternal Sweets the wafting Breezes bring,
 And breathe around an everlasting Spring.

The pleasurable Mountains by Degrees,
 Sink in a Level, to salute your Eyes:
 Where Joy, succeeding Joy, for ever New,
 For ever rising to the ravish'd View.
 The wond'ring Sight with sweet Amusement leads
 Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

These were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,
 VULCAN bestow'd upon the *Queen of Love*;
 For these, the *Queen of Love* resign'd her Charms,
 And over sold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a soft Grove it's cooling Shade affords,
 Fann'd by the Music of the vocal Birds;
 To this the *Sylvan* Choristers resort,
 Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes sport:
 The *Queen of Love* amid the tuneful Throng,
 With graceful Smiles rewards each fav'rite Song;
 Elect the worthy Tenant of the Grove,
 And dedicates him to the God of Love.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compose;
 That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows;
 With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,
 With spreading *Alders*, spreading *Alders* join:

Majestic

Majestic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,
The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,
And rising with the cooling Gale revive.

Two diff'rent Rivers murmur thro' the Grove,
Two fatal Contrarieties in *Love* !
This sweet, as mutual Joys in youthful Veins;
That bitter, as a dying Lover's Pains ;
Conscious, the Streams each other seem to fun,
But in *Meanders* lost, too soon are One :
Dipt in these fabled Waves, *Love's* fatal Dart
Stings the distracted Soul to sooth the Heart :
To these his Shafts their double Power owe,
Soft pleasing Joys, and sad consuming Woe.

Rang'd on the Banks the little Loves resort,
Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in sport ;
Those tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,
And left their Virgin Image on their Face ;
The ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim,
Alike their Habit, and their Look the same.
O'er all these Troops presides the *God of Love*,
A *God* whom all the *Gods* revere Above ;
Sprung from the *Mother*, and the *Queen of Charms*,
He shines distinguish'd in superior Arms ;
His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controls,
And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles ;
On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,
And blasts the Laurel which the Lightning spares :
In Woods and Groves th'inferior Archers reign,
Contented with the Conquests of the Plain.

Close in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,
 Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid ;
 Here lawless Liberty for ever roves,
 For ever riots in excess of Loves ;
 Inflam'd with Wine, distracted Rage appears,
 But soon dissolves in self-accusing Tears ;
 Here, warming Whispers propagate Replies,
 Sweet melting Murmurs, soft consenting Sighs ;
 With all the Eloquence that Hearts confess,
 With all the Harmony that Eyes express :
 There young Desire, their tasted Joys pursue,
 Pleas'd with the past, and panting for the new ;
 While strange Chimera's on a sudden rise,
 Shift the false Scene, and intercept their Eyes ;
 Tormenting Jealousies, uneasy Cares,
 Dissembling Hopes, imaginary Fears ;
 Accusing Crimes of ill-requited Love,
 And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove :
 Full in the midst, with nice-becoming Grace,
 Stood Youth, too conscious of his comely Face,
 Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,
 With Pain his Blood the luscious Tide contains ;
 With haughty Smiles he mocks declining Age,
 His starv'd Enjoyments, and dissembled Rage :
 The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorse,
 And sickens at the thought of what he was.
 Proud o'er the Groves, a glitt'ring Dome ascends,
 Rich with the Labours of *Vulcanian* Hands ;
 Thro' the green Ranks the darting Lustre streams,
 And the Shades kindle with reflecting Gleams ;
 This Master-piece of Skill the *Lemnian* God
 On his fair Spouse a worthy Gift bestow'd :
 Immortal Monuments of Art support
 The vast Foundations of each ample Court ;

On Di'mond Pillars, Di'mond Pillars rise,
At once invade and emulate the Skies ;
Perlucid Crystal clarifies each Stone,
And by excluding makes a double Sun ;
In Oval-steps the rising Topaz roll'd,
Reflected Blazes on the valving Gold ;
Each Stone conspires it's emulating Rays,
Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze.
Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,
And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here spacious Greens, refreshing Areas rise,
And with a milder Scene refresh the Eyes ;
Thro' *Cassia* Groves ambrosial Breezes breathe,
And steal the aromatic Sweets beneath ;
There soft inferior Shades of *Myrtles* grow,
And *Lillies* blushing as the *Roses* glow ;
Dissolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,
And the sweet Tears distil at ev'ry Pore.

But now his Journey pass'd, the *God of Love*,
With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove ;
And now he re-assumes a solemn Pace,
He moves with Majesty, and looks with Grace.

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,
His Goddess-Mother at her Toilet sat ;
On either side th' *Idalian* Sisters stand,
Proud of the smiling Goddess's Command ;
These scatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,
Those spread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.
Some exercise the fine correcting Comb,
Smooth the soft Curls, and call the straglers home :

The comely Fav'rites by a nice Design,
 They leave to sport, and wanton in the Wind;
 The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,
 Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face,
 With cooling Airs create an easy Pride,
 And but increase the Charms they strive to hide;
 No Glasse here deluding Lights supply,
 The brilliant Di'mond guides the judging Eye:
 For as the Goddess moves, new Mirrours rise,
 And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes;
 As to the multiplying Stones she turns,
 On all she dances, and on all she burns.

But lo! a sudden Scene of Glory fires
 Her rising Soul, and breathes more gay Desires?
 Her Son's reflected Image she surveys,
 With trembling Joy she turns to prove the Rays;
 But turning conscious of her only Son,
 Into the blooming Boy's Embraces run;
 Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,
 And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.





DOBSON and JOAN:

A
SONG.

By Mr B****.

I.

DEAR CHLOE, while thus beyond Measure,
 You treat me with Doubts and Disdain,
 You rob all your Youth of it's Pleasure,
 An hoard up an Old-Age of Pain.

II.

Your Maxim, that *Love is still founded,*
On Charms that will quickly decay;
 You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
 When once you it's Dictates obey.

III.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn,
 Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve;
 Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love.

B 4

IV. And

IV.

No Monster could put you to half so much Fear,
 Shou'd he in APULIA's Forest appear;
 In *Africa's* Desert, there never was seen,
 A Monster so hated, by Gods and by Men.

V.

Come place me, ye *Deities*, under the Line,
 Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine;
 O'er hot burning Sands I will swelter and sweat,
 Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

VI.

Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be found.
 Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound!
 Even there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require.
 My Bottle should warm me, and fill me with Fire.

VII.

My Tutor may *Job* me, and lay me down Rules,
 Who minds 'em but Damn'd Philosophical Fools;
 For when I am Old and can no more Drink.
 'Tis time enough then for to sit down and Think.

VIII.

'Twas thus ALEXANDER was tutor'd in vain,
 For he thought ARISTOTLE an Ass for his Pain;
 His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
 And when he was *Drunk*, then the *World was his own*.

IX. This

IX.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord;
 My Life is the Reckning which freely I'll pay,
 And when I'm Dead-Drunk, then I'll stagger away.



THE
 STORY
 OF

Orpheus and Eurydice.

FROM

The Fourth GEORGIC of VIRGIL.

By SAMUEL HUMPHREYS, Esq;

SUCH Words the *Prophet's* * Indignation raise,
 His Eyes flash awful with an azure Blaze;
 He grinds his Teeth, and with a sullen Glare,
 Begins the Fate's dread Secrets to declare.

* PROTEUS

The Gods on all thy hated Labours frown,
 Thy Crimes have call'd the raging Vengeance down.
 Young ORPHEUS wretched, tho' unjustly so,
 Moves Heaven to load Thee with a length of Woe,
 His WIFE's sad Fate has rais'd Thee such a Foe.
 When from thy bold Pursuit, with blushing Dread,
 Swift, o'er the River's winding Bank she fled;
 She ne'er beheld in her unhappy Speed,
 A burning Serpent in the Herbage hid.
 She died! and all the Dryads mourn'd around,
 O'er all the conscious Hills their Sorrows found;
 Ev'n savage *Thrace* a tender Grief adorn'd,
 And *Rhodope* thro' all his Mountains mourn'd.
Barbarian Climes confess'd a gen'rous Woe,
 And *Heber's* plaintive Streams forgot to flow.
 His Matchless Lyre was all the Youth's Relief,
 His last soft Effort to elude his Grief.
 Thee, lovely Spouse! thee, fated to deplore,
 He mourn'd melodious on the desert Shore;
 Thee, when the Day-spring dawn'd with tuneful Tongue,
 Thee when Night gloom'd, he solitary sung,
 But now his Love an awful Proof intends,
 To Hell's detested Shades the Youth descends;
 To the dull Grove where Night for ever reigns;
 To Ghosts insensible of Human Pains,
 To Hell's tremendous King, he boldly goes,
 Led by the Ardour of the restless Woes.
 His wondrous Lyre charm'd *Erebus* around,
 And rais'd soft Raptures with the magic Sound:
 The gliding Ghosts and Forms of living Shade,
 Around him croud, and gladden'd as he play'd:
 Not in such Numbers, from the clouded Sky,
 The feather'd Nation to the Woodland fly,

When

When from the sable Night and Storms above,
They seek the Shelter of the grateful Grove.
Parents in venerable Forms appear,
And laurel'd Heroes frown'd in Shapes of Air;
Bright Virgins too, in softer Shadows move,
And Youths snatch'd early from their Bloom above;
Whose wand'ring Flight the *Stygian* Streams control,
Nine Times the mirey Waters round them roll:
But o'er the Gloom the tuneful Rapture spread,
And charm'd the Caverns of the silent Dead.
The Furies too with fond Attention gaz'd.
And their dishevel'd Snakes no longer blaz'd,
The dreadful Throats of CERBERUS were still,
And gentle Breezes stop'd Ixion's Wheel.
And now, the Perils of his Passage pass'd,
With pleasing Speed, he leaves the dismal Waste,
His Wife, the dear Companion of his Way,
His Footsteps follow'd to the Verge of Day.
With this Command, relenting at his Prayer,
The Queen of Hell restor'd the Willing Fair.
When ah! his tender Joys too soon renew,
A slender Crime,) if Ghosts Forgiveness knew:
Near the mild Confines of returning Day,
On the last Bounds of his unfinish'd Way;
Thoughtless alas! unable to forbear,
He stop'd, he turn'd, he gaz'd upon his Fair:
Here all his Labours lost their rich Reward,
His Vows were broke with Hell's tyrannick Lord;
A Noise of Woe roll'd ominous around,
And ACHERON thrice echo'd to the Sound:
My Spouse, she cry'd, what angry Gods Decree,
Div'des thy dear EURYDICE and Thee!
The Fates remand me to the silent Shades,
The Sleep of Death my swimming Eyes invades;

Farewel



V E R T U M N U S.

A N

EPISTLE to Mr JACOB BOBART.

*Botany Professor to the University of Oxford,
and Keeper of the Physic-Garden.*

By Dr. E V A N S, 1711.

T H A N K Heav'n, at last, our Wars are o'er ;
 We're very *Wise*, and very *Poor*,
 All our Campaigns, at Once, are done ;
 We've *Ended*, were we just *Begun*,
 In Perfect *P E A C E* : Long may it last !
 And Pay for all the *Taxes* past :
 Refill th' *Exchequer*, chase our Fears,
 And dry up all the Ladies Tears
 For Husbands, Sons, and Lovers lost ;
 In Duels some, in Battles most.

Rise, Rise, ye *Britons*, Thankful Rise !
 Extol your *E M P R E S S* to the Skies ;
 Crown Her with Laurels ever Green,
 With Olives fair inwove between :
 Her Courage drew the Conqu'ring Sword ;
 Her Wisdom Banish'd-*P E A C E* restor'd.

Long, wond'rous *ANNA* ! may'st Thou live,
 T'enjoy those Blessings which You Give:

To

To Guard Thy Friends, Confound thy Foes,
 And Fix the Church, and State's Repose :
 And late, for *P E A C E* to *Britain* giv'n.
 Be Crown'd with Endless *P E A C E* in Heav'n.

Farewel ye Camps, and Sieges dire !
 With all your Cannons, Smoke and Fire:
 Ye Victories and Trophies vain !
 A certain Loss, uncertain Gain :
 Ye Squadrons and Battalions brave !
 Who first your Foes, then Friends enslave :
 Ye Gallant Leaders ! who delight,
 For Glory less, than Gold, to Fight :
 Ye Publick Patriots ! plac'd on High,
 To Sell those Votes which first ye Buy :
 And Bards, whose mercenary Lays,
 Such Heroes, and Such Statesmen Praise.

An Honest Muse, alike disclaims
 Such Authors and their impious Themes:
 And with a more becoming Grace,
 Her Song impartial does Address.
BOBART to Thee ; the Muse's Friend :
BOBART! the Promis'd Song attend.

And where no difference appears
 Betwixt the Subject, and the Verse ;
 But He who Praises, and is Prais'd,
 On Equal Eminence are rais'd :
 No Flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
 Nor hopes encourag'd of Reward.

Such is our Case: — I Honour Thee
 For Something, Thou for something Me ;

Sincerely

42 P O E M S *on several Occasions*

Sincerely Both : Our Thoughts the same ;
Of Courtiers, Fortune, and of Fame :
Alike, (in Pity to Mankind)
To *P E A C E*, to Heavenly *P E A C E* inclin'd.

To *P E A C E*, my Frined ! that Thou and I,
(No Colours flutt'ring in the Sky ;
With frightful Faces, glitt'ring Arms,
BELLONA's military Charms ;)
May undisturb'd and studious rove,
O'er ev'ry Lawn, thro' ev'ry Grove.

See various Nature, in each Field
Her Flow'rs and Fruits luxuriant yield ;
While the Bright God of Day presides
Aloft, and all the Season guides ;
Jocund to run his Annual Course,
With never-tiring Speed and Force.

With Golden Hair, the God of Day,
Wings from the East, his fervid Way :
The Stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch, along the Skies :
To see him roll his fiery Race,
Athwart the vast *Æthereal* Space ;
Unbind the Frosts, dissolve the Snows,
Asround the Radiant Belt he goes.

Mild *ZEPHYRUS*, the Graces leads,
To revel o'er the fragrant Meads ;
The Mountains shout, the Forests ring,
While *FLORA* decks the purple Spring:

The *Hours* (attendant all the While)
On ZEPHYRUS and FLORA smile:
The Vallies laugh, the Rivers play,
In Honour of the God of Day.

The Birds that fan the liquid Air,
To Tune their little Throats prepare;
The Joyous Birds of ev'ry Shade,
For loit'ring, Love, and Music made:
Their Voices raise on ev'ry Spray,
To Welcome in the God of Day.

The Vegetable Earth beneath,
Bids all her Plants his Praises breathe:
Clouds of fresh Fragrance upwards rise,
To cheer his Progress thro' the Skies;
And Heav'n and Earth, and Air unite,
To Celebrate his Heat, and Light.

That Light and Heat, which on our World,
From his gay Chariot-Wheels is hurl'd;
And ev'ry Morn does Rosy rise,
To glad our dampy, darksome Skies:
Which once deserted by his Light,
Wou'd languish in eternal Night.

But *GARD'NING* were of all a Toil,
That on our hopes the least wou'd Smile;
Shou'd the Kind God of Day forbear
T' exhale the Rains, foment the Air:
Or, in an angry Mood, decline,
With his prolific Beams to shine.

Ev'n *THOU*! tho' that's thy meanest Praise,
 Nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs, coud'ft hope to raise;
 (Howe'er thou may'ft in Order place,
 Of Both, the Latter, Earlier Race;
 In Glaffes, or in Sheds confin'd,
 To fhield them from the Wintry Wind;
 Or, in the Spring, with skilful Care,
 Place 'em his Influence beft to share;) *;*
 Did not the *SUN*, their Genial Sire,
 The Vegetative Soul inspire:
 Instruct the fenfelefs aukward Root,
 And teach the Fibres how to shoot:
 Command the taper Stalk to rear
 His flow'ring Head, to grace the Year;
 To shed Ambrofial Odours round,
 And paint, with choicest Dyes, the Ground.

THOU, next to Him, are tru'y Great;
 On Earth his Mighty Delegate:
 The Vegetable World to guide,
 And o'er all *BOTANY* prefide:
 To fee, that ev'ry dewy Morn,
 Succelfive Plants the Earth adorn:
 That *Flow'rs*, thro' ev'ry Month be found,
 Constant to keep their gaudy Round:
 That *Flow'rs*, in fpite of Froft and Snow,
 Throughout the Year, perpetual Blow:
 That *Trees*, in fpite of Winds are feen,
 Array'd in Everlafting Green.

Nor with a Care, beneath thy Skill,
 Dost *THOU* that vaft Employment fill,

Hail,

Hail, Horticulture's Sapiient KING!
 Receive the Homage which we bring:
 While at thy Feet, with Reverence low,
 All *Botanists* and *Florists* Bow;
 Their Knowledge, Practice, All resign:
 Short, infinitely Short of *Thine*.

For *THOU*, not satisfy'd to know,
 The *Plants* that in *Three* Nations Blow;
 (Their Names, their Seasons, native Place;
 Their Culture, Qualities and Race)
 Or *Europe's* more extended Plains;
SYLVANUS', *FLORA's* wide Domains.

Nothing in *Afric*, *Asia*, shoots
 From Seeds, from Layers, Grafts, or Roots;
 At both the *Indies*, both the *Poles*,
 Whate'er the Sea, or Ocean rolls;
 Of the *Botanic*, Herbal Kind,
 Lies open to Thy searching Mind.

Noblest Ambition of thy Soul!
 Which Limits, but in vain Control:
 Let others, meanly satisfy'd
 With Partial Knowledge, sooth their Pride:
 While *Thou*, with thy Proudgious Store,
 But shew'st thy Modesty the more.

Thou Venerable *Patriarch* Wife,
 Instruct us in thy Mysteries:
 From Thee, the *Gods* no Knowledge hide,
 No Knowledge have to thee deny'd:
 The *Rural Gods* of Hills or Plains;
 Where *Faunus*, or *Feronia* Reigns.

Then

Then tell us, as Thou best dost know,
Where perfect Happiness does grow.

What *Herbs* our Bodies will sustain
Secure from Sickneſs, and from Pain:
What *Plants* protect us from the Rage
Of blighting Time, and blaſting Age;
Which *Shrubs* of all the flow'ry Field,
Moſt Aromatic Odours yield.

Shew us the *Trees* by Nature ſpread,
To form the cooleſt Noon-tide Shade;
When our firſt Anceſtors were ſeen,
Out-ſtretch'd upon the graſſy Green:
Nor any Food or Cov'ring ſought,
But what from *Trees* and *Woods* they got.

Who after various Ages ſpent
In Eaſe, Abundance, and Content,
Knew not what Wars, or Sickneſs meant;
But chearful, when the Fates requir'd,
Quick to th'*Elyſian* Fields retir'd.

Recount the Precepts they obſerv'd;
How from their Rules they never ſwerv'd:
Such, as ALCINOUS of Old,
To his belov'd *Phæaceans* told;
Or thoſe APOLLO firſt did teach
His * Son the *Epidaurian* Leach †.

Long

* ÆSCULAPIUS.

† Phyſician. *verb. ant.*

Long 'ere the *Romans* us'd to dine,
 Beneath their Plains manur'd with Wine:
 On *Tyrian* Couches, Thoughtless lay,
 And Drank, and Laugh'd, and Kifs'd away
 Each fultry, circling Summer's Day:
 On polish'd Ivory Beds reclin'd;
 Cast Care and Sorrow to the Wind:
 And scorning Nature's temp'rate Rules,
 Like Madmen liv'd, and dy'd like Fools:

Teach us, Thou Learn'd, Judicious Sage!
 The Manners of a Wiser Age.

To Thee, was giv'n by Jove to keep
 Those Grottoes where the Muses sleep:
 To plant the Forests, where they sing,
 Fast by the cool *Castalian* Spring:
 With Myrtles their Pavilions raise;
 Soft, intermix'd with *Delian* Bays:
 And when they wake, at Earliest Day;
 To strew, with sweetest Flow'rs, their Way.

Transcendent Honour! here below,
 The Muses and their Haunts to know.

ANNA! Look down on *Isis* Tow'rs;
 Be gracious to the Muse's Bow'rs:
 And now Thy Toils of War are done;
ANNA! Protect *APOLLO's* Throne:
 'Twas He, the Dart unerring threw;
PYTHON, the Snaky Monster, flew.

The *Muse's Bow'rs*, by All admir'd,
 But those Fanatic Rage has fir'd :
 Or Atheist-Fools, who Freedom boast ;
 Themselves to Slav'ry fetter'd most.
 Stern MARS may Thunder, MOMUS Rail ;
 But Wisdom's Goddess will prevail.

On *Isis' Banks*, Retirement sweet !
Tritonian PALLAS holds her Seat.

MINERVA's Gardens are Thy Care ;
BOBART! the *Virgin Pow'r* revere :
 Thy Hoary Head with *Vervain* bound,
 The Mystic Grove thrice compass round ;
 The Waters of *Lustration* pour,
 And thrice the Allies, Walks, explore :
 Lest some presumptuous Wretch intrude,
 With impious Steel to wound the Wood :
 Or, with rash Arm, profanely dare
 To shake the Trees, the Leaves to bare,
 And violate their sacred Hair :
 Or by worse Sacrilege betray'd,
 The Blossoms, Fruits, or Flow'rs invade.

Ye Strangers ! Guard your heedless Feet,
 Lest from the Herbs, their Dews ye beat ;
 Cosmetic Dews, (by Virgins Fair,
 Exhal'd in *May*, with early Care ;)
 Will to their Eyes fresh Lustre give,
 And make their Charms for ever live.

MINERVA'S

MINERVA's Gardens are thy Care ;
 JACOB, the Goddess-Maid revere.

All *Plants* which *Europe's* Fields contain ;
 For Health, for Pleasure, or for Pain :
 (From the tall Cedar, which does rise
 With Conic Pride, and mates the Skies ;
 Down to the humblest Shrub that crawls
 On Earth, or just ascends our Walls,)
 Her Squares of Horticulture yield :
 By *DANBY** Planted, *BOBART* Till'd.

Delightful scientific Shade !
 For Knowledge, as for Pleasure made.

'Twas Gen'rous *DANBY* first inclos'd
 The Waste, and in Parterres dispos'd ;
 Transform'd the Fashion of the Ground,
 And Fenc'd it with a Rocky Mound ;
 The Figure disproportion'd chang'd,
 Trees, Shrubs, and Plants in Order rang'd ;
 Stock'd it, with such excessive Store,
 Only the spacious Earth has more :
 At his Command the Plat was chose,
 And *Eden* from the *Chaos* rose :
 Confusion in a Moment fled,
 And Roses blush'd where Thistles bred.

The *Portico* next, High he rear'd,
 By Builders now so much rever'd ;

C

(Which

* *The Right Honourable THOMAS Duke of Leeds,*
Lord-Treasurer to King CHARLES II.

(Which like some Rustic Beauty shows,
 Who all her Charms to Nature owes;
 Yet fires the Heart, and warms the Head,
 No less than those in Cities bred;
 Our Wonder equally does raise
 With them, as well deserves our Praise.)

The Work of JONES's Master Hand:
 JONES, the VITRUVIUS of our Land;
 He drew the Plan, the Fabric fix'd,
 With equal Strength, and Beauty mix'd:
 With perfect Symmetry design'd;
 Consummate, like the Donor's Mind.

Illustrious *DANBY*! Splendid Peer!
 Look downwards from thy Radiant Sphere,
 The Muse's Thanks propitious hear.

When *Albion* will thy Nobles now,
 Such Bounty to MINERVA show?
 With true Patrician Renown,
 In Honour of the Church and Crown,
 Grace, with such Gifts, the Muse's Town?

There, where Old *Cherwell* gently leads
 His humid Train, along the Meads;
 And courts fair *Isis* but in vain,
 Who laughs at all his am'rous Pain;
 Away the scornful *Naiad* turns,
 For Younger *Tamus*, *Isis* burns.

Close to those Tow'rs, * so much renown'd
 For Slav'ry lost, and Freedom found:

Where

* MAGDALEN College.

Where thy brave Sons! in hapless Days,
 WAINFLEET : to thy Immortal Praise!
 Their Rights Municipal maintain'd
 Submits, nor their Allegiance stain'd :
 To Loyalty and Conscience true ;
 Gave CÆSAR, and *Themselves* their Due.
 Close to those Tow'rs, by Jove's Command,
 The Gardens of MINERVA stand.

There 'tis we see Thee, BOBART, tend
 Thy fav'rite Greens ; from Harms defend
 Exotic Plants, which finely Bred
 In softer Soils, Thy Succour need ;
 Whose Birth far distant Countries claim,
 Sent here in Honour to thy Name.

To Thee the Strangers trembling fly,
 For Shelter from our barb'rous Sky.
 And Murd'ring Winds, that frequent blow,
 With cruel Drifts of Rain or Snow ;
 And dreadful Ills, both Fall and Spring,
 On alien Vegetables bring.

Nor art thou less inclin'd to save,
 Then they Thy gen'rous Aid to crave :
 But with like Pleasure and Respect,
 Thy darling Tribe Thou dost protect :
 Lessen their Fears, their Hopes dilate,
 And save their fragrant Souls from Fate :
 While they secure in Health and Peace,
 Their Covert, and their Guardian blest.

This makes thee rise at break of Day,
 Thy doubtful Nurs'ry to survey :

Nor they Undutiful deny,
What's due to Lawful Majesty.
Safe in Thy Court from all the Cares,
Domestic Treasons, Foreign Wars,
Which Monarchs, and their Crowns perplex.
Whom Factions still, or Fav'rites vex.

But *THOU*, on Thy *Botanic* Throne,
Sit'st Fearless, Uncontroul'd, Alone:
Thy Realms in Tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or Rising, are as soon dissolv'd :
Free from the Mischiefs, and the Strife,
Of a False Friend, or Fury Wife :
And if a rebel Slave, or Son,
Audacious by Indulgence grown,
Presumes above his Mates to rise,
And their dull Loyalty despise ;
THOU, Awful Sultan ! with a Look,
Can'st all his Arrogance rebuke ;
And darting one Imperial Frown,
Hurl the bold Traytor headlong down :
His Breth'ren trembling at his Fate,
Thy dread Commands with Rev'rence wait :
Thy wond'rous Pow'r, and Justice own,
And learn t'assert a tott'ring Throne.

Thus Kings, who are in Empire wise,
Rebellions, early, shou'd chastise ;
And give their Clemency no Time,
Betwixt th' Offender, and the Crime,
With fatal Eloquence to plead,
Which does more Rebels only breed.

BOBART,

BOBART, to Kings Thy Rules commend,
For Thou to Monarchs art a Friend,

Thus, Sov'raign *PLANTER*! I have paid
The Debt, the promis'd Present made :
Do *THOU*, what's written for Thy Sake
With Freedom, with like Freedom, take :
Take the just *Praise* Thy *Friend* does give,
And in my *Vers*e for ever *Live*.

————— *Tibi candida Nais*

Pallentes violas & summa papavera carpens,

Narcissum, & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

VIRG. *Ecl.* 2.



*Written in a Blank-Leaf of Dr TRAPP's
Blank-Vers*e-Translation of VIRGIL.

By the SAME.

Read the *Commandments*, TRAPP, Translate no further,
For *there* 'tis written, *Thou shalt do No Murther*.





C A N N O N S.

Inscribed to his GRACE the

D U K E of C H A N D O S.

By S A M U E L H U M P H R E Y S, Esq;

Par domus est Cælo, sed minor est Domino.

MARTIAL.

Written in the Year 1728.

W H I L S T You my Lord, acquire a deathless Name,
 And shine unrival'd in the Rolls of Fame;
 Whilst your great Conduct is a Nation's Boast,
 And they best please Mankind who praise You most;
 Whilst Heav'n to You its chosen Bliss extends,
 And Grandeur, duteous, on your Days attends;
 Appear, great Prince, propitious to the Lays
 That join with Millions to proclaim your Praise.
 O! may I prosper in the Theme I love,
 And fortunately sing what You approve:
 Mankind will favour my sincere Designs,
 And Cannons rise applauded in the Lines.

ENVY

ENVY that sullen Foe to human Bliss,
Parent of Rage, and Ravisher of Peace,
Had long triumphant rul'd o'er many a Land,
And gain'd low Homage to her stern Command:
And oft, alas! in *Albion's* mighty State,
The pale *Implacable* had fix'd her Seat.
Mischiefs and Woe surround her ghastly Throne,
The grieving Murmur, and the hollow Groan;
Despair, that drives the Wretched to the Tomb;
And Deaths relentless to a youthful Bloom.
Her Transports rise at human Pains and Fears,
At falling Families, guiltless Tears.
Gay Pleasure, and the gentle Voice of Joy,
And soft Prosperity, her Peace destroy.
Harmonious Love her sharpest Rage supplies,
And Prosper'd Merit blasts her baleful Eyes.
The Scenes of Misery and wasting Woe,
Are all the Happiness the Fiend can know.

Long had she thus enjoy'd her dire Repose.
Her Sway extended and her Triumphs Rose;
When now approach, the long-devoted Hour,
That Heav'n decreed to crush her lawless Pow'r.

To view her Empire in the *British* Land,
And gain new Vassals to her proud Command;
With Ruin to regale her hateful Sight,
The Fury hasten'd her pernicious Flight:
With fatal Speed as she pursu'd her Way,
Pleas'd with the Prospect of her impious Sway,
The rising Sun, affrighted as she flew,
The radiant Glories of the Morn withdrew;
Around his Orb, a Veil of Shade she cast;
And injur'd Nature startled as she past;

The Streams ran Sable thro' their winding Beds,
And dying Plants bow'd down their wither'd Heads ;
Malignant Steams invade the blooming Field,
Their fragrant Lives the languid Lilies yield ;
Th' unwilling Groves resign their lovely Green,
And blasted Landscapes fill the barren Scene.

Whilst thus the Fiend pursues her wasteful Flight,
Unnumber'd Triumphs charm her eager Sight.
Frequent in sad Variety appear
Painful Magnificence, and golden Care.
Where-e'er she march'd, the mournful Prospects show
Pompous Distress, and Palaces of Woe.

Impell'd by Fate at length the Fury flew
Where *Edgworth's* Vales appear'd in blooming View ;
Amaz'd she saw, whate'er could charm the Eyes
In one soft Prospect beautifully rise :
Here all the Graces made their gay Retreat,
Pleas'd with a Verdure of a Scene so sweet :
The Streams swell'd gently with the breathing Gales,
And murm'ring glitter'd thro' the sunny Vales :
Here sporting Flocks in painted Meadows play'd ;
And Linnets warbled in the woodland Shade ;
Whilst new-born FLORA, in her bright Array,
Smil'd in the Sunshine, and perfum'd the Day.

ENVY, astonish'd at a Scene so fair,
Ceas'd her long Voyage thro' the Wastes of Air.
With fierce malignant Rage she gaz'd around ;
And thought she hover'd o'er enchanted Ground
Her black Infection now no more prevails.
Lost in the Fragrance of the balmy Gales.

Aw'd

Aw'd as from Heav'n, she found her Power decay,
And saw the Vales inviolably gay.
So SATAN when he lost the Realms of Bliss,
And vow'd to ruin our grand Parent's Peace;
In the dire Progress of his fatal Spite,
Fled thro' the Chaos in a Storm of Night:
But when he gain'd the golden Bounds of Day,
And view'd each Glory with a grim Survey,
The bright Creation rais'd his hateful Care,
And Paradise promoted his Despair.

Such Pangs of Rage the tortur'd Fury fill'd,
Wond'ring she view'd, and curs'd what she beheld;
She fear'd some heav'nly Guardian govern'd there,
And made the Beauties of the Place his Care.
In Agonies of Wrath she gaz'd around;
And soon, the Causes that oppress'd her, found.

Where the stretch'd Plains their lovely Bloom disclose,
A stately Pile majestically rose.
Her wond'ring Eyes beheld in every Part
A Blaze of Grandeur and the Force of Art.
Magnificent o'er all the Fabric shin'd
The rich Profusion of a Royal Mind.
Stretch'd like a Sea, beneath his grand Survey
The verdant Level of the Meadows lay,
He, Monarch like, his awful State maintains,
Swells o'er the Landscape, and commands the Plains.
His Pomp the Prospect all around refines,
And ev'ry Object with his Lustre shines;
In each bright View a softer Bloom is seen,
Brooks seem more limpid, and the Groves more green.
So the bright Sun from his Retire'd Way,
Adorns each Object with the glorious Day;

Mountains and Vales a shining Scene unfold,
And the wide Prospect seems to rise in Gold.

Now round the noble Pile the Fury flew,
And fir'd her Anger with the wond'rous View?
Rich Strokes of Grandeur all around her shine,
A chaste Magnificence, and just Design.
She saw Perfection reign in ev'ry Part;
And own'd the Palace had exhausted Art.

Or, when she next a softer Scene pursues,
And the green Progress of a Visto views,
Where the fond Eye a verdent Pleasure gains,
And Thickets open thro' a Length of Plains;
Envy reluctant, feels a strange Delight,
Such Beauties mingle to refresh the Sight.
In the mid-View, a *Bason's* ample Round
Contains an Ocean in its noble Bound;
Whilst *Stanmore*, proud to send the vast Supply,
Drains the long Ridge of all his Mountains dry.

The Gardens next her vengeful Eyes engage,
And almost tempt her to renounce her Rage.
The fairest Seat of Pleasure she surveys,
That Art could finish, or that Cost could raise.
Here, gay Parterres disclose their fragrant Bloom;
There, Thickets form a venerable Gloom:
Here, Statues breathing from the Artist's Hand,
An awful Troop majestically stand:
Such Forms the Eyes of Nature might deceive;
So well the polish'd Marble seems to live,
No Scene with more Profusion can impart
The Sweets of Nature, with the Charms of Art

Here,

Here, winding Channels roll their costly Rills,
Drawn from their Sources in the distant Hills;
And there a Lake, where tallest Barks might sail,
Fills the wide Bosom of a proud Canal:
The wand'ring Treasures hospitably flow,
To ev'ry Plant their liquid Life bestow;
Keep the fair Prospect redolent and gay,
Through all the Fervours of the glowing Day;
And check each sultry Season that invades
The verdant Solitudes, and cooling Shades.

When TITAN's Rays a burning Vengeance sheds,
And drinks deep Rivers from their oozy Beds;
When Jove no more descends in grateful Rains,
To gasping Furrows, and the wither'd Plains,
Dry Desolation wastes the fading Field,
And dusty Groves their blasted Honours yield;
Plants, Herbs and Flowers in one sad Scene appear,
The mingled Ruins of the scorching Year.
But *Cannons* never mourns the raging Heats,
Nor yields the Verdure of his green Retreats:
His treasur'd Floods in stately Currents run,
And scorn the Dog-star, and the Noon-day Sun;
To Bowers and Groves a fragrant Freshness give,
And bid the vegetable Nation live.

When CHANDOS has the matchless Work design'd,
And form'd the Plan of Wonders in his Mind,
No Climate can defeat his mighty Soul,
No Time discourage, and no Task control.
Where *Cannons* now augustly rears his Pi'e,
Was once a *Scythian* Scene and desert Soil:
It lay rebellious to the Hand of Art;
Nor Dews, nor Sunshine, could a Grace impart:

'Till

'Till Great CAERNARVON did the Task assume,
 And taught at once the barren Glebe to bloom.
 The fruitful Labours with a genial Strife
 Manur'd the blasted Acres into Life;
 A verdant Carpet cloath'd the pregnant Land,
 And Plants rose willing at his great Command:
 The low-sunk Vallies then were taught to swell,
 And Hills obsequious to a Level fell.
 He form'd the sudden Shade of rising Woods;
 And taught the Mountains where to roll their Floods.
 O'er all the Waste, a blooming Change prevails,
 A Desert rising to a grand *Versailles*.

Thus from rude Chaos, and his Atoms Strife,
 Earth rose to Harmony, and teem'd with Life;
 And sudden from the dark Domain of Night
 A Heav'n of Stars emerg'd immensely bright.
 Amaz'd! the blest Spectators view'd around
 Creation starting from the black Profound;
 And hail'd, with Transports of divine Surprise,
 The Earth new blooming, and the dazzling Skies.

Mov'd with the Beauty of a Scene so sweet,
 A-while ev'n ENVY did her Rage forget:
 She seem'd to wander with a milder Mien,
 Through winding Alleys of embow'ring Green.
 A-while the Fiend consented to be blest;
 Nor felt the burning Vipers in her Breast:
 But unreluctant seem'd to entertain
 A secret Joy she never knew till then:
 So well such Wonders could a-while control
 The hateful Anguish of her tortur'd Soul.

But

But this soft Passion she at length suppress,
 And Rage reviv'd in her malignant Breast;
 For ENVY never can be long at Rest.
 Whate'er her Thoughts could form, she now design'd,
 And pale Revenge rose dreadful in her Mind.
 Proud Impotence! what Shame attends the Foe,
 When Heav'n and CHANDOS were united so?
 Fierce as she seem'd, on Vengeance vainly bent,
 Yet much she doubted of the wish'd Event.
 Her former Triumphs but inflame her more,
 Since here her Pride proves destitute of Pow'r.
 Thus ARCHIMEDES by his wond'rous Art,
 Could make huge Towers from their Foundations start,
 Remove a Mountain from the loaded Plain,
 And heave whole Navies from the croud'd Main;
 But when, the utmost of his Skill to prove,
 He proudly wish'd the World's whole Weight to move,
 He found no Place to act the daring Boast,
 And the Pow'r fail'd him where he wish'd it most.
 Ah me! said ENVY, must I now behold
 My Pow'r, my Glory, and my Peace control'd?
 Whilst Kings and Empires at my Altars bow,
 With Shame I suffer from a single Foe.
 Could I great CHURCHILL's mighty Name invade,
 And blast the Laurels on his awful Head?
 Save Tyrants from the Terrors of his Sword,
 Whilst half the World its Hero's Loss deplor'd?
 Tho' now he reigns amidst the blest Abodes,
 A crown'd Companion of the Demi-Gods;
 And Fame, more faithful to the glorious Trust,
 Guards his great Relicks, and adorns his Dust:
 Yet once he yielded to my potent Reign,
 When Nations arm'd to daunt his Soul in vain;

When

When all the Thunder of the *Gaul* he scorn'd,
And *BOURBON*'s Spoils his dreadful Arms adorn'd.
But ah! the Trophies of my former Pow'r
Increase my Anguish, at this killing Hour.
Aw'd and oppress'd by some malignant Fate,
I praise the Wonders that my Soul should hate:
Or *CHANDOS* well deserves his matchless Fame,
Or I have lost my boasted Art to blame;
So just indeed his Praises seem to prove,
Even I would utter them, could I but love.
How could this Hero find the wond'rous Art,
To make whole Kingdoms his Applause impart?
To make even those whom angry Discord sways
Unite to publish his unbounded Praise?
In vain Invention to degrade him seeks,
Even Calumny grows candid when he speaks.
Ah! let me hasten to some sad Retreat,
Where Solitude has fixt her silent Seat;
Where I no more this hateful Scene may know;
But in the Night of Thicket breathe my Woe.
There let me ever entertain my Eyes,
Where some fam'd Abby in low Ruin lies;
Where Ivy, shrouding what old Time devours,
Winds its pale Arms around the broken Towers,
Where Moss-cloath'd Iles a solemn Length extend,
And mould'ring Arches reverently bend:
There let me walk o'er many a low sunk Tomb,
Whilst Echoes rattle thro' the holy Gloom:
There whilst my Sorrows to the Shades I tell,
Midst the dim Covert of some sacred Cell,
O! might I mortal prove, and yield my Breath
A willing Victim to the Dart of Death!
Then should I ever in Oblivion rest,
And *CHANDOS*' Merit would no more molest;

No

No longer should I feel this painful Flame,
Nor mourn my want of Pow'r to wound his Name.
But ah ! why thus my Soul do I deceive,
And impotently labour to relieve ?
In vain with Solitude, with Shade in vain,
I wish to conquer this eternal Pain :
Retreats avail not, for his Fame invades
The wildest Solitudes, and deepest Shades.
Must then my Pangs no Mitigation know ?
And shall his Conduct ever crush me so ?
Not one kind Instance may I e'er expect,
Where humble Merit mourns his could Neglect ?
Ah no ! his Bounty to the polish'd Arts
Deprives me daily of a thousand Hearts.
Reward from Him with such Profusion flows,
He seems Himself oblig'd when he bestows ;
And bears his Grandeur with such graceful Ease,
That he appears pre-eminent, to please,
Mankind his Merit with such Joy displays.
No Place can now protect me from his Praise.

Whilst all despairing ENVY thus exprest
The rising Anguish of her burning Breast,
A lovely Vision, cloath'd with shining white,
Descended dazling from the Realms of Light :
Her Looks were mixt with Majesty sublime,
And Virgin Beauty in its lovely Prime ;
Her heavenly Locks with Amaranths array'd,
Wav'd o'er her Shoulders with a graceful Shade ;
Her Sky-dipt Zone, with glowing Sapphires grac'd,
The Snow-white Swelling of her Breast embrac'd :
She made all Nature at her Presence bloom,
And fill'd the Region with a rich Perfume.

But

But ENVY, trembling with a wild Surprise,
View'd the bright Vision with malignant Eyes :
She knew ASTRÆA in her Charms confess'd,
And felt a thrilling Horror in her Breast ;
She tore the Tresses of her snaky Hair,
And look'd more hateful, near a Form so fair.

With rosy glowing Looks, the heav'nly Maid
The Odious Spectre for a while survey'd :
At length her Silence the bright Goddess broke,
And thus with beauteous Indignation spoke.
O ! Monster foul, rejected and abhorr'd,
By Man below, and Heav'n's immortal Lord !
Durst thou, presumptuous, in this Place appear,
Which Heav'n assigns to my peculiar Care ?
Or think'st thou, with thy wanted Arts, to gain
This fair Addition to thy hateful Reign ?
In Impotent Attempts thou dost engage ;
These bright Possessions scorn thy feeble Rage,
Could'st thou thy Throne in this soft Scene display,
Where would'st thou find a Subject to obey ?
Who can the Merit of Great CHANDOS know,
And to That Merit own himself a Foe ?
As soon may Mortals with Aversion shun
The grateful Splendor of the golden Sun ;
As soon the Gloom of endless Night approve,
As such pure Virtue they can cease to love.
Behold the Crouds his wond'rous Bounty rais'd ;
And then declare if he's unjustly prais'd.
Couldst thou but view his secret Succours flow,
To needy Merit, and to modest Woe ;
But this he will not suffer thee to see,
For here his Goodness even pities thee :

He

He will not blast thee with the fatal Sight;
His private Favours are his best Delight.
But those fam'd Acts which to thy Knowledge come,
Are more than capable to strike thee dumb.
That Piety, which his great Conduct joins,
In all the Beauty of Devotion shines,
Rais'd by the Practice of so pure a Mind,
Religion gains the Homage of Mankind:
Virtue's bright Laws in all their Charms appear;
And Sanctity no longer seems severe.
In vain thy hateful Presence here invades
These blooming Walks, and unpolluted Shades.
Retire for ever, by my fixt Command,
From this fair *Eden* of the *British* Land:
To that renowned Pile approach no more;
All there is Sacred, and defies thy Pow'r.
I'll guard the Glory of its mighty Lord,
Whilst thou shalt pine abandon'd and abhor'd.

The murm'ring Fury her Command obey'd;
And trembling, fled from the Celestial Maid:
Then sunk to Chaos, where amidst the Gloom
She mourn'd her fixt irrevocable Doom.

And now the Goddess, with a pleasing Mien,
Enjoys the Beauties of the florid Scene;
Views the sweet Solitude of waving Woods,
And the clear floating of the crystal Floods:
Sees a new Paradise around her rise;
Nor once regrets her Absence from the Skies.

To grateful Joy resign'd, the Heav'n-born Maid
The royal Splendor of the Pile survey'd.

Beneficently

Beneficently bright with Smiles she gaz'd ;
And each Perfection of the Palace prais'd :
Blest the Rewards on such pure Merit plac'd,
And hail'd the Grandeur so divinely grac'd.

Now the blest Power, as thro' the Dome she past,
O'er her bright Form concealing Shadows cast.
Here she beheld the grateful Arts combine,
To make their great Protector's Palace shine.
Such breathing Sculpture so deludes the Eyes ;
Such soft Creations from the Pencil rise ;
The golden Roofs around so richly glow ;
The shining Rooms such just Proportions show ;
The stately Columns in such Marble swell,
And each bright Prospect courts the View so well ;
That fair ASTRÆA feels a new Surprise,
And views each Glory with unsated Eyes.

Nor were her Thoughts to t'is bright Scene confin'd,
A nobler Prospect rises in her Mind :
She view'd those Wonders, as the just Reward
Due to the Merit of their matchless Lord.
She trac'd his Life benevolently great,
His Virtues brighter than his shining State :
She saw, when Heav'n to prove its Pow'r design'd,
To what Perfection it could raise Mankind.
Her Ears had long been open to his Fame ;
Such Numbers daily his Deserts proclaim,
To such pure Heights his just Applauses rise,
His Fame was now familiar to the Skies.

To view her Image in his Mind express'd,
Celestial Transports kindled in her Breast:

She

She felt such Pleasure she possess'd of Old,
 When most she flourish'd in the Age of Gold:
 The Wrongs she e'er sustain'd from lawless Power,
 Seem all requited in this happy Hour.
 To view her Glory so divine at last,
 Proves a sweet Solace for each Sorrow past.
 Thus when the Soul forsakes its dying Clay,
 To gain the Mansions of immortal Day,
 As she pursues her unretarded Flight,
 Above the Steams of Earth, and Shades of Night,
 Releas'd for ever from each thorny Woe,
 That late diminish'd her Delight below,
 She looks triumphant on the Bliss she gains,
 And glides astonish'd o'er the azure Plains:
 Surveys the Heav'ns in all their bright Array,
 And swims in Rapture thro' a Flood of Day.





MALPASIA.

A

POEM, Sacred to the Memory

Of the Right Honourable the

LADY MALPAS*.

By the SAME.

Nunc autem de te loquar, quam non ego amissam, aut nobis penitus ademptam, velim dicere; cum illucescat menti meæ quotidie magis præclarissima nominis tui tuarumque virtutum Gloria. Cic. de Consolat.

WHEN Heav'n has once with rich Profusion join'd
A spotless Form to an unblemish'd Mind,
We fondly hope, transported with the View,
That What's so lovely, will be lasting too,

And

* Only Legitimate Daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. She died at Aix la Chapelle in France, and her Body in bringing over to be Interred at Houghton in Norfolk, was unfortunately cast away, and could not be found, Ann. 1732.

And to the Great Creator urge our Prayer,
 He long would lend us what he made so fair.
 If Death should then be privilege'd to gain
 The charming Object to his envious Reign,
 Disconsolate, we mourn the blighted Bloom
 Too soon devoted to the silent Tomb.

Such was MALPASIA, to our wond'ring View,
 As brightly perfect, and as transient too;
 A lovely Specimen to Mortals given,
 To intimate how Angels shine in Heaven:
 Her Soul to them so nearly was ally'd,
 Their Joys they thought defective till she dy'd,
 It seem'd injurious to the radiant Throng,
 That Earth detain'd their Ornament so long;
 They wish'd her summon'd to their blest Abodes
 To grace the Chorus of her Kindred Gods;
 And Heav'n, that form'd her for a Seraph there,
 Soon to her Seat Celestial call'd the Fair.

But ah! what Comfort can the Muse afford
 To ease the Pangs of her dejected Lord!
 How reconcile him to this Shock of Fate,
 His Soul so tender, and his Loss so great!
 Let such whose happy Part it is to prove
 The grateful Intercourse of Mutual Love;
 Whose Nuptial Treasures of Delight contain
 The softest Bliss that Constancy can gain,
 Let such conceive th' illustrious Mourner's Pain.
 Heav'n lately seem'd its Labours to employ,
 To fix him in a Scene of chosen Joy:
 His well-weigh'd Merit made his Prince his Friend,
 And Public Honours did his Days attend.

All that beheld his blooming Glory grow,
 Rejoic'd that Virtue was rewarded so.
 What Destitution cou'd his Joys defeat;
 When Bright MALPASIA did those Joys compleat;
 A rich Maturity of Charms she bore,
 And still, exhaustless, was producing more:
 Like the luxuriant Tree that gives to view
 His golden Fruit, and fragrant Blossoms too.
 Each soft Delight their circling Hours did prove,
 Smiles where their Strife; their Emulation, Love.
 But Heav'n determin'd that the Youth shou'd know
 The frail Uncertainty of all below,
 Bid pale Mortality perform its Part,
 And snatch the Charmer from his panting Heart.

In vain the Muse would whisper some Relief,
 To calm the strong Invasion of his Grief:
 What Consolation from a Muse can flow,
 That feels the Anguish of a Social Woe!
 When so much Virtue is so soon remov'd,
 And none succeeds so worthy to be lov'd;
 When CHARITY, mild Goddess, seems distress'd,
 Her Pow'r distributive in whom to vest,
 Laments her Incapacity to find
 A Substitute, like her, MALPASIA, kind.
 When at her Death the Desolate complain,
 They now must find their Poverty a Pain;
 And weeping Families around deplore
 Their Pangs, suspended by her Alms before.
 What conscious Eye can now refuse a Tear
 To such a Death, that costs Mankind so dear?
 The Muse, My LORD, bewails the doleful View,
 And pities thousands whilst she mourns for You.

Ye grateful Crouds, who can so well express
 MALPASIA'S Bounty in your deep Distress,
 Whose dear Benevolence you oft receiv'd,
 When, in the Anguish of your Souls, ye griev'd;
 Implore that God who rais'd you such a Friend,
 That he his Comforts to her LORD would lend,
 Support his Soul beneath his Sorrow's Weight,
 And teach Submission to the Will of Fate:
 O! let your Gratitude be thus approv'd,
 And bless the Man your kind MALPASIA lov'd!

But whilst this mournful Theme my Lays pursue,
 What Godlike Form now rises to my View?
 Affliction near him her sad Station keeps,
 The FRIEND, the PATRIOT, and the FATHER weeps.
 With how much Eloquence his Sighs confess
 The BEST are not exempted from Distress!
 O! may the Guardian of our Glory know
 Some Intermission of his flowing Woe!
 With thee the Genius of BRITANNIA mourns,
 Griev'd for the Hero that her Realms adorns.
 Ah! let not Sighs thy sacred Hours invade,
 When EUROPE calls for thy important Aid:
 Prosperity and Peace obsequious wait
 Thy great Dispatch to each expecting State;
 Monarchs their Anguish in thy Sorrows see,
 And half the World must be unblest with Thee.

Thus the great CICERO, the Pride of Rome,
 Like You, lamented o'er his TULLIA'S Tomb;
 A-while the Stroke of unrelenting Fate
 Opprest the Guardian of the LATIAN State:

But soon as he perceiv'd that his Despair
 Depriv'd the Public of his Genial Care,
 The Patriot's Duty chas'd the Parent's Pain,
 And his rich Wisdom blest the World again.



O N
 M A R R I A G E.

By Mr BUTLER, Author of HUDIBRAS.

BY what Authority do Clergy
 In solemn Riddle strictly charge ye,
 Where-e'er you live, in *Parish*, or-*Ward*,
 To *Have* and *Hold* from this Day forward?
 As if the *Parson* were the *Sentry*,
 To *Watch* and *Ward* Love's narrow *Entry*,
 Or *Turn-Key* of the sacred *Padlock*,
 That lets you into lawful *Wedlock*:
 Who upon *Fits* still of *Erection*,
 Must to the *Doctor* for *Direction*:
 Who always does the Patient Answer,
 By *Licence* or by *Public-Ban*, Sir.
 As if oblig'd to publish *Priapismus*,
 At ev'ry *Easter*, *Whitsuntide* and *Christmas*.
 Or else, the pert *Religious Prtaers*
 Will damn ye All for *Fornicators*.

Is not a juicy Girl more moving,
 Who never knew the *Art of Loving*?

And

And where's the Harm of This, dear FANNY ?
By Heav'n He lies, who says there's any.

A *Mistress* is a *Wife* in Common,
Appropriated yet to no Man :
A *Wife's* a *Miss* inclos'd ; for Wiving
'S but a Monopoly of S—ving.

A *Fox* had lost his Tail, and for-all
You are no *Fox*, you know the Moral ;
When *Men* engag'd would once inflave *Us*,
We'll keep the Freedom Nature gave Us.



To the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT, Esq;

OCCASIONED

By his Fathering the VERSES to the
Lady CATHARINE HYDE.

By Dr SEWELL.

DEAR SIM, by Wits extoll'd by Wits cry'd down,
Each Way become the Proverb of the Town !
To KITTY's Favour with Success aspire,
The second Place by Merit You acquire,
But He who wrote the Verse was MAT PRIOR. }



T H E
Y O U N G P O E T.

I.

BEFORE APOLLO's Shrine I pray'd,
That I by Verse to Fame might rise:
Read the best Poet, PHOEBUS said,
And place his Works before your Eyes.

II.

Best Poet! — O great PHOEBUS how,
How may this Pattern-Wit be found?
What Age produc'd the MAN whom THOU
With this high Character has crown'd?

III.

Does He among the Dead reside ;
Or dwell with Those who now survive ?
Thus I — when PHOEBUS quick reply'd,
Go, ask if PRIOR's still Alive.



H A R L E Y.

A N

An EPISTLE from a Clergyman in *Essex*
to his Friend in *London*. 1722.

F A I N would I, Sir, what you advis'd fulfil;
But find my Strength unequal to my Will.

Fain would I Godlike HARLEY's Worth rehearse,
(Heroic Vertue in Heroic Verse.)

A Constellation of Perfections met
In one great Man which few could singly get.
The Scholar, Churchman, Patriot, Husband, Son,
Each shining in his Sphere, and *All in One*.

But choak'd with Phlegm, I strive to raise in vain
My feeble Voice to such a lofty strain.

In vain invoke the God of *Versè* and *Day*,
Where daily Fogs obstruct his Heav'nly Ray.

In vain the *tuneful Sisters* Aid implore,
Now PRIOR's gone, they'll visit us no more.

In short; from Scholars, Books, and all remote,
That might improve or raise a lively Thought,

I, like my *Fellow-labourer* within,
 The *Spider*, from myself, my Web must spin,
 A homely Web which could not, were it made,
 Become a *Lord* but in a *Masquerade*.

I might as well with *Laths* and sorry *Loam*
 Attempt to raise my *Lord* a lofty *Dome*;
 As out of my poor Stock of Wit to frame
 A Poem worth his Reading or his Name.
 A Plowman's Journey or a Milkmaid's Fate,
 I may perhaps in Doggrel Rhimes relate,
 Describe a Rooding-Road, an *Essex-Fen*;
 But noble Themes require a noble Pen,
 A well-read Scholar both in Books and Men.
 One whose rich Vein with bright Ideas flows,
 And, how to use them all with Judgment knows,
 Whose polish'd Lines, in nicest Order plac'd,
 Tho' often read ne'er cloy the nicest Taste.

But my poor scanty Genius can't afford
 A proper Entertainment for my *Lord*.
 A small Collection gather'd round the Fields
 Of simple Images, is all it yields;
 Which shou'd I dress with utmost Skill and Care,
 I shou'd but treat my *Lord* with *Farmer's Fare*.
 My Muse to *Grubstreet* Dawbing is confin'd
 For want of Colours of a better kind;
 And shou'd I paint with these, I should disgrace,
 But not describe Great HARLEY's Godlike Face.

Let POPE's harmonious Pen, that lately drew
 So well the *Father* *, in the Son pursue

The

* See the *Dedication to Parnel's Poem*.

The noble Subject. Each deserves his Lays,
 And each affords an endless Theme of Praise,
 He need not search the Monuments of *Greece*
 For Tales of Antient Heroes, when he sees
 Two living Heroes worth them All in These.
 But my poor feeble Muse must lowly fly,
 And leave sublimer Poets Tracks so high.

Besides, whate'er my Genius once cou'd boast,
 Ere it was shipwreck'd on this barren Coast,
 When in my younger Years I did pursue
 Some little Traffic with the World and You.
 'Tis lost and gone: and rustic Prose and Phrase
 Have long ago usurp'd the Muses Place.
 Long have I liv'd in this forlorn Abode,
 An Exile from the learned World abroad,
 A Pris'ner in a *Country-Cure* immur'd
 The Term of Years the Siege of *Troy* endur'd;
 And in these Years my Loss amounts to more
 Than what I gain'd as many Years before.
 So that at best I can but now produce
 The sapless Product of a blasted Muse.
 Exert the vain Efforts of Nature curst,
 And stunted in the Growth, tho' weak at first.
 A Fetter'd-wretch may Jingle in his Chain,
 And so may I, but Jingle Both in vain.

But what is worse. In *Essex* watry Plains
 The God of *Dulness*, mopish *Harpo* reigns:
 Where Fogs exhal'd from Fens and Moats support
 In gloomy Columns his *Fantastic Court*.
 He seems a stupid Image made of Clay;
 And talks by Starts, as Persons dreaming may,

He walks as if his Limbs were made of Lead,
 And Vapours form a Circle round his Head.
 A Circle somewhat like, you often saw
 About the Sun, or Moon, before a Thaw.
 A Tyrant *He* ; devoid of Sense or Shame,
 Who Chains and Tortures *those* he cannot blame;
 And rules with such an Arbitrary Sway,
 That all we have, but Life, is swept away.

His heavy Chains for several Years I bore,
 And all his fancied Tortures o'er and o'er.
He seiz'd on all the little Stock I brought,
 And left me scarce behind one sprightly Thought.
 The Hand is manacled that guides my Pen,
 As by the Slips you easily may ken.
 And you may soon perceive by what is writ,
 How poor I am, and destitute of Wit,
 But shou'd I now thus destitute proceed
 To sing Great HARLEY's Praise, I must be *hipp'a* indeed.

Tho' shou'd MINERVA still some Pity show
 Or HARLEY, her Lord-Treasurer below, —
 To whom she now the Care of All enjoins,
 Her *Grecian*, *Latin*, and her *Modern* Coins.
 From ev'ry Nation her Revenues come
 To *Wimpole-Library*, an endless Sum.
 Shou'd they redeem me from the Tyrant's Hand,
 Like *Slaves* from *Turkey* to some *Christian Land*,
 Where once again my Long-imprison'd Mind
 Might labour for its Living unconfin'd.
 Where my starv'd *Muse* might feed on better Fare,
 And find Digestion in a purer Air:
 Then would *She* spread her Wings, and strain a Flight,
 To reach, if possible, great HARLEY's Height.

The

The bright Expansion of his Praise I'd try,
Altho' like ICARUS, by soaring high,
My Pinions dropt me headlong from the Sky.



ON THE
DOUBLE BIRTH-DAY
OF THE

Countess of Oxford, and her Daughter,
now Duchefs of Portland, Feb. 11.

By the Hon. Mr HARLEY, now Earl of Oxford.

I.

I WHO on rude, unpolish'd Reed,
Whilom untun'd an Uncouth lay,
And strove with weak, but zealous Speed,
To celebrate the sacred Day.

II.

Now more advent'rous grown presume,
To quit the Sound of Infant Chimes,
And on a bold high-soaring Plume,
Dare bring the gen'rous Dame my Rhimes.

Smile on the Work, be to her Merits kind,
And to her Faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let Critics follow RULES, she boldly writes
What NATURE dictates, and what LOVE indites,
By no dull forms her QUEEN and LADIES move,
But court their HEROES, and agnize their Love.
Poor MAID ! she'd have (what e'en no WIFE would crave)
A HUSBAND love his SPOUSE beyond the Grave:
And from a second Marriage to deter,
Shews you what Horrid things STEPMOTHERS are.
Howe'er, to CONSTANCY the PRIZE she gives,
And tho' the SISTER dies the BROTHER lives.
Blest with Success, at last, he mounts a Throne,
Enjoys at once his MISTRESS and a CROWN.
Learn, LADIES, then from LINDARAXA's Fate,
What great Rewards on virtuous Lovers wait.
Learn too, if Heav'n and Fate should adverse prove,
(For Fate and Heav'n don't always smile on Love)
Learn with ZELINDA to be still the same,
Nor quit your FIRST for any SECOND Flame,
Whatever Fate, or Death, or Life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven. *

* This PROLOGUE was for a TRAGEDY written by Mrs MANLEY, (Author of the ATALANTIS) when she was but eighteen Years of Age, in which Mr BETTERTON and Mrs BARRY played the HERO and HEROINE.

Before this PLAY, intituled The ROYAL MISCHIEF, there is an excellent Copy of Verses, to the Author, written by the Right Honourable JOHN, Marquis of Normanby, Duke of Buckinghamshire, which, being omitted in his Lordship's Works, I shall here give the Reader, as a truly valuable Curiosity.



T O
D E L I A
On Her P L A Y.

W H A T! all O U R S E X in one sad hour undone?
 Lost are our Arts, our Learning, our Renown,
 Since Nature's Tide of Wit came rolling down.
 Keen were your Eyes we knew, and sure their Darts,
 Fire to our Souls they send, and Passion to our Hearts!
 Needleless was an Addition to such Arms,
 When all Mankind were Vassals to your Charms:
 That Hand but seen gives Wonder and Desire,
 Snow to the Sight, but with its Touches Fire!
 Who sees the YIELDING QUEEN and would not be,
 Or any Terms, the Blest, the Happy HE?
 Intranc'd we Fancy all His Extacy.

Quote OVID now no more ye Am'rous Swains,
 DELIA than OVID has more moving Strains,
 Nature in Her alone exceeds all Art,
 And Nature sure does nearest touch the Heart.
 O! might I call the Bright DISCOV'ERER mine,
 The whole FAIR SEX unenvy'd I'd resign:

Give

With THEE I could admire a Country Life,
 Free from Disturbance, City-noise, or Strife :
 Amongst the shady Groves and Woods we'd walk,
 Of Nothing else but Love's great Charms we'd talk,
 We would pursue, in Season, rural Sports,
 And then let Knaves and Fools resort to Courts ;
 I could, besides, some Country-presents find,
 Could they persuade you, but to be more kind :
 But since with Scorn you do those Gifts despise,
 Another SHEPHERDESS shall gain the Prize.
 O ! AMARYLIS, beauteous Maid observe,
 The NYMPHS themselves are willing THEE to serve,
 See where large Baskets full of Flowers they bring,
 The Sweet fair Product of th' indulgent Spring.
 See there the Pink, and the Anemony,
 The purple Violet, Rose, and Jessamy.
 See where they humbly lay their Presents down,
 To make a Chaplet thy dear Head to crown.
 See where the Beasts go trooping Drove by Drove,
 See how they answer one another's Love :
 See where the Bull the Heifer does pursue,
 See where the Mare the furious Horse does woo :
 Each Female to her Male is always kind,
 And Women, on cruel Women blind,
 Contradict that for which they were design'd.
 So CORYDON loves an ungrateful Fair,
 Who minds not Oaths, nor cares for any Prayer,
 But see the SUN his Race has almost run,
 And the Laborious Ox his Work has done.
 But I still Love without the Thought of Ease,
 No Cure was ever found for that Disease.
 But CORYDON, what Frenzy does thee cease.
 Why dost thou lie in this dejected way ?
 Why dost thou let thy Sheep and Oxen stray ?
 Thy tuneful Pipe, why dost Thou throw away.

Had

Had not you better disposses your Mind
 Of Her who is so cruel and unkind ;
 Forget her Guile, and calm those raging Cares,
 Take Heart again, and follow your Affairs,
 For what altho' this *Nymph* does cruel prove,
 You'll find a thousand other Maids will love.



Written at *EAST-HAMSTEAD*,

TO

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL'S
 THREE NIECES.

By Sir HENRY SHEERS.

I.

THREE NYMPHS glad DAMON's Heart divide,
 Or are they GRACES THREE ?
 Where Beauty, Wit, and Truth abide,
 From Female Arts, insulting Pride,
 And Affectation free.

No

II.

No jealous Fears their Minds posses,
 He wears an easy Chain ;
 No Chance can make His Transports less,
 Each is a gentle Shepherdess,
 And He a happy Swain.

III.

Let guilty Fools their Triumphs sing,
 O'er injur'd Maids undone,
 Forget the Joy, endure the Sting,
 While endless Peace and Pleasures spring,
 From DAMON's Love alone.



L O V I N G O N E.

I N E V E R S A W.

THOU Tyrant, God of Love, give o'er,
 And persecute this Breast no more:

Ah! tell me why, must ev'ry Dart

Be aim'd at my unhappy Heart?

I never murmur'd, or repin'd,

But patiently myself resign'd;

So all the Torments, which thro' Thee

Have fell, alas! on wretched me:

But O! I can no more sustain

This long continu'd State of Pain;

Tho' 'tis but fruitless to complain.

}
 My

My Heart, first soften'd by thy Pow'r,
 Ne'er kept it's Liberty an Hour.
 So fond and easy was it grown,
 Each Nymph might call the Fool her own:
 So much to it's own Interest blind,
 So strangely charm'd to Womankind,
 That it no more belong'd to Me,
 Than Vestal-Virgins Hearts to Thee.
 I often courted it to stay,
 But deaf to all 'twould fly away.
 In vain to stop it I essay'd,
 Tho' often, often, I display'd,
 The Turns, and Doubles Women made.
 Nay more, when it has Home return'd,
 By some proud Maid ill us'd and scorn'd;
 I still the Renegade carest,
 And gave it Harbour in my Breast.
 O! then with Indignation fir'd
 At what before it so admir'd;
 With Shame and Sorrow overcast,
 And sad Repentance for the Past;
 A thousand sacred Oaths it swore,
 Never to wander from me more.
 After Chimæras ne'er to rove,
 Or run the Wild-Goose-Chace of Love.
 Thus it Resolv'd —————
 'Till some new Face again betray'd
 The Resolutions it had made.
 Then how 'twould flutter up and down,
 Eager, impatient, to be gone:
 And tho' so often it had fail'd,
 Tho' vainless ev'ry Heart assail'd,
 Yet lure'd by Hope of new Delight,
 It took again it's fatal Flight.

'Tis thus, malicious Deity,
That thou hast banter'd wretched me,
Thus made me vainly lose my Time,
Thus fool away my Youthful Prime.
And yet for all the Hours I've lost,
And Sighs, and Tears, thy Bondage cost,
Ne'er did thy Slave thy Favours bless,
Or crown his Passion with Success.
Well—since 'tis doom'd, that I must find
No Love for Love from Womankind;
Since I no Pleasure must obtain,
Let me at least avoid the Pain,
So weary of the Chace I'm grown.
'That with Content I'd sit me down,
Enjoy my Book, my Friend, my Cell,
And bid all Womankind farewell.
Nay, ask for all I felt before,
Only to be disturb'd no more.
Yet thou (to my Complainings deaf):
Will give my Torments no Relief:
But now, ev'n now, thou mak'st me die,
And love I know not whom, nor why.
In ev'ry Part I feel the Fire,
And burn with fanciful Desire:
From whence can Love it's Magic draw?
I doat on her, I *never* Saw:
And who, but Lovers, can express
This strange, mysterious Tenderness.
And yet methinks 'tis happier so,
Than, whom it is I love, to know:
Now my unbounded Notions rove,
And frame Ideas to my Love.
I fancy I should Something find
Diviner both in Face and Mind,

Than

Than ever Nature did bestow
On any Creature here below.
I fancy, thus CORINNA walks,
That thus she sings, she looks, she talks.
Sometimes I sigh, and fancy then,
That did CORINNA know my Pain,
Could she my trickling Tears but see,
She would be kind and pity me.
Thus thinking I've no Cause to grieve,
I pleasingly myself deceive;
And sure am happier far than he,
Who knows the very Truth, can be.
Then, gentle CUPID, let me ne'er
See my imaginary *Fair*:
Lest she should be more heav'nly bright
Than can be reach'd by Fancy's Height:
Lest (when I on her Beauty gaze,
Confounded, lost in an Amaze,
My trembling Lips and Eyes should tell,
'Tis her I dare to love so well.)
She with an angry, scornful Eye,
Or some unkind, severe Reply,
My Hopes of Bliss should overcast,
And my presuming Passion blast.
If but in this Thou kind wilt prove,
And let me not see her I love,
Thy Altars prostrate I'll adore,
And call Thee Tyrant-God no more.

W. WALSH.



THE

Antiquated COQUET.

PHYLLIS, if you will not agree
 To give me back my Liberty,
 In spite of you I must regain
 My Loss of Time, and break your Chain.
 You were mistaken, if you thought
 I was so grossly to be caught;
 Or that I was so blindly bred,
 As not to be in Woman read.
 Perhaps you took me for a Fool,
 Design'd alone your Sex's Tool;
 Nay, you might think so made a Thing,
 That with a little Fashioning,
 I might in Time for your dear Sake,
 That Monster call'd A Husband make:
 Perhaps I might, had I not found
 One darling Vice in you abound;
 A Vice to me, which e'er will prove
 An Antidote to banish Love.
 O! I could better bear an old,
 Ugly, diseas'd, mishapen Scold,
 Or one who games, or will be drunk,
 A Fool, a Spendthrift, Bawd, or Punk,

Than

Than one at All who wildly flies,
 And with soft asking, giving Eyes;
 And thousand other wanton Arts,
 So meanly trades in Begging Hearts.
 How might such wond'rous Charms perplex,
 Give Chains, or Death, to all Our Sex,
 Did she not so unwisely fet,
 For ev'ry flutt'ring Fool, her Net.
 So poorly proud of vulgar Praise,
 Her very Look her Thoughts betrays;
 She never stays till we begin,
 But beckons us herself, to sin,
 Ere we can ask, she cries Consent,
 So quick her yielding Looks are sent,
 They Hope forestal, and ev'n Desire prevent.
 But Nature's turn'd when Women woo,
 We hate in them what we should do;
 Desire's asleep, and cannot wake,
 When Women such Advances make:
 Both Time and Charms thus PHYLLIS wastes,
 Since each must surfeit ere he tastes.
 Nothing escapes her wand'ring Eyes,
 No one she thinks too mean a Prize;
 E'en LYNCH * the Lag of human Kind,
 Nearest to Brutes by God design'd,
 May boast the Smiles of this Coquet,
 As much as any Man of Wit.
 The Signs hang thinner in the Strand,
 The Dutch scarce more infest the Land,
 Tho' Egypt's Locusts they outvie,
 In Number and Voracity.
 Whores are not half so plenty found,
 In Play-house, or that hallow'd Ground

OF

* A notorious Debauchee.

Of *Temple-Walks*, or *WHESTONE's Park*,
 Caresses less abound in *SPARK* *.
 Then with kind Looks for all who come,
 At Bawdy house, the Drawing-room:
 But all in vain she throws her Darts,
 They hit, but cannot hurt our Hearts.
 Age has enerv'd her Charms so much,
 That fearless All her Eyes approach,
 Each her autumnal Face degrades,
 With, Rev'rend Mother of the Maids.
 But 'tis ill-natur'd to run on,
 Forgetting what her Charms have done;
 To *Teagueland* we this Beauty owe,
Teagueland her earliest Charms did know:
 There first her Tyrant-beauties reign'd,
 Where'er she look'd she Conquest gain'd.
 No Heart the Glances could repel,
 The *Teagues* by Shoals before her fell;
 And trotting Bogs was all the Art
 The Sound had left to save his Heart.
 She kill'd so fast, by my Salvation,
 She near dispeopled had the Nation,
 Tho' ye, good Soul, to save took Care,
 All, all she could, from sad Despair.
 From thence she hither came to prove
 If yet her Charms could kindle Love.
 But ah! it was too late to try,
 For Spring was gone, and Winter nigh:
 Yet tho' her Eyes such Conquests made,
 That they were shunn'd, or else obey'd,
 Yet now her Charms are so decay'd,
 She thanks each Coxcomb that will daign
 To praise her Face, and wear her Chain.

So

* ELIZABETH SPARK, a noted Courtezan.

So some Old Soldier who had done
 Wonders in Youth, and Battles won,
 When feeble Years his Strength depose
 That he too weak to vanquish grows,
 With mangled Face, and wooden Leg,
 Reduc'd about for Alms to beg,
 O'erjoy'd, a thousand Thanks bestows
 On him who but a Farthing throws *.

* This excellent *Satire* is supposed to have been written by the Earl of *Dorset*, on an *Irish* Lady named CLANBRAZIL, in the Reign of King CHARLES II. The MS is signed *B. i. e.* we presume BUCKHURST.



DORINDA.

FAREWEL ye shady Walks, and Fountains,
 Sinking Vallies, rising Mountains:
 Farewel ye crystal Streams, that pass
 Thro' fragrant Meads of verdant Grass:
 Farewel ye Flowers, sweet and fair,
 That us'd to grace DORINDA's Hair:
 Farewel ye Woods who us'd to shade
 The pressing Youth, and yielding Maid:
 Farewel ye Birds, whose morning Song
 Oft made us know we Slept too long:
 Farewel dear Bed so often prest,
 So often above others Blett,
 With the kind weight of all Her Charms,
 When panting, dying, in my Arms.

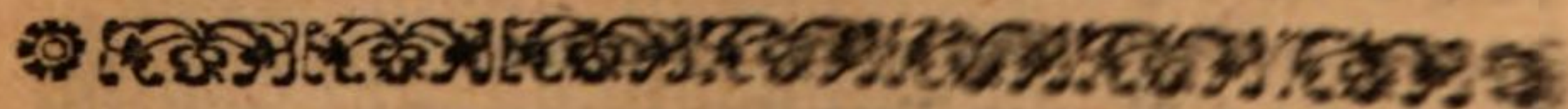
DORINDA's gone, gone far away,
 She's gone, and STREPHON cannot stay :
 By sympathetic Ties I find
 That to Her Sphere I am confin'd ;
 My Motions still on Her must wait,
 And what she wills to me is Fate.

She's gone, O ! hear it all ye Bowers,
 Ye Walks, ye Fountains, Trees, and Flowers,
 For whom you made your earliest Show,
 For whom you took a Pride to grow.
 She's gone, O ! hear ye Nightingales,
 Ye Mountains ring it to the Vales,
 And eccho to the Country round,
 The mournful, dismal, killing Sound :
 DORINDA's gone, and STREPHON goes,
 To find with Her his lost Repose.

But ere I go, O ! let me see,
 That all Things mourn Her loss like me :
 Play, play, no more ye spouting Fountains,
 Rise ye Vallies, sink ye Mountains ;
 Ye Walks, in Moss, neglected lie,
 Ye Birds, be mute, ; ye Streams, be dry.
 Fade, fade, ye Flowers, and let the Rose
 No more it's blushing Buds disclose :
 Ye spreading Beach, and taper Fir,
 Languish away in mourning Her ;
 And never let your friendly Shade,
 The Stealth of other Lovers aid.
 And thou O ! dear, delightful Bed,
 The Altar where Her Maidenhead,
 With burning Cheeks, and down cast Eyes,
 With panting Breasts, and kind Replies,

And

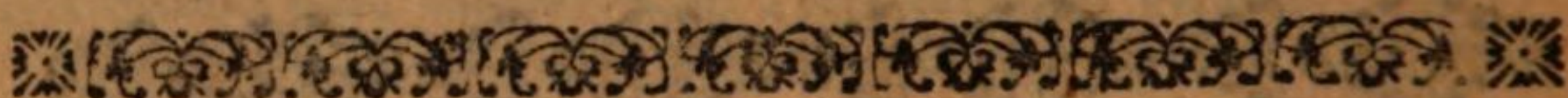
And other due Solemnity,
 Was offer'd up to Love and me.
 Hereafter suffer no Abuse,
 Since consecrated to our Use,
 As thou art sacred, don't profane
 Thy self with any vulgar Stain,
 But to thy Pride be still display'd,
 The Print her lovely Limbs have made:
 See, in a Moment, all is chang'd,
 The Flowers shrunk up, and Trees disrang'd,
 And that which wore so sweet a Face,
 Become a horrid, desert Place.
 Nature Her Influence withdraws,
 Th' effect must follow still the Cause,
 And where DORINDA will reside,
 Nature must there all gay provide.
 Decking that happy, spot of Earth,
 Like Eden's-Garden at it's Birth,
 To please Her, matchless, darling Maid,
 The Wonder of her Forming-Trade;
 Excelling All who e'er Excell'd,
 And as we ne'er the like Beheld,
 So neither is, nor e'er can be,
 Her Parallel, or Second SHE.



TO

LEONORA.

IF Absence so much racks my Charmer's Heart,
 Believe that STREPHON'S bears a double Smart,
 So well he loves, and knows thy Love so fine,
 That in his own Distress he suffers Thine:



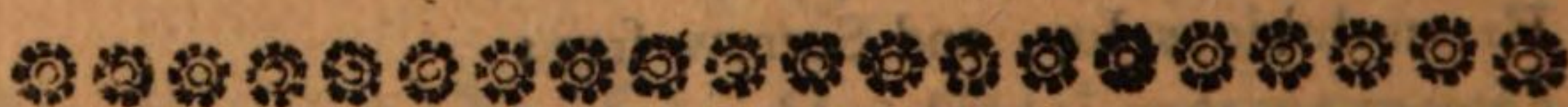
A B S E N C E.

I.

WHAT a Tedious Day is past!
 Loving, thinking, wishing, weeping:
 Gods! if this be not the last,
 Take a Life not worth my keeping.

II.

Love, ye Gods, is LIFE alone!
 In the Length is little Pleasure:
 Be but ev'ry Day Our-Own,
 We shall ne'er complain of Measure.



T H E N E W-Y E A R'S G I F T T O P H Y L L I S.

I.

TH E circling Months begin this Day,
 To run their yearly Ring,
 And long-breath'd Time which ne'er will stay,
 Refits his Wings, and shoots away,
 It round again to bring.

I.

II.

Who feels the Force of female Eyes,
And thinks some Nymph divine,
Now brings his annual Sacrifice,
Some pretty Boy, or neat Device,
To offer at Her Shrine.

III.

But I can pay no Offering,
To show how I adore,
Since I had but a Heart to bring
A downright foolish, faithful Thing,
And that you had before.

IV.

Yet we may give, for Custom sake,
What will to both be New,
My Constancy a Gift I'll make,
And in Return of it will take
Some Levity from You.



MISS C O R, A S O N G.

I.

FOR God's—fake—nay, dear Sir,
Lord, what do You mean?
I protest, and I vow Sir,
Your Ways are obscene.

II.

Pray give over, O! fie,
Pish, leave off your Fooling,
Forbear, or I'll cry, —
I hate this rude doing.

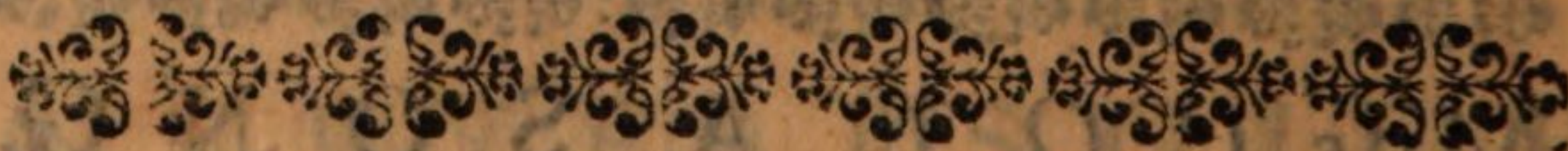
III.

Let me die if I stay,
 Does the DEVIL posses You;
 Your Hand take away,
 Then perhaps I may bless You.



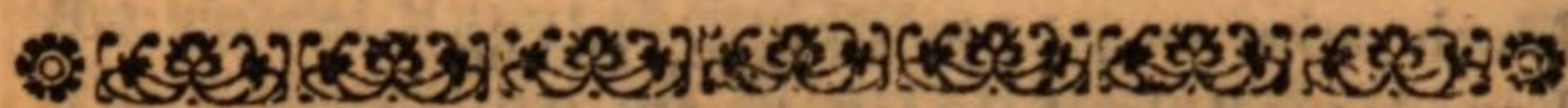
On S N U F F.

LOVE once resolv'd (the Females to degrade)
 To propagate their Sex without their Aid.
 His Brain conceiv'd, and soon the Pangs, and Throws
 He felt, nor could th' unnatural Birth disclose:
 At last when try'd, no remedy would do,
 The God took SNUFF, and out the Goddess flew.



To CELIA.

YOU need not thus so often pray
 Or in Devotiom spend the Day,
 Since without half such Toil and Pain,
 You surely Paradise will gain.
 Your HUSBAND's impotent and jealous,
 And CELIA that's enough to tell us
 You must inhabit Heav'n hereafter,
 Because you are a VIRGIN-MARTYR.



T O

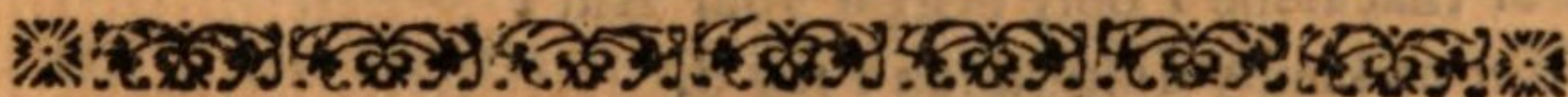
A FRIEND who had a Pain in his SIDE.

I.

LA Y not the Pain, so near your Heart,
 On Chance, or on Disease,
 So sensible, so nice a Smart,
 Is from no cause like these.

II.

Your Friends, at last, the Truth have found,
 Howe'er you tell your Story,
 'Twas CELIA's Eyes that gave the Wound,
 And they shall have the Glory.



The FOURTH ELEGY

O F T H E

SECOND Book of TIBULLUS.

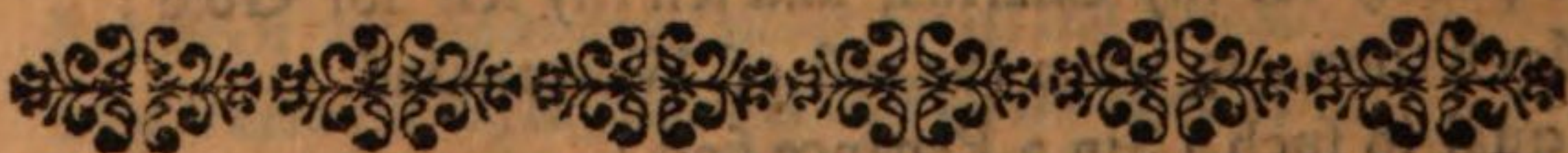
I See the Fetters I am doom'd to wear,
 And see the Nymph for whom I those must bear.
 Freedom farewell! O how it gauls my Heart
 To say farewell, and that we now must part!
 Why must a Lover's Bondage be so hard,
 Who serves a Nymph that never will reward?
 A Nymph to Love, who ne'er will ease my Pains,
 Or free me from this clogging Weight of Chains?
 Yet undeserving, or deserving, I
 Struck by her Eyes, in Flames consuming die.
 Nymph, pity him, who do so fiercely burn,
 Extinguish mine, or Fire for Fire return.
 O! rather than endure such Misery,
 What wou'd I not perform, or chuse to be.

Much rather wou'd I be a Stone, and lie
 Expos'd to all the Anger of the Sky ;
 Or else some Rock, which in the wat'ry Plains
 The winter Shocks of Wave and Wind sustains.
 For now alas ! how tedious is the Light,
 Yet much more irksome is despairing Night :
 For ah ! what can delight when Pains increase,
 And warring Passions rob the Soul of Peace.
 Soft Verse no more can ease distracted Grief ;
 It's God by neither art can bring Relief ;
 Nor tender Words the greedy Maid can move,
 Gold is the Charm in Her which raises Love.
 Fond, idle Muse be gone ! you sing in Vain,
 Since thus you cannot ease a Lover's Pain.
 For that alone I only begg'd your Aid ;
 I for no kindly Inspiration Pray'd,
 That of embattled Legions I might write,
 Or paint the various Horrors of a Fight ;
 Or that I might describe the changing Moon,
 Or Travel thro' the Zodiac with the Sun.
 Love was my Aim, Love made me try your Art,
 In Hopes of vanquishing NEHERA's Heart.
 But since whene'er my tender Song she reads,
 The Verse no Symptoms of a Passion breeds,
 Since no flush'd Cheeks or kind Disorder shows
 She feels that Thing she cares not to disclose ;
 Since all thy Art can't force my Nymph to spare
 One Sigh, one Tear, one Look, to cure Despair ;
 Be gone thou useless, trifling Muse ! no more
 Impose upon my Time as heretofore ;
 For I unpitty'd at her door must lie,
 Unless by Rapine I Admittance buy.
 With sacrilegious Hands I must invade
 The Temples of the Gods, to please the MAID

But

But violated VENUS all shall pay,
The Trophies from her Shrines I'll bear away,
Since me she forc'd upon this sacrilegious Way.
She made me wear this greedy Woman's Chain,
Whose Soul is Ava'rice, and whose Passion Gain.
Oh! may he ne'er without a Curse be nam'd,
Who first the gen'rous Way of Love defam'd;
Who first for Hearts did sordid Traffic hold,
And taught the Nymph to barter Love for Gold.
He was the Cause, hence we these Plagues endure.
Hence baying Dogs and Locks the Door secure.
But bring the Gold at which her Charms she rates,
And then no ratt'ling Chains secure the Gates;
No Stop you meet, at Gold all open flies,
And the still Mastiff in his Kennel lies.
Pity! that Heav'n to this fair Frame a Mind
Shou'd give to Avarice so much inclin'd.
And cancell'd Beauty with so black a Stain,
O! what attracting Charms were made in vain:
Hence Wars and Quarrels rise; the Deity
Of Love's from hence defil'd with Infamy.
But mayst thou, Girl, who canst a Market hold,
So poorly for thy Charms, and sell thy self for Gold;
Mayst thou, to warn the rest of Womankind,
Equal to such a Sin a Penance find!
May Winds and Flames thy ill got Treasure share,
And not one God attend thy mournful Pray'r!
May no Youth help the raging Fire to tame,
But Joy to hear thy Riches crackle in the Flame!
Nay shou'dst thou die, no one wou'd drop a Tear,
Or strew a Flow'r upon thy wretched Bier.
Whereas shou'd one, tho' ne'er so much decay'd.
Die, who has never known thy guilty Trade,

She sure'y wou'd be pitty'd as she lies
 Upon the Plie, with sighing Breasts, and weeping Eyes.
 He who has had her youthful Love, wou'd come
 And scatter Sprigs of Cypress on her Tomb;
 Wou'd then deplore her Fate in Elegy,
 And wish that on her Limbs the Earth may lightly lie.
 'Tis Truth I sing; but what does Truth avail?
 I love, and only can Her-way prevail:
 At her Command all, all, should turn to Gold,
 Nor House, nor Household-God, remain unfold.
 Take all the Drugs that CIRCE ever knew,
 Or dire MEDEA; or pois'nous Herbs that grew
 In fatal *Theffaly*'s abandon'd Fields;
 Take that dead Lump the New-foal'd Courser yields,
 Which from his Front the Mother-Mare divides,
 Where on the Plains unlicens'd Love presides;
 Let all the Philters in one Draught be hurl'd,
 That all the Witches know in all the World;
 And let NEÆRA mix them: If the Maid
 With one kind Look will bid me be o'er-paid,
 Will crown my past, and seal my future Trust,
 I'll Drink it all, and Drink it with a Gust.



THE THIRD ELEGY

OF THE

THIRD Book of *TIBULLUS*.

NOT that I may in wordly Wealth abound,
 Not that my Flocks my thrive, or fruitful Ground
 May load my Barns with such prodigious Store
 Of Grain, till fill'd, they can receive no more,

Does

Does daily Incense on my Altars smoke,
 Or I so often do the Gods invoke.
 A greater Blessing I of Heav'n require,
 O may it hear, and grant me my Desire!
 'Tis that I may with thee be ever blest,
 Of a long Lease of Life and Love possesst:
 'Tis that I ne'er may feel another's Charms,
 But as I liv'd, so die within thy Arms.
 What tho' my Bags swell with unnumber'd Gold,
 What though, thus rich, I round me do behold
 My Thousand-Oxen in my Thousand-Fields,
 Where the fat Soil both Grain and Pasture yields,
 What tho' my House on marble Columns stand,
 (With Cost imported from the *Phrygian* Strand,
 Or shipp'd from *Tænarus*, and dearly bought,
 Or thine, *CARISTUS*, curiously inwrought)
 Grac'd with a gilded Roof or golden Gate,
 With all Things else becoming Regal State;
 What tho' on Beds of softest down I lie,
 And sweat beneath the noblest *Tyrian Dye*;
 What tho' I have wherewith the Croud to move,
 Tho' I by Condescension gain their Love;
 Yet oft their Love's succeeded by their Spite
 Who seldom place their wav'ring Fancy right:
 Yet all this Pomp my Grief can't countervail;
 For leaden Care will turn the golden Scale,
 And Fortune with her Gifts may take the next fair Gale.
 So Fate will make me but possess'd of Thee,
 May I be closely prest with Poverty!
 Without Thee, for thou mak'st my Wishes full,
 Courts wou'd displease, and Pomp wou'd seem but dull,
 O how that Day by me wou'd still be blest,
 By a white Stone distinguish'd from the rest,
 That gives *NEÆRA* to this longing breast!

But

But if the GODS deny my Nymph's Return,
 Resolv'd that I her Absence here shall mourn,
 For all the Pray'rs I make, and Incense burn;
 Not all the Wealth this mighty Globe contains,
 Nor all which in the Ocean yet remains,
 Can me delight; for they are glitt'ring Toys,
 And tinsel Ware to Love's substantial Joys;
 Counters and Gewgaws to please froward Boys.
 Let others take them; but let me be blest,
 Ye GODS! with Love, with Privacy, and Rest.
 Propitious JUNO, as my pray'rs ascend,
 Receive them gracious, and thy Succour lend!
 And thou, bright VENUS, Guardian of her Charms,
 Assist — restore NEÆRA to these Arms!
 But if the Fates, for who can Fate withstand?
 Refuse this Blessing to her native Land;
 If the sad Sisters spin out all their Store,
 And leave her life-less on a foreign Shore;
 May PLUTO call me to the Shades below;
 To follow her I unreluctant go,
 Where lazily along the livid Waters flow!



THE TWELFTH ELEGY.

OF THE

FOURTH Book of *TIBULLUS*.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

NO Woman e'er shall draw me from your Arms;
 I now defy the Force of other Charms.
 My plighted Faith shall firm remain to you;
 I'll to that Vow which seal'd our Loves be true.

You're

You're my Delight, 'tis you alone I prize;
All other Maids seem odious to my Eyes.
O that none could your charming Features see,
That none had Eyes, none Eyes excepting me!
Or that you could your glorious Beauty shroud,
Retiring, like the Sun, behind a Cloud
Of borrow'd Ugliness, to cheat the gaping Croud.
Then should I not suspect my charming Maid
Of being false, or think my Love betray'd.
I no Ambition have that prat'ling Fame
My choice approving, should your Charms proclaim.
Nor would I envy in a rival Race;
I would have none to see, that none may praise.
He that is wise will keep his Joys conceal'd;
Joys always lessen when they are reveal'd.
With Thee I could in barren Desarts dwell;
Nor Courts could please without Thee half so well.
With thee I could o'er Rocks and Mountains stray,
Where yet no human Feet e'er made a Way.
In Thee my Cares would soften, I should find
Thy Arms a Balm for my distemper'd Mind.
Thy pow'ful Eyes would in the darkest Night
Perform a Miracle, and make it light.
No other Objects I'd desire to see,
But gaze, in Desarts gaze, eternally on Thee.
Should e'en the Gods themselves send from above
New Beauties, to subdue my Faith and Love;
Should VENUS try herself to make me burn,
She should despair, and as she came return.
All this I do by sacred JUNO swear
For Thee—and JUNO duly I revere.
Ah Fool! that thus I let you know your Pow'r;
I've lost my Freedom from this fatal Hour.

You

You will no Pity shew, no Mercy have,
 But act outright the Tyrant on your Slave.
 Well, I've betray'd myself, and all will own,
 I do confess I'm yours, and yours alone.
 I am, and ever will Your Slave remain;
 Nor will I strive to break, but hug my Chain:
 Nor do my Flames decrease; no, no, I burn,
 Tho' my approaching Love you check'd with Scorn.
 Now I the Folly of my Tongue shall feel,
 The fatal Secret it could not conceal.
 But be advis'd, and do not on this Score
 Shew me less Favour, or insult me more,
 Lest I of VENUS Succour should implore.
 Doubtless such Cruelty enrag'd to see,
 You she would soon dethrone, and set up ME.



OVID's AMOURS,

ELEGY III, BOOK III.

IMITATED.

CHLOE, since You a handsome Woman are,
 And consequently frail as You are fair,
 Be not to any of my Rivals coy,
 But all the Sweets of Liberty enjoy;
 Thro' ev'ry various Scene of Loving rove,
 And to the Best Your Youth and Charms improve:
 I all this Freedom can with Ease allow;
 I meant not to confine You to a Vow;

Provided

Provided that You act with Secrecy,
And keep Your jilting Tricks conceal'd from Me.
She sins not to the World who can deny,
And brazen out the Rumour with a Lie.
'Tis Folly, nay, 'tis Madness, to reveal
That which You can but any Way conceal.
You what the World wou'd ne'er suspect proclaim,
And double by Your Impudence Your Shame.
The lewdest, bawdy'd Drab in all the Town
Will shut the Door, before she lays her down.
Is't not enough that Fame proclaims Your Guilt,
But You, Yourself, must tell, You are a Jilt?
For your Own-sake be with Your Pleasure wise,
And sin at least under a chaste Disguise.
Nay, if to Me, Your Tricks shou'd be betray'd,
Vow they're all false, and that the World are mad;
Blush, weep, sigh, rage, and all Your Passions vent,
As if You did Your injur'd Fame lament;
And I shall fondly think You innocent:
When to some secret Grotto You resort,
That Love will suit, conceal the amorous Sport:
There then unmask'd let loose Your fierce Desire,
Inflame with ev'ry lech'rous Trick Your Fire,
Thy Soul in it's own native Dress expose,
And what, without Disguise, You are disclose:
Baulk nothing that can add to Your Delight,
But vig'rously pursue Love's pleasing Fight.
Without a Blush Your folding Arms fast lock,
That links You closer, and improves the Shock.
Your Tongue to His in humid Kisses dart,
And let each single Member have a Part.
As still You're acting the soft Scenes of Love,
Your Body in a Thousand Postures move;

Art does the dry insipid Act advance,
 And diff'rent Motion does the Bliss inhance.
 All dying, am'rous, soft, Expressions use,
 Your melting Looks new Vigour will infuse,
 But when You meet Me, do not disabuse :
 Hide with Thy waving Robe the rising Blush,
 By strong Denial all Suspicion crush,
 Till Scanda's Self confirm the gen'ral Hush.
 To Me, to all the World Thy Truth declare,
 That if deceiv'd, unknowing I may err.
 My dear Credulity O ne'er destroy,
 That Paradise of Fools let me enjoy.
 But why ! ah why ! so often must I see
 The Billet sent, and brought again to Thee ?
 Why deep indented, when I come, is seen
 The Couch without, the conscious Bed within ;
 And ev'ry Seat a Witness of Thy Sin ?
 Why discompos'd the Ringlets of Thy Hair,
 More than with Sleep ? Why all Thy Bosom bare,
 And all the Marks of Love imprinted there ?
 Lost Reputation tho' You may despise,
 Set not at least Your Guilt before my Eyes.
 Consider Me, if not Your ruin'd Fame ;
 To Me 'tis Death, to You what is not Shame.
 When You confess, I feel the fatal Pains,
 And the chill'd Blood creeps slowly thro' my Veins.
 But ah ! in vain Thy Falsehood I wou'd hate :
 No ; I must love Thee, faithless and ungrate !
 Ev'n while I fly from Thy destructive Charms,
 I wish myself expiring in Thy Arms,
 O then conceal what I shall not enquire !
 Did not Thy Conduct blow it to a Fire,
 Each Spark of Jealousy wou'd soon expire.

Nay,

Nay, wert Thou taken in the guilty Act,
 And ev'n these Eyes were Witnesses to the Fact,
 What well I saw, as well would'st Thou deny,
 And swear My Sense impos'd on Me a Lye,
 My willing Eyes their Evidence shou'd quit,
 And all My Soul in Sorrow shou'd submit.
 Prepar'd to yield, how easy is thy Task!
 To say, 'Tis false, is all that I can ask,
 And since two Words Thy Conquest may Secure,
 And since Thy Judge, if not Thy Cause, is sure,
 At least, be Constant in a fix'd Denial;
 Thy Truth, my Girl, shall never come on Trial.



Written under

Mr PRIOR's PICTURE,

By Mr D R I F T.

I.

VIRGIL and HORACE equally divine
 Arise in Thee, great *Bard*, Their Lays are Thine,
 Their heav'nly Lays in Thee collected shine.

II.

PARNASSUS' bright Abode! that sacred Choir,
 Resounds Thy Praise, APOLLO strikes the Lyre,
 In Strains divine They chant Thee, fav'rite Son,
 On Thee they dwell, on Thee our SOLOMON,
 Renow'd for Treaties made, and Verse immortal known.



T O

Mr PRIOR,

On His BIRTH-DAY, *July 2^d.*

I.

O Dearest Master, Father, Friend,
 Gracious receive what DRIFT has penn'd;
 O let these Lines to Thee impart
 The Dictates of Thy Servant's Heart.

II.

This happy Day he does implore
 That Thou wilt read *One Paper* more,
 Which in a faithful State contains
 Thy ADRIAN'S Losses and His Gains.

III.

This done His Mind will be at Rest,
 Who of Mankind loves Thee the best,
 Thus let His Fortune fall and rise,
 In Thee he Lives, without Thee dies. *

* With these Verses, Mr DRIFT delivered to Mr
 PRIOR his *Annual Account*.



On a REPORT of
Mr *PRIOR*'s DEATH!

I.

WIT, Sense, and Learning, massacred of late,
By Bards, who pour like *Goths* and *Vandals*, in;
A Cry for Vengeance reach'd the Thund'rer's Seat,
And Vengeance just was rip'ned for the Sin.

II.

When lo! *MAT. PRIOR*, starting from the Croud,
Cry'd, "Sov'raign *Jove*, a-while Thy Thunder
cease," —

Jove smil'd serene, and an aerial Cloud
Took *MATTHEW* hence, to mediate a Peace.

III.

Be hush, ye mungrel Brood, 'till His Return;
Nor, rashly-rhiming say, "The Poet's dead:"
What tho' he were? It is not Your's to mourn,
Who ne'er in Verse can un-inspir'd succeed.

IV.

When *PRIOR* bids the *British*-Isles adieu,
A *CONGREVE*, *POPE*, or *GAY*, shall weep His Praise:
They, only skill'd, their absent Brother knew,
Nor will the Public relish meaner Lays.



On SEEING
Mr PRIOR's FUNERAL.

In *WESTMINSTER-ABBEY*.

TO view this solemn Scene, this Pomp of Woe,
 In mournful Order and Procession go;
 Crowds fill this awful Dome, this gloomy Place,
 And pensive Sorrow sits on ev'ry Face.
 COWLEY and laurell'd DRYDEN seem'd to smile,
 To see great PRIOR bury'd in their Isle;
 Greatly rejoic'd each venerable Bust,
 To see Him mingled with poetic Dust.
 The Choir in Anthems Chanted o'er his Urn,
 But all Spectators round his Grave did Mourn;
 My flowing Tears did then their Tribute pay,
 To think He'd moulder into common Clay,
 O sacred Mould! thy *Works* will e'er be read,
 And PRIOR's Name will live, tho' PRIOR's dead!

ADRIAN DRIFT*.

* This Gentleman, the faithful Servant, and Executor of Mr. PRIOR, was buried as near as possible to his Master, *Ann.* 1738.

F I N I S.

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